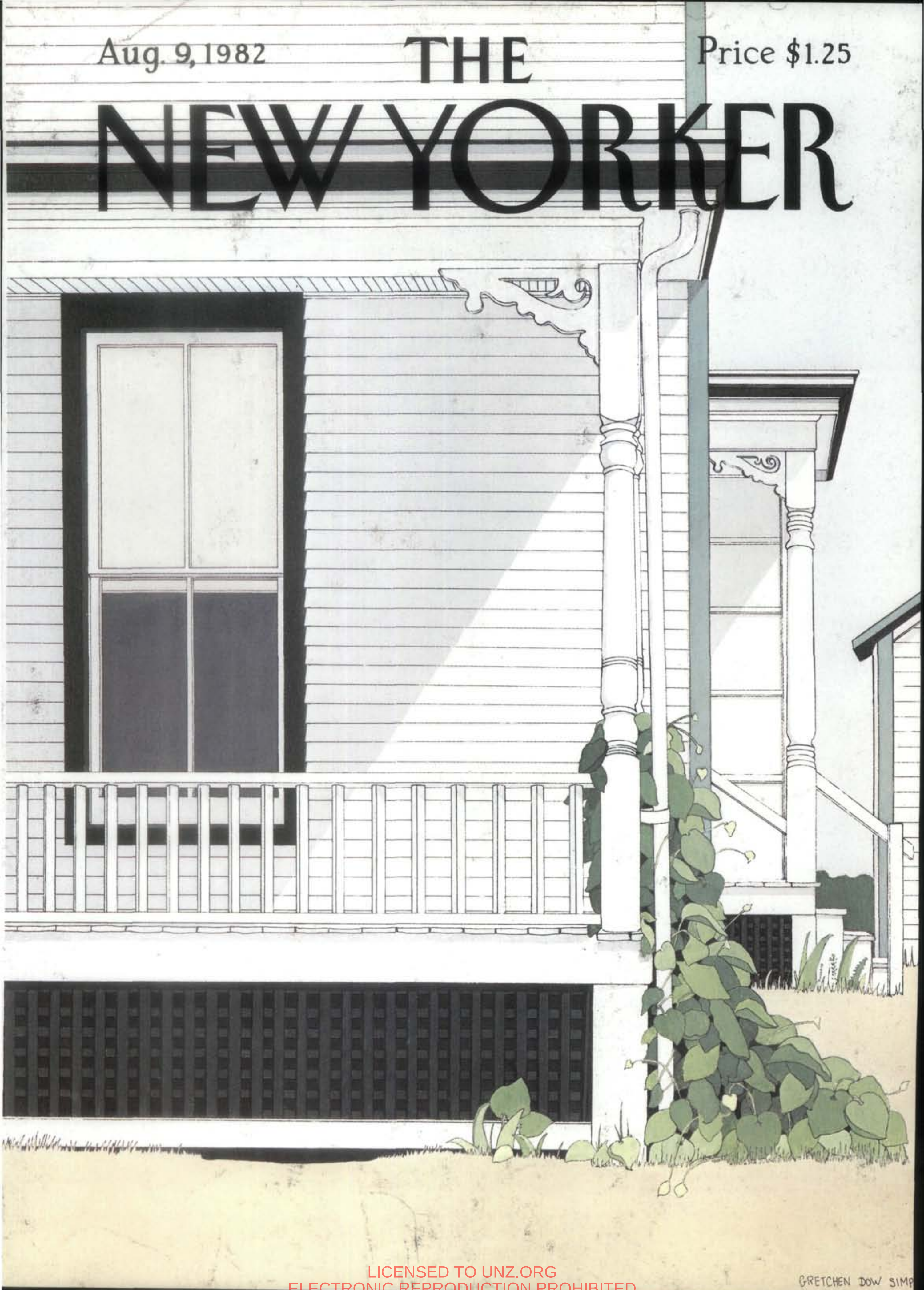
Aug. 9, 1982

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.25


GRETCHEN DOW SIMP

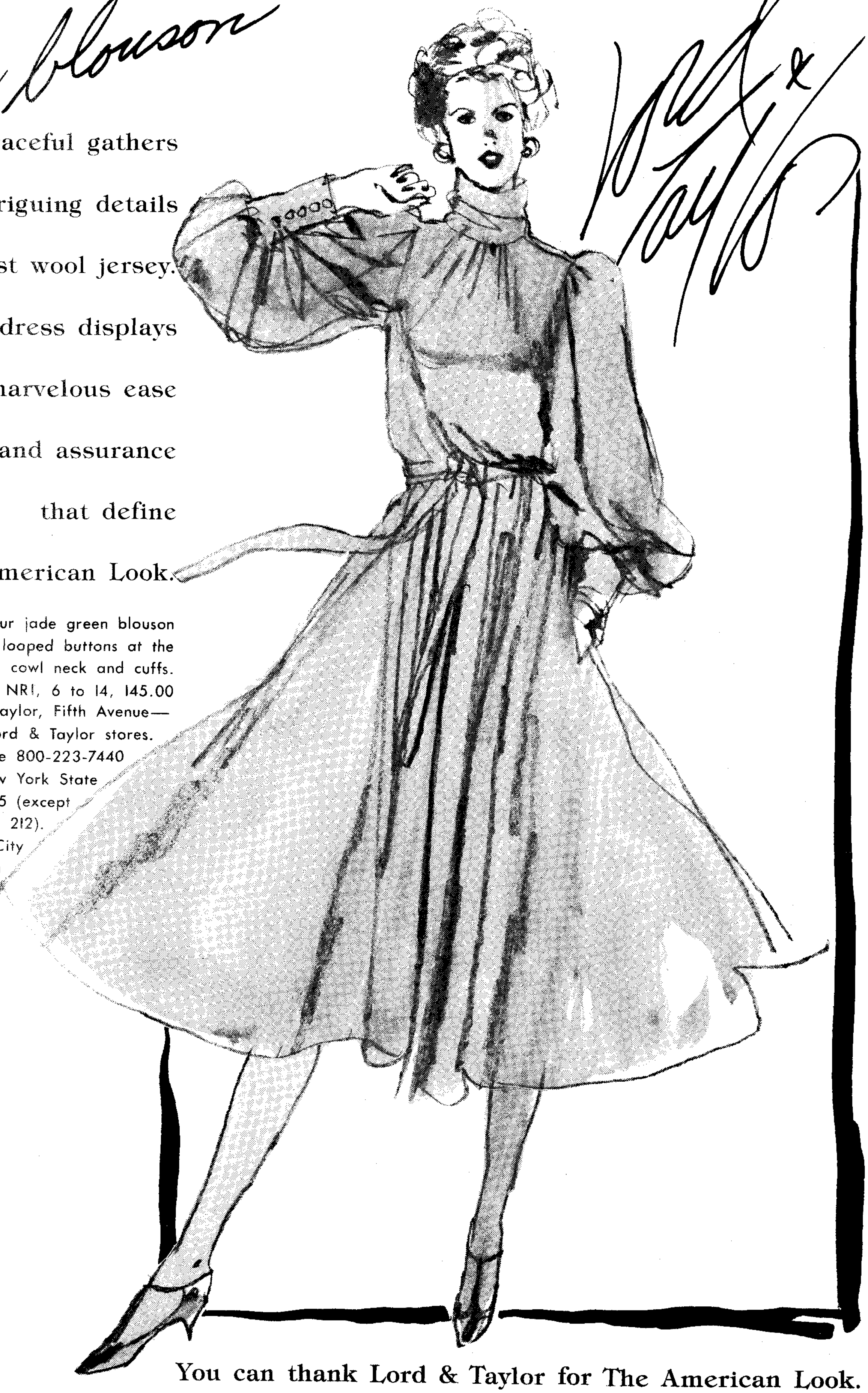
Heritage

Craftsmanship in the finest tradition.

From the Heritage Old World collection.

An *Authorized Drexel Heritage Dealer* is your assurance of consistently fine quality and service. Shop only where the registered emblem is displayed. For the name of the authorized dealer nearest you, call toll free 800-447-4700 (in Illinois, 800-322-4400). In Alaska and Hawaii, call 800-447-0890.

©1982 **Drexel Heritage Furnishings Inc.**


The American Look

The blouson

all graceful gathers
and intriguing details
in softest wool jersey.
Our dress displays
the marvelous ease
and assurance
that define
The American Look.

Our jade green blouson
with little looped buttons at the
cowl neck and cuffs.
By NRI, 6 to 14, 145.00
Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue—
and at all Lord & Taylor stores.
Call toll-free 800-223-7440
In New York State
800-522-5195 (except
area code 212).
For New York City
and information
(212) 391-1199

Lord & Taylor

You can thank Lord & Taylor for The American Look.

Property of AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY Big Sandy, Texas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Broken Toys!—A musical conceived by, and starring, Keith Berger. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A *satisfactory* revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Death of Von Richthofen as Witnessed from Earth—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Des McAnuff. The cast includes John Vickery, Bob Gunton, Mark Linn-Baker, and Marek Norman. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Janet Maylie, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Herringbone—David Rounds impersonates ten characters in this murky, grotesque (talented), and intensely disagreeable musical. Book by Tom Cone; score by Skip Kennon, who doubles as pianist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 8: Gilbert and Sullivan's **RUDDIGORE.** . . : ¶ Starting Wednesday, Aug. 11: Johann Strauss's **A NIGHT IN VENICE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—A musical spoof of the 1960 Roger Corman film of the same title. The book and lyrics are by Howard Ashman, and the music is by Alan Menken. Originally presented at the WPA Theatre earlier this year. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's deft if unnecessarily didactic play about the immorality of apartheid. Formidably well acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Music Keeper—A play by Elliot Tiber and André Ernotte, starring Jan Miner. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direc-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21
"FAIRY TALES" . . . . *William Steig* 26
"THE ACCIDENT" . . . . *David Plante* 28
"CALIFORNIA HILLS IN AUGUST" (POEM) . . . . *Dana Gioia* 30
"SHORE" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Levine* 36
ANNALS OF ZOOLOGY (GORILLAS—PART I) . . . . *Emily Hahn* 39
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 64
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Nicholas Kenyon* 74
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 78
THE ART WORLD . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 82
"EXMOOR" (POEM) . . . . *Amy Clampitt* 86
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 89
BRIEFLY NOTED 94

RECEIVED
AUG 6 1982
Ambassador College Library

COVER: *Gretchen Dow Simpson*

DRAWINGS: *Arnie Levin, Dean Vietor, Dana Fradon, Stan Hunt, Edward Koren, Joseph Farris, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, Edward Frascino, James Mulligan, Lee Lorenz, Leo Cullum, Bernard Fuchs, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, Charles Barsotti, Jack Ziegler, George Booth, J. J. Sempé, Roz Chast, Robert Mankoff*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 25, August 9, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

We don't mean to alarm you. But before you buy any clock radio, you'd better read this.

Panasonic Accu-Set AM/FM clock radios have features other clock radios haven't even woken up to. Starting with Accu-Set Electronic Time-Setting–a whole new way to set the time and alarm with a mere twist of a dial. You can set the exact time in next to no time. Backwards as easily as forwards. Without fumbling. Without frustration.

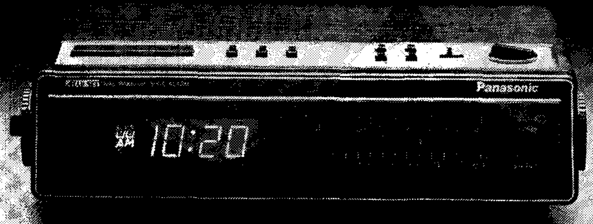
Sure-Alarm
Only Panasonic has this battery backup system* that helps make sure that your alarm will sound when it's supposed to, if there's a power failure–even if the power is still off when the alarm is set to go off.

Dual-Alarm
If there are two of you depending on the clock radio, you'll both appreciate the Dual-Alarm Wake-Up System from Panasonic. Set the alarms once to go off at two different times. It's that simple.

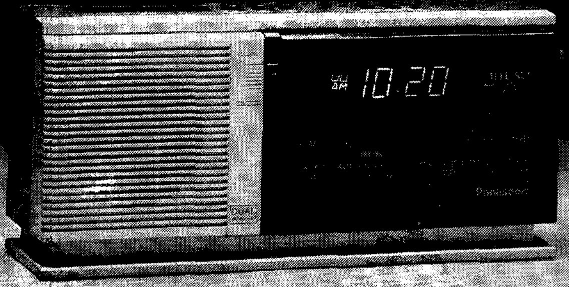
Two-year warranty†
And only Panasonic clock radios come with a two-year warranty, the longest you'll find. You see, Panasonic believes that your clock radio is the last thing you should lose sleep over.

*9-volt battery not included. **Suggested retail price.
†2-year limited warranty on parts and labor with carry-in service. See warranty card for details.

Panasonic introduces Accu-Set.™


RC-6215: All the Accu-Set features for only $45.**

RC-6510: All the Accu-Set features plus weekly programmable alarm.


RC-6310: All the Accu-Set features in an upright design.

RC-6610: All the Accu-Set features plus stereo.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

tion. Arthur French is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nine—A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Raul Julia is the star. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

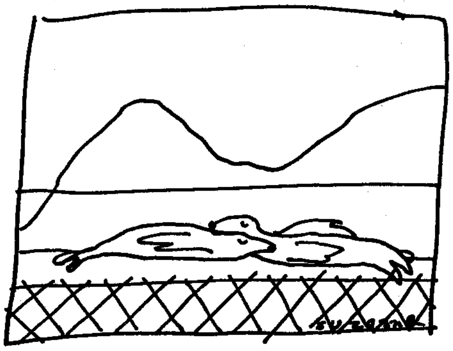
Present Laughter—Audiences guffaw at this outrageous roughing up of Noël Coward's gentle, well-written comedy, much as if it were a country circus. George C. Scott is the star and director. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael McCormick. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Frank Langella plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Dennis Boutsikaris plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,264 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** James Belushi, Maureen McGovern, Kaye Ballard, Peter Noone, George Rose, and Tony Azito in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

Ice Show—"Walt Disney's Great Ice Odyssey": This summer's show will have John Carlow, Jamie-Lynn Kitching, Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Goofy, and the rest of the gang on blades. Opens Tuesday, Aug. 10, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 10-11, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, Aug. 12, at 1:30; Friday, Aug. 13, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Aug. 14, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 1 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

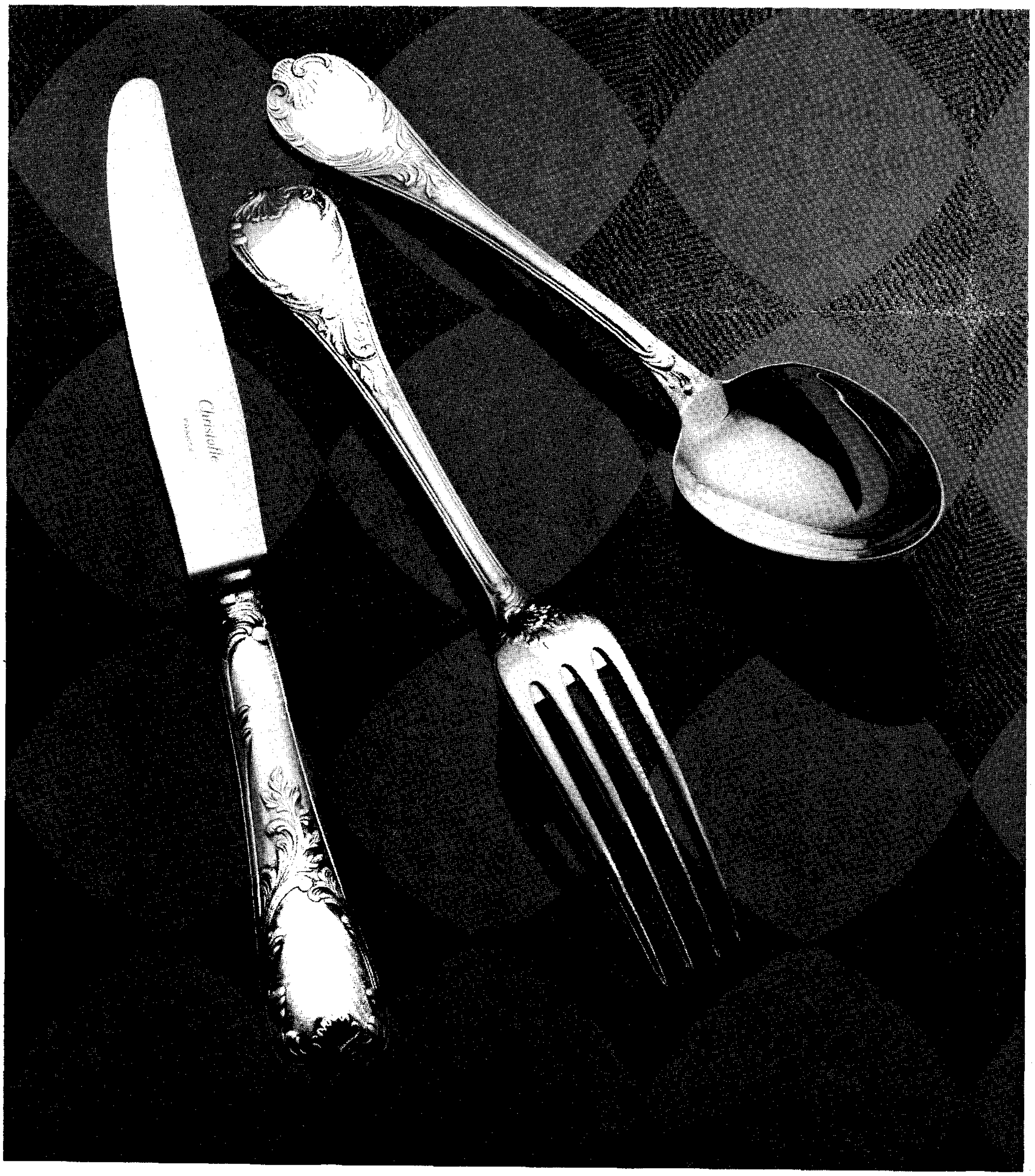
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Drummer **ZAHIR BATIN** will be here with his **NOTORIOUS ENSEMBLE**, which includes bassist **JOHN ORE** and pianist **RON BURTON**, on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and still one of the best bebop pianists, will lead his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. **EARL HINES**, the father of the jazz piano, has settled in to perform Tuesdays through Sundays. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty. On Monday, Aug. 9, guitarist Melvin Sparks's group can be heard at nine-thirty, and the Na'Imah Hasan trio will perform at eleven and one.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. The varied schedule: Thursday, Aug. 5, rock singer and bassist **RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS**; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER** and singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN**; Sunday, Aug. 8, the Roustabouts; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 11-

The Elegant Alternative



There is a choice now. Christofle silverplate. Probably the only kind that approximates the weight, balance and design of the best solid sterling. Classic styles, distinguished by the refinement and imagination that have made Christofle the premier silversmiths in France since 1830.

Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris

PATTERN SHOWN: MARLY AT COOLEY'S-MARCO POLO, BOSTON · SCHWARZCHILD BROTHERS, RICHMOND · BRIELLE GALLERIES, BRIELLE GALLERY 1330, BALTIMORE · CARROLLS JEWELERS, CORAL GABLES · GEORGE WATTS & SON, MILWAUKEE · GEARY'S, BEVERLY HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

12, jazz singer **BOBBY MC FERRIN** and jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN**; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, the **BUDDY RICH BIG BAND** and comedian Bob Shaw. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile all-star music. Pianist **HANK JONES** works with a bassist until Saturday, Aug. 7; on Monday, Aug. 9, **RONNIE MATHEWS** will take charge of the keyboard for six nights. Sunday music is provided by **LARRY WILLIS** and his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND**, who has taken on her usual summer slot here, is always lively and energetic. She and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** play Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Wednesday, Aug. 4, the Snapshots, PSI Force, Dina Regine, and the Royal Appliances; Thursday, Aug. 5, the Article, Skels with Cheetah Chrome, and Cult Heroes; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, **RICHARD HELL.** Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

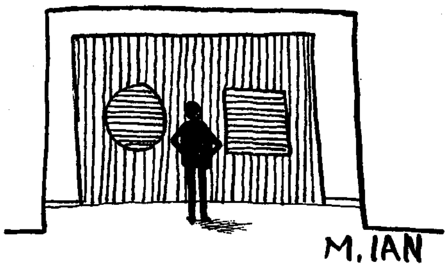
CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, who sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and a beautifully slow version of "The Glory of Love." She's backed up by Jimmy Lewis on bass and Gerald Cook on piano Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Sundays through Tuesdays belong to singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW'S** trio. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Saturday, Aug. 7, the Country Ramblers, a bluegrass band from Holland; Wednesday, Aug. 11, the Soldier's Fancy and Chelsea Clipper & Connie Rudd; Saturday, Aug. 14, **JODY STECHER'S** band, which will feature mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN.** Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty and Saturdays at eight-fifteen.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two; Wednesdays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Aug. 8, Nova Scotian vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will head up a quartet that will feature **CHUCK WAYNE**, the lickety-split bebop guitarist, from about nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Singer Esther Satterfield is here until Sunday, Aug. 8. On Tuesday, Aug. 10, **ARNETT COBB**, who was billed in the forties as the Wildest Tenorman in the World, will come in. Cobb, who works nowadays mostly out of Houston, where he was born, plays breathy, looping, old-fashioned honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that very often anymore. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City: Wednesday, Aug. 4, Galen Brandt; Thursday, Aug. 5, Eric Bogle; Friday, Aug. 6, the Tannihill Weavers and Maureen Barrett; Saturday, Aug. 7, **ODETTA** and Frank Christian; Sunday, Aug. 8, Steve Young and Mark Black; Monday, Aug. 9, jazz singer **MAXINE SULLIVAN** and stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD**; Tuesday, Aug. 10, the Verrazano Narrows cowpoke **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT** and the Song Project; Wednesday, Aug. 11, Rosalie Sorrels and Paul Siebel; Friday, Aug. 13, the Bermuda Triangle and Andy Breckman; and Saturday, Aug. 14, Catskill folkies **HAPPY AND ARTIE TRAUM** and Rod McDonald. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: blues and ballad singer **DAKOTA STATON** through Saturday, Aug. 7; Monday, Aug. 9, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, and saxophonist Bobby Watson; Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 10-12, singer Tina Fabrik; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, singer Jann Parker. On Sundays, singer-pianist **ANDY BEY** is present. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays. Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio. Both these groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except Sundays, when singer Kitt Moran and pianist Mike Moran hold forth.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern. Bassist **STEPHEN ROANE** collaborates with a pianist through Saturday, Aug. 7; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 10-11, pianist Mike LeDonne will lead a trio. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven to eleven.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **DICK WELLSTOOD**, a fine stride specialist, is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Thursday and Friday, Aug. 12-13, free-stride pianist **JAKI BYARD** will be here instead of Mr. Wellstood.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Fridays and Saturdays belong to the crackling sharp Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and his quintet, the **BRAZILIAN EXPRESS.** The music begins at nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** has the good fortune to work with the melodic bassist **CECIL MC BEE**, through Saturday, Aug. 7; on Tuesday, Aug. 10, **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ**, two more fine musicians, will come in. The Sunday-and-Monday piano-bass duties are carried out by **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule: Thursday, Aug. 5, blues guitarist Roy Buchanan and the Duke Robillard band; Monday, Aug. 9, Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS**, a legend in his own Banlon shirt; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 10-11, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN**; and Thursday, Aug. 12, **JERRY JEFF WALKER**, the singer and songwriter from Oneonta, N.Y., by way of Austin, Texas, whose audiences tend to be ever so exuberant. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A sure-thing jazz lineup: bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** through Saturday, Aug. 7; Sunday through Tuesday, Aug. 8-10, bassist **CHARLIE HADEN**, saxophonist **MIKE BRECKER**, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH**, and drummer **AL FOSTER**; and Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 11-14, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE**, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, and drummer **BILLY HART.** Sets begin at nine-thirty nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room in this restaurant of many rooms (take a right, then a left to get to it) features **VIC DAMONE** through Saturday, Aug. 7. On Monday, Aug. 9, **RUTH BROWN** will arrive to sing her R. & B. biggies—"Teardrops from My Eyes," "5-10-15 Hours," and "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean," all from the early fifties—in addition to creditable versions of jazz standards such as "Here's That Rainy Day" and "Skylark." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MAX MORATH** is performing, with a quartet, a ragtime-music festival Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, is not known for its lemon sherbet with hot fudge sauce; it is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. Wednesday, Aug. 4, Dawn Harden; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, **ERIC GALE**, the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, and his blues-and-reggae band, which features jazz drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** and reggae drummer and singer **WINSTON GRENNAN**; Monday, Aug. 9, Thom Rotella; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 10-11, drummer **CHRIS PARKER'S**

quartet; and Thursday, Aug. 12, Zack Sanders. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Aug. 4, the Jersey Bounce and Nonnie & the Onnies; Thursday, Aug. 5, **ELLIOTT MURPHY'S** band and the Starters; Friday, Aug. 6, Kris Kruse and Ernie Mannix; Saturday, Aug. 7, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl and Dan Dillon; Sunday, Aug. 8, B. Willie Smith and the Doctors; Wednesday, Aug. 11, saxophonist Denny Morouse and the Funktionaries; Thursday, Aug. 12, the Loners and Parks & Recreation; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, **BO DIDDLEY,** the rock-and-roll-rhythm pathfinder who influenced just about everybody from Buddy Holly to the Feelies and whose music remains slightly dissonant, fuzzy-sounding, and janglingly up-to-the-minute. Shows Tuesdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A multilevel rock-and-roll haunt. Wednesday, Aug. 4, Billy Idol (at two A.M.); Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, the Undertones and Chelsea; Saturday, Aug. 7, **POLYROCK** and Mission of Burma; Wednesday, Aug. 11, singer Helen Schneider and the Kick; Thursday, Aug. 12, the **BUSH TETRAS** and Killing Joke; Friday, Aug. 13, Killing Joke; and Saturday, Aug. 14, the **BUSH TETRAS.** Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting and irresistible music to lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Aug. 4, Billy Idol (at ten-thirty); Saturday, Aug. 7, the Villains and the Kingpins; Monday, Aug. 9, Hooks; Tuesday, Aug. 10, Arthur Monroe Zone; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 11-12, **STEEL PULSE,** a reggae outfit; and Saturday, Aug. 14, Oingo Boingo. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Wednesday, Aug. 4, Connie James; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 5-8, pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** drummer **AL FOSTER,** tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK,** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ;** Monday, Aug. 9, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, Aug. 10, Main Gazane; Wednesday, Aug. 11, Bellvista; and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 12-15, trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS.**

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Not much to look at, this very new club, a reformed luncheonette (or a lapsed luncheonette, depending on your attitude toward night clubs and luncheonettes), is a great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. The schedule: Thursday, Aug. 5, Loremil Machado; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, Pé-De-Boi; Sunday, Aug. 8, Kenia & Pau Brasil; Tuesday, Aug. 10, Guanabara; Thursday, Aug. 12, Loremil Machado; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, Pé-De-Boi. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the bowing, buzzing bassist, will be onstage with pianist **VALERIE CAPERS;** and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing with her backing crew. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON** leads a sextet through Saturday, Aug. 7; on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 8-9, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will drop by with a hard-bop quartet; and on Tuesday, Aug. 10, tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS,** trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY,** pianist **ALBERT DAILEY,** bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** and drummer **ROY HAYNES** will all begin a five-night visit. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**BIG JOE TURNER,** a real live history of Kansas City blues and a festival all by himself, sings here on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Sundays, from five to midnight, are the property of Irish fiddler Willie Byrne and his Irish Ceili Band.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 4, Race and Luke Fredricks; Thursday, Aug. 5, Park Rowe and Tom Dickey & the Desires; Friday, Aug. 6, the Triangle and Vanishing Breed; Saturday, Aug. 7, the Swing and the Matches; Tuesday, Aug. 10, Equinox; Wednesday, Aug. 11, Bruce Carrol and the Triplets; Thursday, Aug. 12, Jean Beauvoir and Daryl Canada; Friday, Aug. 13, Ozone and Blotto; Saturday, Aug. 14, the Waves and New York Millionaires. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room after nine; on Aug. 9, there will be two bands, **CONJUNTO CREMA** and **CHARANGA AMERICA,** and one guest soloist, tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE.** On Friday, Aug. 6, at ten-thirty, the Harp Band and Retumba Con Pie will perform; and on Thursday, Aug. 12, a benefit jam session will get under way at eleven, with **RAY BARRETTO, JIMMY MADISON, DAVID AMRAM, FRANK WESS, JUNIOR MANCE,** and **MARTY RIVERA** participating. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his world-famous basement club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Athletic drummer **ELVIN JONES** leads his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 8; on Tuesday, Aug. 10, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will bring in his quartet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. **ANNE MARIE MOSS** is singing here through Sunday, Aug. 8; on Tuesday, Aug. 10, **TEDDY CHARLES,** a vibraharpist, third-stream composer, onetime A. & R. man (for Prestige, Warwick, and Motown records), and sailor, will arrive with a trio. Sets begin at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass lighting fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Esther Blue is the pianist. Thursdays through Sundays, Tim Regusis has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. **DOC CHEATHAM** is here through Thursday, Aug. 5, taking trumpet solos and singing an occasional vocal; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 6-8, have been reserved for the bluesy tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON;** and on Monday, Aug. 9, saxophonist Percy France will bring in his quartet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** works with his longtime colleague, bassist **JIMMY ROWSER,** through Saturday, Aug. 7; on Sunday, Aug. 8, the Gene Adler duo will be performing; and on Monday, Aug. 9, pianist **BEN ARONOV** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** will take charge for six nights. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty; Sundays from six-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Doobie Brothers—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8.

Elton John—With Quarter Flash, Davey Johnstone, Dee Murray, and Nigel Olsson. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 5-7, at 8.)

Summer Doo-Wop Spectacular—Four concerts, featuring such groups as the Harptones, the Teenagers, Jive Five, and the Jesters. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, at 7:30 and 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Golden Palominos—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Aug. 6, at 10.

Teo Macero and Teddy Charles Tentet—Public Theatre. Saturday, Aug. 7, at 10.

Billy Bang Quintet—Public Theatre. Friday, Aug. 13, at 10.

Joseph Jarman's Sunbound Ensemble—Public Theatre. Saturday, Aug. 14, at 10.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Myrna Baez—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

David Milne (1882-1953)—A show of paintings and drawings by a Canadian artist who lived in New York from 1903-16 and absorbed numerous modern influences here, notably from the work of Cézanne, Prendergast, and Matisse. Through Aug. 15. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Old Master Prints—Including the complete set of Dürer's woodcuts entitled "Apocalypse;" the complete set of Callot's etchings entitled "Varie Figure;" and a Rembrandt etching,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Landscape with a Cottage and a Large Tree." Through Friday, Aug. 6. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Art on the Beach—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) populate the Battery Park City Landfill in Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Jay Coogan, Richard Hambleton, and Dennis Oppenheim. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a dozen artists, including Yvonne Jacquette, Richard Haas, and Martha Diamond. Through Aug. 27. . . . **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Central and South American artists, among them Amelia Pelaez, Armando Morales, and Joaquín Torres-García. Through Saturday, Aug. 14. (Open Saturdays.) **the dairy,** in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings and drawings by Lennart Anderson and Robert M. Kulicke are among the works by contemporary artists. Through Sept. 17. (Closes at 4.) . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: A wide variety of styles and techniques appears in the works of a dozen emerging artists selected for the current show—the center's eighteenth. Among the artists are Aura Rosenberg, who makes small paper cutouts representing animal pelts (buffalo, jaguar); Hilda O'Connell, who does large colored-pencil drawings, often of Irishmen in groups; and Joseph Schactman, who makes three-dimensional dog heads of painted cardboard. Through Wednesday, Aug. 11. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Aug. 20.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number mount group shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **castelli,** 420 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **cooper,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **fischbach,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 25 W. 56th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **jack,** 138 Prince St. (Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **pace,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **weintraub,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Early candid prints of statesmen and politicians by Dr. Erich Salomon, a photojournalist who caught his subjects unawares by concealing his camera—in a flowerpot at a 1932 banquet attended by Herbert Hoover, and in a bowler hat at a 1928 courtroom trial. Through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

Group Shows—At the **floating foundation of photography,** Pier 40 South, Hudson River at W. Houston St.: Experimental color photography—exhibited in a houseboat resting on a purple barge—by more than thirty artists, including Joseph Zingler, Les Krims, Bea Nettles, John Pfahl, and Via Wynroth. Through Aug. 29. (Thursdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **ledel,** 168 Mercer St.: Photographs of Ireland by eight artists, including Paul Caponigro and Alen MacWeeney. Through Saturday, Aug. 14. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: 20 x 24 Polaroid prints by Sandi Fellman, Luciano Franchi de Alfaro III, John Reuter, Kenda North, and Rena Small. Through Aug. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A joint exhibit of Rhode Island architectural drawings, 1825-1945, which is divided chronologically between the Metropolitan and the National Academy of Design (see below). The Metropolitan has the earlier samples (up to 1875) in the survey, a cross-section of American styles in general and in particular of houses and buildings in Newport (Richard Upjohn's formidable 1839 Gothic cottage, Kingscote) and Providence (William Strickland's Atheneum). Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ About sixty Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ "New Work on Paper 2," the second in a series of exhibits of drawings by contemporary artists, contains examples (some of which are executed directly on the wall) by Jonathan Borofsky, Francesco Clemente, Mario Merz, A. R. Penck, and Giuseppe Penone. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Universal Limited Art Editions, the workshop of Tatyana Grossman, who died last month. Through Sept. 7. A complementary exhibit of ULAE prints is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The New York School: Four Decades," an exhibition of the museum's paintings and sculptures (supplemented with some loans) by representatives of most of the major developments in art in this country from the forties on. Included are Rothko, Rauschenberg, Martin, Oldenburg, Warhol, and Noguchi. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings, works on paper, and handmade books by California artist Edward Ruscha, who often confines his works to the representation of a single word ("Vaseline") or phrase ("Listen, I'd Like to Help Out, But,"). Through Sept. 5. A complementary show is at the Jacobson-Hochman Gallery, 24 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

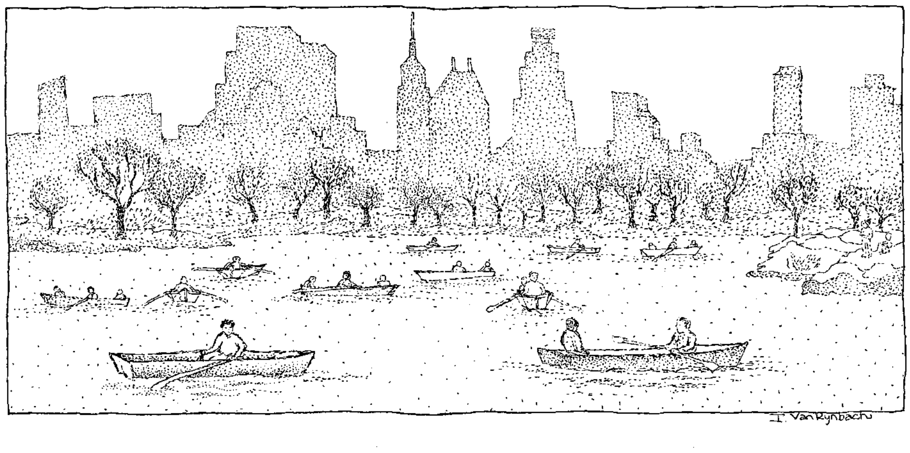
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show of forty-one nineteenth-century Japanese prints depicting foreigners—the work of printmakers whose keyhole impressions of the world outside Japan came from foreign traders and from copies of European prints found in the port cities of Nagasaki and Yokohama. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of European laces dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, with additional items chosen to demonstrate how lace



Refresh with sherbet intermezzos between dinner courses. Delicious fruits, freshly squeezed citrus juices and beautifully sculptured garnishes are imaginatively served. It's called a touch of Hyatt®.

Other hotels try to give you a touch of Hyatt, but only Hyatt gives you them all. It's this basis for comparison that means you get your money's worth.

Capture the Hyatt spirit at 109 hotels worldwide. Weekend rates are another special touch of Hyatt®. For reservations, call your travel planner or 800 228 9000.

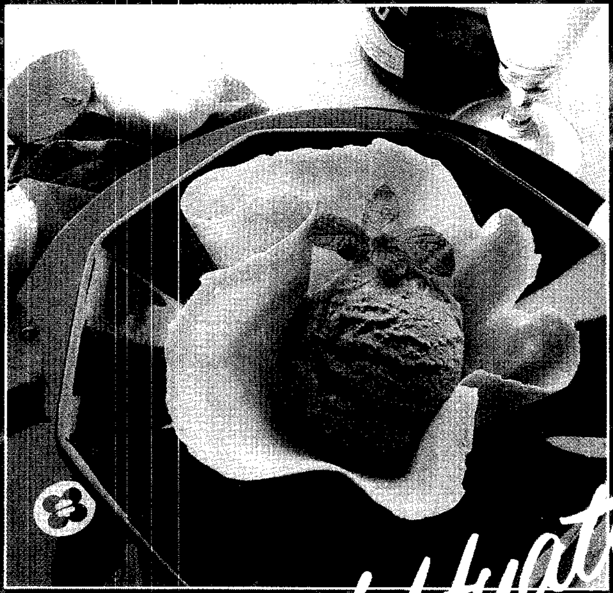
HONG KONG
In the heart of the shopping
and entertainment district, Hyatt Regency
captures the excitement of Hong Kong

MONTREAL
Downtown hotel,
connects underground to Metro,
theatres, business.

PHOENIX
Stay at Hyatt across
from Phoenix Civic Plaza
and Convention Center.

SAN FRANCISCO
Hyatt Regency soars
above the Embarcadero Center
business complex.

SAN FRANCISCO
Hyatt on Union Square is an elegant
hotel, located in the heart of the
city's finest shopping.



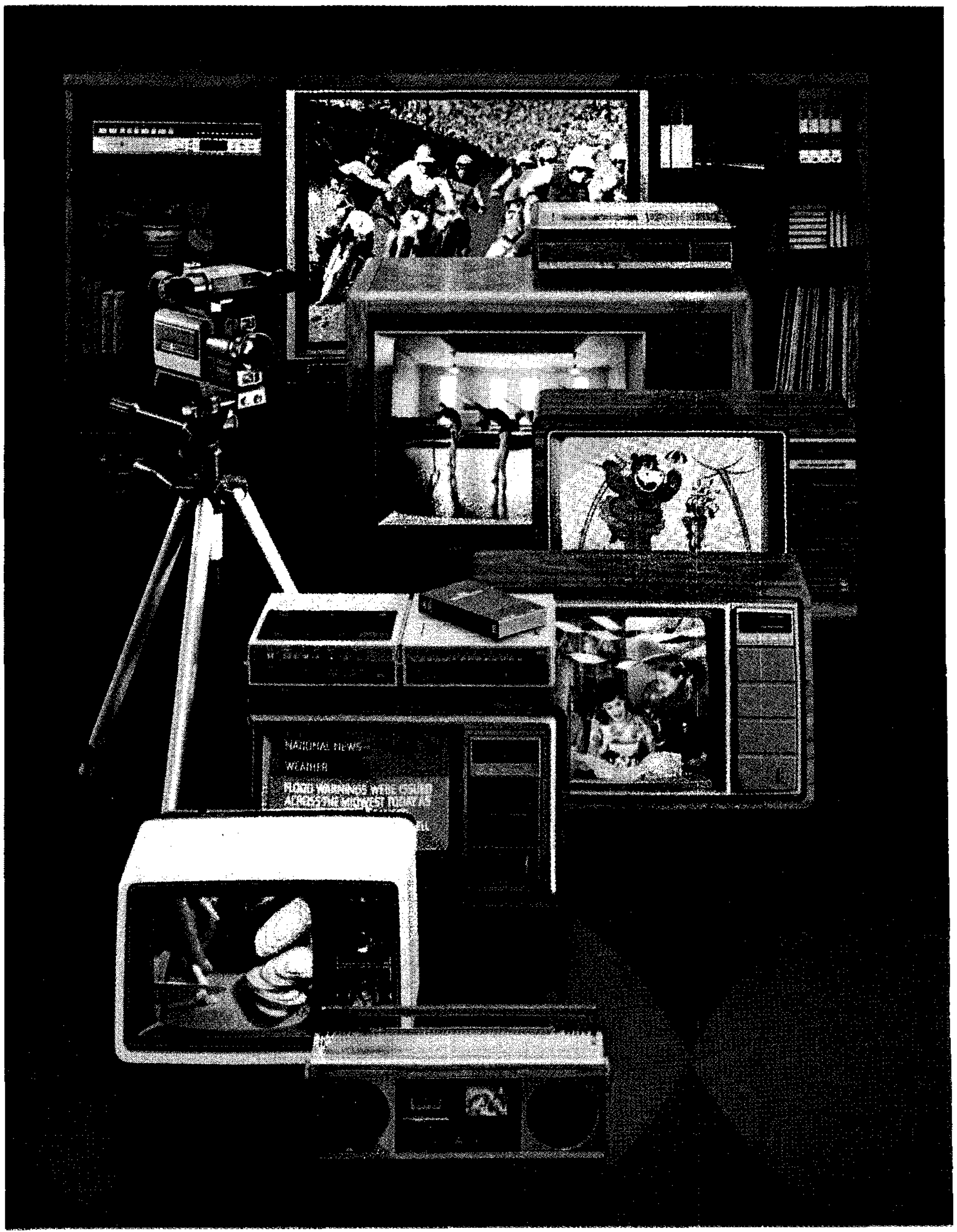
a touch of Hyatt

HYATT HOTELS®

© 1981 Hyatt Corp

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GE LETS YOU WATCH WHOEVER, WHATEVER, WHENEVER, WHEREVER, HOWEVER.


Cabinets of wood, simulated wood and high-impact plastic. Simulated TV picture.

Nowadays, television is more than just a pretty picture.

There's everything from widescreens to portables.

And programming from cable to home movies.

But whatever kind of television intrigues you, General Electric gives you a seemingly endless variety of home video systems to choose from. And the information to help you make the right choice.

SMALL SCREENS, WIDESCREENS, IN-BETWEEN SCREENS.

Take your favorite programs on the road via the GE Road Show™ portable entertainment center. It includes a 3″ (diag.) TV screen, AM-FM stereo radio and microcassette recorder.

For television on a movie-theater scale, the GE Widescreen features high-fidelity sound as beautiful as the 40″ (diag.) picture.

And many GE sets offer the Emmy Award-winning* VIR Color System which automatically adjusts the picture 60 times a second.

GE LETS YOU WATCH MORE TELEVISION. OR LESS.

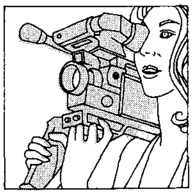
Most GE sets are designed to receive 112 channels.

If you don't want your children to watch them all, choose a GE television with Channel Block Out™ selective viewing control.

USE TELEVISION INSTEAD OF JUST WATCHING IT.

GE VHS Video Cassette Recorders play prerecorded tapes and let you record your favorite shows** to watch whenever you like.

Or, make your own shows with the lightweight VCR and color video camera. You can even use the camera to practice your golf game or send a video letter.


Meet a famous director. You!

IF THE CHOICES CONFUSE YOU, GE OFFERS HELP.

There are over 5,000 video dealers to help you make the right choices.

You can also get help from the GE Answer Center™ information service. Just call toll-free 800-626-2000. Our experts will answer any questions you may have about any GE consumer product or service.

---

*GE won an Emmy in 1977 for the first use of VIR in a home TV set.

**NOTICE: The unauthorized recording of television programs and other materials may infringe the copyrights of others.

WE BRING GOOD THINGS TO LIFE.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

patterns have been translated into patterns for wrought-iron gates, embroidery, and contemporary baskets. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even inconceivable) material and form, from shell to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. Through Aug. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of the thirty-three additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary, a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory, a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane," and miniature mourning pins. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About seventy-five years (1870-1945) of architecture in Rhode Island are seen in a show of architects' sketches, drawings, and renderings. Included are Richard Morris Hunt's drawings for Marble House and the Breakers in the Beaux-Arts classical style and, in the International Style, Richard Neutra's design for Windshield. A joint exhibit with the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection is noting the centennial of the Irish writer James Stephens with a show of manuscripts, letters, and first editions that represent his work as a poet, adapter of Irish folktales, and BBC broadcaster. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Sept. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 4: Alexander Schneider conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with André-Michel Schub, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5: A chamber-music program, with Alexander Schneider and Lucy Stoltzman, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Artur Balsam, piano; and Mr. Stoltzman. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra, with Benita Valente, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; Julien Robbins, bass; and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting members of the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 9, and Wednesday, Aug. 11: Christopher Hogwood conducting the orchestra, with Yefim Bronfman, piano, and Barry Tuckwell, horn. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 10: A chamber-music program with the Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12: A chamber-music program with, among others, Arnold Steinhardt and Marvin Morgenstern, violin; Kim Kashkashian and Walter Trampler, viola; Jerry Grossman, cello; and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Stephen Burns, trumpet. (No pre-concert recitals.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Note—Christiane Edinger, violin, and Ilana Vered, piano, will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Aug. 9, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Friday, Aug. 6, at 7: André Previn, piano, and members of the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Stravinsky program, with Jessye Norman, soprano; Kenneth Riegel and John Gilmore, tenors; John Cheek and Joseph McKee, bass-baritones; Aage Haughland, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: André Previn directing a Weber-Shostakovich program, with Harold Wright, clarinet; Mr. Haughland; and the men of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30: André Previn conducting and acting as piano soloist in a Stravinsky-Haydn-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: An all-Chopin piano recital by Garrick Ohlsson. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 7: Shlomo Mintz, violin, and Pavel Ostrovsky, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in a Stravinsky-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Charles Dutoit conducting a program of music by Haydn, Bruch, Debussy, and Ravel, with Mr. Mintz. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Mahler-Brahms program, with Mr. Ohlsson. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, Aug. 5, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Stravinsky-Mozart-Spohr program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: A piano recital by Youri Egorov. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 5:30: The Emerson Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in an all-Telemann program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 5:30: Jaime Laredo, violin, and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Katonah, N. Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-4206.)

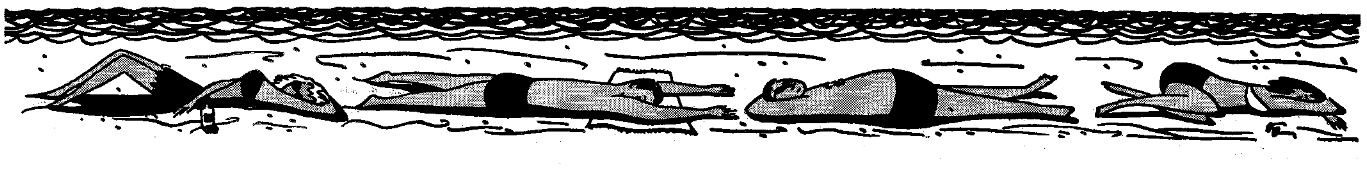
Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 14. Erich Leinsdorf conducting a "Beethoven Festival" of four programs: Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:15, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:15, with Emanuel Ax, piano; Young Uck Kim, violin; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:15, with Mr. Ax. . . . Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:15, with Mr. Ax; Ellen Shade, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Frank Little, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass-baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. Each evening, a pre-concert recital will be given by the New York Philomusica, at 7. . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by the Doobie Brothers on Sunday, Aug. 8, at 7; and by Aretha Franklin on Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:15: Riccardo Muti conducting a Barber-Ravel-Mahler program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:15: Riccardo Muti conducting a Schumann-Prokofieff program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Beethoven-Rachmaninoff program, with Cyprien Katsaris, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Handel-Mozart-Richard Strauss program, with Norman Carol, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '82—Final performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un soupçon*—**WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, AUG. 4-5, AT 8:** Estelle Parsons appearing in "Female Parts," the umbrella title for three one-act plays by the Italian comedy team of Dario Fo and Franca Rame; and "The Queen and the Rebels," a play by Ugo Betti, with Colleen Dewhurst. . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 6, AT 8:** "Female Parts;" "The Queen and the Rebels;" and Honi Coles and the Copasetics, with Max Roach, in an evening of tap dancing and jazz. . . . **AT 11:** The David Amram quintet. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 7, AT 3:** Pat Carroll in her one-woman show "Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein." . . . **AT 6:** Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a program entitled "Music to Films." . . . **AT 8:** "Female Parts;" "The Queen and the Rebels;" and Honi Coles and the Copasetics, with Max Roach. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Maxine Sullivan. . . . **AT 10:** The Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 8, AT 3 AND 7:30:** "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . **AT 5:30:** Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a program entitled "Music for Theatre." . . . **AT 7:30:** "Female Parts." . . . **AT 8:** Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. . . . **AT 10:** The Widespread Jazz Orchestra. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 4-7: The Vanaver Caravan, the Jacob's Pillow Touring Ensemble, Martha Partridge and Douglas Nielsen, and, on Friday and Saturday only, Cynthia Gregory and Richard Cragun. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 10-14: Elisa Monte and Dancers and Mark Morris. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . ¶ Texas, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 7, at about 2:20 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 1, and will include a cou-



L.L.Bean®

Striped Oxford Cloth Shirts
(For Men and Women)

Attractive and comfortable shirts for business or casual wear. Made of a high quality, durable press reverse blend of 60% cotton/40% polyester. Machine Wash. Long sleeves, button-down collar, placket front and long tuck-in tails. Single needle tailoring with double needle felled side seams.

Women's Striped Oxford Shirt

Sizes: 6 to 20. Four colors: White/Red Stripes. White/Kelly Green Stripes. White/Blue Stripes. White/Pink Stripes. #4334W, $15.50 ppd.

Businessman's Shirt

Three colors: White/Red Stripes. #1697W, $17.00 ppd. White/Brown Stripes. #1696W, $17.00 ppd. White/Blue Stripes. #1695W, $17.00 ppd.

Neck	14½	15	15½, 16, 16½	17, 17½
Sleeves	32, 33	32, 33, 34	32, 33, 34, 35, 36	33, 34, 35, 36

Chino Pants
(For Men and Women)

You'll get more wearing pleasure from these pants than from any others you own. Made of high-grade durable cotton/polyester twill. Fully cut with two front and two rear pockets, fly front, 1¾" belt loops. Includes an "easy alter" waist band so that the waist can be let out about 1½". Washable. Permanent crease; minimal shrinkage. Neat looking for sports or work. Two colors: Tan. Navy. Waist sizes: 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29. Inseams: 30" and 32". Even waist sizes: 30 to 44 plus 31 and 33. Inseams: 29", 30", 31", 32", 33", 34". #1822W Tan Chinos, $15.25 ppd. #1725W Navy Chinos, $15.25 ppd.

Chino Skirt

A handy, knockaround skirt made with the same fabric and styling as our popular Chino Pants. Wrinkle-resistant, 65% polyester/35% cotton. Machine Wash. Zip-front fly with hook and eye closure. 2" waistband with belt loops. Back kick pleat. Length 25½". Color: Tan. Women's sizes: 6 to 18. #4544W Chino Skirt, $15.00 ppd.

FREE Fall Catalog

L.L.Bean Fall 1982

Fully illustrated. Features practical apparel and footwear for men, women and children. Camping, hunting, hiking and winter sports equipment. Many items of our own manufacture. All guaranteed to be 100% satisfactory. Our 70th year of providing dependable outdoor sporting specialties.

Ship Postage Paid 100% Guaranteed

Item #	Qty.	Color	Size	Description	Price

Add 5% Maine Sales Tax on Shipments to Maine Addresses TOTAL

☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA

Card Number________________Exp. Date________

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG

Name________________________

Address________________________

City____________State______Zip________

L. L. Bean, Inc., 843 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

ple of innings involving old Yankee warriors and former members of other American League teams); and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 9-11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 12, at 7:35; Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:05; and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 4:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Lou Brock, Orlando Cepeda, Jim Fregosi, Tommie Agee, and other major-league stars of past years).

RACING—At SARATOGA: Daily at 1:30, from Wednesday, Aug. 4, through Monday, Aug. 30. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 4; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 5; the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 7; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 9; the DeWitt Clinton, Thursday, Aug. 12; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 14. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 7, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 14. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Toronto, Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ A benefit game, featuring players from a number of the 1982 World Cup teams, Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8, from Sunday, Aug. 8, through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 13. The Hambletonian, Saturday, Aug. 7 (for this day only, post time will be 1).

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, with William Hurt and Jeffrey DeMunn. The second of two productions presented this summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. James Conlon will conduct the second in a series of three peripatetic programs: SNUG HARBOR, Staten Island, Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Queens, Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN, Monday, Aug. 9, at 8.

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. JAZZ: Friday, Aug. 6, at 8, Chico Hamilton, with Kathleen Adair & the Guitar Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8, Thom Foster. (No tickets necessary.) . . . BLUEGRASS: Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8, the John Herald Band. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Dr Pepper wingding, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. Wednesday, Aug. 4: Joe Cocker. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6: Greg Kihn Band and the Romantics. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, and Monday, Aug. 9: Rickie Lee Jones. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13: Utopia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14: A program entitled "Latin Night." (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 8. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Orchestra in a Bach-Mozart program. The last in a series of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S and LaGuardia Pl.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of the musical WEST SIDE STORY, with Barry Williams, Christine Andreas, and Loida Santos, will start on Thursday, Aug. 5, and run through Sunday, Aug. 22. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Wednesday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Aug. 8: "The Love Suicides at Sonezaki" (1977; directed by Yasuzo Masumura; in Japanese), with Meiko Kaji.

From Aug. 10: "The Family" (1974; Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Aug. 5: "Blade Runner" (†) and "Arthur" (†).

From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†). From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 5: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler. From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 5: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Aug. 6: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Aug. 12: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

From Aug. 13: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Author! Author!" (†). From Aug. 6: "The Pirate Movie" (Ken Annakin), with Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins.

Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Barbarosa" (†).

Theatre 2: "Blade Runner" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 5: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Aug. 6: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.

Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through Aug. 8: "The Witness" (1967; Péter Bacsó; in Hungarian), with Ferenc Kallai.

From Aug. 9: "The Nest."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Diner" (†).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 5: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

From Aug. 6: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 5: "Annie" (†). From Aug. 6: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Rocky III" (†). From Aug. 6: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong.

Theatre 2: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 10: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; directed by Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler. From Aug. 11: "Dress Rehearsal" (1981; Werner Schroeter; in French), with Pat Olesko.

Theatre 2: Aug. 4: "Lili Marleen" (directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. Aug. 5-7: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. Aug. 8-9: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†) and "Burn!" (†). Aug. 10-11: "The Thin Man" (†) and "To Have and Have Not" (†). Aug. 12-14: "The Long Goodbye" (†) and "The Big Sleep" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 12: "Poltergeist" (†). From Aug. 13: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Victor/Victoria" (†). From Aug. 6: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley.

Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 12: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German). From Aug. 13: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman).

Theatre 4: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon. Reserved seats.)
"The Dybbuk" (Szymon Szurmiej; in Yiddish), performed by the E. R. Kaminska Jewish State Theatre of Poland.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Annie" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Aug. 5: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

From Aug. 6: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Annie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 12: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne. From Aug. 13: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 2: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 5: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler. From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 5: "Poltergeist" (†). From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 5: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Aug. 6: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).

Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Aug. 4: "Gone with the Wind"

(1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable. Aug. 5-7: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès. Aug. 8-10: "Lawrence of Arabia" (†). Aug. 11-13: "1900" (†). From Aug. 14: "The Deer Hunter" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 5: "Shoot the Moon" (†) and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†). From Aug. 6: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 12: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and "Cat People" (†). From Aug. 13: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 12: "Blade Runner" (†) and "Alien" (†). From Aug. 13: "Poltergeist" (†); and "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Blade Runner" (†). From Aug. 6: "The Pirate Movie" (directed by Ken Annakin), with Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins.

Theatre 2: "The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Theatre 3: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 5: "Author! Author!" (†). From Aug. 6: "Blade Runner" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Theatre 6: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Aug. 5: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

From Aug. 6: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 5: "Swamp Thing" (Wes Craven), with Louis Jourdan and Adrienne Barbeau. From Aug. 6: "Poltergeist" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 5: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†). From Aug. 6: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 5: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German). From Aug. 6: "The Challenge" (John Frankenheimer), with Scott Glenn and Toshiro Mifune.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "The Challenge" (John Frankenheimer), with Scott Glenn and Toshiro Mifune. From Aug. 6: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

Theatre 2: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Bambi" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).

Theatre 2: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 12: "Rocky III" (†). From Aug. 13: "Star Wars" (†).

Theatre 2: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 10: "Nosferatu" (1922; directed by F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck; and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.

From Aug. 11: "Cutter's Way" ("Cutter and Bone;" 1981; Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Aug. 4: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, and Franco Interlenghi.

Aug. 5: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (1981; Daniel Petrie), with Paul Newman, Ed Asner, Ken Wahl, and Danny Aiello.

Aug. 6: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.

Aug. 7: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "The Canterbury Tales."

Aug. 8: "The Decameron" and "The Arabian Nights."

Aug. 9: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Totò; and "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

Aug. 10: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

Aug. 11: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, and Carmen Miranda; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Aug. 12: "For Your Eyes Only" (1981; John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond; and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), with Sean Connery as Bond.

Aug. 13: "Diamonds are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "For Your Eyes Only."

Aug. 14: "Thunderball" and "Diamonds Are Forever."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 4: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977; Barbara Kopple), a documentary about the coal miners' strike in Kentucky; and "Marjoe" (1972; Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan), a documentary.

Aug. 5: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslav film), with Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg; and "The Firemen's Ball" (1967; Miloš Forman; a Czech film).

Aug. 6-7: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.; and "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian).

Aug. 8-9: "A Slave of Love" (†); and "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.

Aug. 10: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (†); and "Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Jutte Lampe and Gudrun Gabriel.

Aug. 11: "Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life of Malcolm Lowry" (1977; Donald Brittain and John Kramer); "As If It Were Yesterday" (1982; Myriam Abramowicz and Esther Hoffenberg), a documentary; "Family Life" ("Wednesday's Child;" 1972; Ken Loach), with Sandy Ratcliff; and "A Sense of Loss" (1972; Marcel Ophuls), a documentary.

Aug. 12: "Trash" (†) and "Putney Swope" (†).

Aug. 13-14: "Seven Beauties" (†) and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 5: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel. Both X-rated.

Aug. 6-7: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.

Aug. 8-10: "Dr. No" (1963) and "From Russia with Love" (1964), both films directed by Terence Young, with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Aug. 11-12: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer; and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.

Aug. 13-14: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 5: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978; Steve Rash), with Gary Busey in the title role; and "American Hot Wax" (1978; Floyd Mutrux), with Tim McIntire.

Aug. 6-10: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

Aug. 11-12: "Woodstock" (1970; Michael Wadleigh), a film of the 1969 festival.

From Aug. 13: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 7: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis

BEN'S DINING ROOM
LIVE LOBSTER
Geyer

Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Aug. 8-10: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster; and "The File of Thelma Jordan" (†).

Aug. 11-14: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 7: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

Aug. 8-10: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.

Aug. 11-14: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 4: "Hello, Dolly!" (1969; Gene Kelly), with Barbra Streisand, Walter Matthau, and Michael Crawford; and "The Belle of New York" (1952; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, and Keenan Wynn.

Aug. 5-7: "Weekend at the Waldorf" (1945; Robert Z. Leonard), with Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, and Van Johnson; and "The Hucksters" (1947; John Conway), with Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Sydney Greenstreet, and Ava Gardner.

Aug. 8-9: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "The Clock" (†).

Aug. 10-11: "The Pride of the Yankees" (1942; Sam Wood), with Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Walter Brennan, and Dan Duryea; and "Golden Boy" (1939; Rouben Mamoulian), with Barbara Stanwyck, William Holden, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia, and Adolphe Menjou.

Aug. 12-14: "It's Always Fair Weather" (†); and "Bells Are Ringing" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 4: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Don't Bother to Knock" (1952; Roy Baker), with Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, and Anne Bancroft.

Aug. 5: "Sandakan 8" (1974; Kei Kumai; in Japanese); and "Flower of Chivalry" (1978; Yasuo Furuhata; in Japanese), with Ken Takahura.

Aug. 6-7: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The Milky Way" (1968; Luis Buñuel; in French).

Aug. 8: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "Love on the Run" (1979; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade.

Aug. 9: "Head" (†); and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

Aug. 10: A program of Oscar-winning cartoons, and some that were only nominated for an Oscar.

Aug. 11: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "Tobacco Road" (1941; John Ford), with Charley Grapewin, Gene Tierney, Marjorie Rambeau, and Elizabeth Patterson.

Aug. 12: "The Last Samurai" (1976; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Hideki Takahashi.

Aug. 13-14: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 4: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "One, Two, Three" (1961; Billy Wilder), with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, Lilo Pulver.

Aug. 5: "Poppy" (1936; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields, Rochelle Hudson, and Richard Cromwell; and "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (1935; Clyde Bruckman), with W. C. Fields, Mary Brian, and Kathleen Howard.

Aug. 6-7: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Aug. 8: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Aug. 9: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

Aug. 10: "The Anniversary" (1968; Roy Ward Baker), with Bette Davis; and "Phone Call from a Stranger" (1952; Jean Negulesco), with Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, and Bette Davis.

Aug. 11: "Indiscreet" (†); and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce" (1965; Anthony Asquith), with Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, and Ingrid Bergman.

Aug. 12: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

Aug. 13: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

From Aug. 14: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on Earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 12.)

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Guild, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Aug. 5.)

Arthur (1981)—In the role of valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 5.)

Author! Author!—As the hero, a playwright who's a genial, children-loving jokester, Al Pacino reads his lines very skillfully, but he can't seem to get the message to his face or his body. He's like a man who's looking for something and has forgotten what; he prowls, distractedly. And when he tries for warmth, his smile is so self-conscious that at times his teeth seem to be stranded on the screen, left behind. Most of the scenes in which he is shown in his theatrical dealings have a quick, satirical snap, and in the first half the dialogue has a sense of give-and-take, but then the film follows up on all the stuff we're not interested in. The playwright chases after his wife (Tuesday Weld), who has casually gone off with another man, leaving behind her four children by three earlier husbands. The playwright also has one child of his own, and by the time he is hauling kids onto the roof of his Greenwich Village house to protect them from being dispersed to homes they don't want to go to, the picture has turned into a *Times Magazine* article on male parenting. The script, by Israel Horovitz, has trim, funny lines but also terrible, overingratiating ones, and some of the most doddering, bonehead situations to be seen on the big screen in years. Directed by Arthur Hiller, the film is blotchy in just about every conceivable way; you'd have to conduct an exhaustive search to find a movie with scuzzier lighting (the cinematography is by Victor J. Kemper). With Dyan Cannon, who gives her scenes an infusion of spirit, and also Alan King, André Gregory, Bob and Ray, Bob Dishy, and Eric Gurry. (7/26/82) (Baronet, and Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 5.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi. His relationship with his mother is tender and close, and when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people some sequences—such as Bambi's birth—have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (New Embassy 49th Street.)

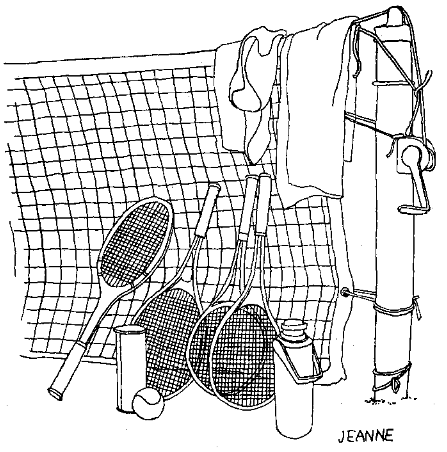
Barbarosa—With Willie Nelson and Gary Busey, directed by Fred Schepisi. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—With Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton, directed by Colin Higgins. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini, Loews Orpheum, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 5.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in this witty, incredibly complicated thriller. You may not be able to figure out the plot, even after the dénouement (Chandler reported that while the film was in production, William Faulkner and the other screenwriters had to appeal to him for guidance, and apparently Chandler couldn't exactly figure it out either), but it's the dialogue and the entertaining qualities of the individual sequences that make this movie. It takes place in the big city of displaced persons—the night city, where sensation is all. The action is tense and fast, and the film catches the lurid Chandler atmosphere. The characters are a collection of sophisticated monsters—blackmailers, pornographers, apathetic society girls (Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb), drug addicts, nymphomaniacs (a brunette Dorothy Malone seduces the hero in what must surely be record time), murderers. All of them talk in innuendos, as if there were a new stylization of the American language. Howard Hawks directed—and so well that you may even enjoy the fact that, as he said, "Neither the author, the writer, nor myself knew who had killed whom." (The 1978 Michael Winner remake, starring Robert Mitchum, has the same title.) (Film Forum; Aug. 12-14.)

Blade Runner—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city—Los Angeles in the year 2019. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (Cinema II, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 12.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's luxuriant, ecstatic epic about a mid-nineteenth-century slave uprising on a fictitious Spanish-speaking Caribbean island is told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. It is an attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler—to use a popular costume-adventure form to arouse black revolutionary passions. Marlon Brando plays a British ***agent provocateur*** who instigates the revolt and then cynically crushes it; he personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. As Pontecorvo demonstrated in "The Battle of Algiers," he has a true gift for epic filmmaking: he can keep masses of people in movement in a way that makes us care about them. And here, in his feeling for crowds and battles, for color and images, and for visual rhythms, he's a sensuous, intoxicating director. When blacks ride white horses that prance to what sounds like syncopated Gregorian chant, the sequence is so shimmering and showy that one knows Pontecorvo and his cinematographer, Marcello Gatti, and his composer, Ennio Morricone, couldn't resist it. This film is deeply flawed—it's politically schematic, and almost every line of dialogue jogs us to fit it into a deterministic theory of history—yet it's large-spirited, and it might have reached a much wider audience if the Spanish government, sensitive about Spaniards being cast as heavies, hadn't applied economic pressure against the producing company, United Artists. Executives at U.A. remembered the huge losses suffered by Columbia when the Spanish government boycotted Columbia pictures because of its displeasure over "Behold a Pale Horse," so parts of this picture were deleted and others reshot, and the Spaniards, who had traditionally dominated the Antilles, were replaced by the Portuguese, who hadn't but aren't a big movie market. After these delays, the picture was given a nervous, halfhearted release. From a script by Pontecorvo, Franco Solinas, and Georgio Arlorio. With Evaristo Marquez as the black leader, and Renato Salvatori as the mulatto puppet. Shot partly in the Colombian seaport Cartagena. (Film Forum; Aug. 8-9.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous, yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. You're brought into the film only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 12.)

The Clock (1945)—A sweetly charming, if maybe too irresistible, Second World War romance, featuring Judy Garland and Robert Walker. There's a very shrewd, very wet script—Robert Nathan, working with Joseph Schrank, spread his trembling sensitivities upon the already shaky story by Paul and Pauline Gallico. Fortunately, the director, Vincente Minnelli (this was his first job of straight—non-musical—direction), gave it a very distinctive innocent quality, so that it doesn't seem intolerably calculated. Robert Walker plays a gentle country boy, a corporal with two days of leave in New York before going overseas. He meets Judy Garland, a New York office worker, in Pennsylvania Station and they go sightseeing together. They're separated in a crowded subway and each is panicked by the fear of never seeing the other again; when they find each other, they decide to get married—immediately. The film has a love-hate relationship with New York City. It makes each of the young lovers feel alone and frightened. Yet together they can enjoy it. Amazingly, the film was all shot in the studio, using street sets and back projection; even the old Penn Station, where so much of the action takes place, is a set. The film is beautifully rhythmed and it isn't all romance: the edges are filled with comic characters—Keenan Wynn and Moyna Macgill are the most memorable. Also with James Gleason, Lucille Gleason, and Marshall Thompson. (Minnelli and Garland were married shortly after the completion of this film.) (Regency; Aug. 8-9.)

The Deer Hunter (1978)—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "Four Feathers" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—i.e., as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship. Without sharing the film's implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions, one can see that, even with its pulp components and its superman hero (Robert De Niro), it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices. It is also caught in its own obsessions. And because the director, Michael Cimino, plays them out on such a vast canvas, the film has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. (Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 14.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Loews Tower East, Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

The File of Thelma Jordan (1950)—Did any other actress—even Joan Crawford—get herself into as much heavy melodramatic trouble as Barbara Stanwyck? This time, she's on trial for murder, and the assistant district attorney (Wendell Corey) falls in love with her and deliberately loses the case. Robert Siodmak directed very efficiently (there's a sequence with the camera following Stanwyck from her jail cell to the courthouse which is a model of film craft), and Ketti Frings' script has some sharp dialogue (Stanwyck has a first-rate last line). But the movie is unexciting, and despite Stanwyck's professionalism we don't much care whether or not Thelma Jordan is a killer, or whether she's purified by love, either. This may be because of the plot contrivances (from a story by Marty Holland) and also because the male actors aren't in Stanwyck's league. Corey demonstrates innate goodness by being blankly wide-eyed, and the bad guy in Thelma's life—played by Richard Rober—has no sexual threat in his nastiness. With Stanley Ridges, Joan Tetzel, Paul Kelly, and Minor Watson. Cinematography by George Barnes; music by Victor Young. Produced by Hal Wallis. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 8-10.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she isn't mysterious. We're not fascinated by Sarah; she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. It's all so controlled that everything seems to be happening punctually, even in the interpolated modern story about the actors who are performing in the movie version of Fowles' book. There are lovely moments, and a few have magical overtones, but most of the picture might be taking place in a glass case. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (In the modern scenes, Streep wears a short, straight hairdo—the most disfiguring star coiffure since Mia Farrow's thick wig in "The Great Gatsby.") (10/12/81) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 5.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by the writer-director Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that hadn't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. Cinematography by Jean Penzer; music by Mozart, by Georges Delerue (writing in the spirit of Mozart), and by Schubert. In French. (Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 13.)

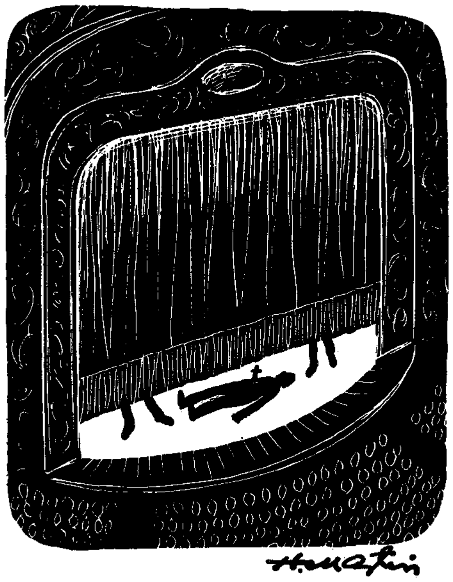
The Groove Tube (1974)—An inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth, and Lane Sarasohn, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. (Embassy; through Aug. 5.)

Head (1968)—Before the producer, Bert Schneider, and the director, Bob Rafelson, collaborated on "Five Easy Pieces," they had made their names on TV with "The Monkees," and this first film they did together was an attempt to do for the Monkees what Richard Lester's "A Hard Day's Night" had done for the Beatles. The film tosses in old jokes, blackout routines, documentary footage of the suffering and horror of war, plus the Monkees, and tries to sell it all as a mind-blowing, psychedelic collage. (Thalia; Aug. 9.)

Indiscreet (1958)—Rather tired. One of those would-be fluffy comedies written by Norman Krasna. Cary Grant, an American diplomat abroad, pretends to be married so that Ingrid Bergman, an actress with whom he's having an affair, won't get matrimonial ambitions. Of course, he's found out, and the wheels grind on to a happy ending. Stanley Donen directed; Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert round out a cast of people who are a little overage for the childish pranks. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11.)

It's Always Fair Weather (1955)—The title is a misnomer. Comden and Green's tart follow-up to "On the Town," directed by the same team (Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), is like a delayed hangover. The three buddies are now Kelly, Dan Dailey, and Michael Kidd; at war's end they swear eternal friendship and promise to meet in ten years. At their reunion, they discover that they hate each other and themselves, and go looking for the hopes they abandoned. The film's mixture of parody, cynicism, and song and dance is perhaps a little sour; though the numbers are exhilarating and the movie is really much more fun than the wildly overrated "On the Town," it doesn't sell exuberance in that big, toothy way, and it was a box-office failure. As the sickened advertising man, Dan Dailey has the best number in the film—a Chaplinesque, drunken satire of "advertising-wise" jargon. (To a great extent this is Dailey's movie.) Dolores Gray's role (as a TV star) is too broadly written, but her smooth, glib style is refreshingly brassy and she has a dazzling number—"Thanks a Lot but No Thanks;" Cyd Charisse is beautiful and benumbed until she unhinges her legs in the Stillman's Gym number. (Regency; Aug. 12-14.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, but Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali. And as it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was: Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? Fortunately for this particular spectacle, audiences seemed to be satisfied with the explanation that the Turks were more cruel than the Arabs, and although the movie's Lawrence became cruel, too, there was warmhearted Ali to take over. With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie A. Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (221 minutes.) (Olympia Quad; Aug. 8-10.)



The Long Goodbye (1973)—In his novel, set in 1953, Raymond Chandler situated his incorruptible knight Philip Marlowe in Los Angeles, the city famed as the place where you go to sell out. And Chandler wrote to his agent that what he cared about in this book was "how any man who tried to be honest looks in the end either sentimental or plain foolish." Chandler's sentimental foolishness is the taking-off place for Robert Altman's heady, whirling sideshow of a movie, set in the early-seventies L.A. of the stoned sensibility. Marlowe (Elliott Gould) is a wryly forlorn knight, just slogging along, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. He's the gallant fool in a corrupt world—the innocent eye. Even the police know more about the case he's involved in than he does. Yet he's the only one who *cares*. Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" parodied the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," this picture is just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Altman tells a detective story all right, but he does it through a spree—a high-flying rap on Chandler and the movies and L.A. Gould gives a loose and woolly, strikingly original performance. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, Mark Rydell, Jim Bouton, Henry Gibson, Jack Riley, and Ken Sansom. Vilmos Zsigmond is responsible for the offhand visual pyrotechnics (the imagery has great vitality); John Williams' score is a witty series of variations on the title song; the script is credited to Leigh Brackett, but when you hear the Altman-style improvisatory dialogue you know you can't take that too literally. (Film Forum; Aug. 12-14.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters but is contemptuous of psychic research; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. He is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (7/26/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Beekman, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Aug. 5.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

1900 (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly is about two boys born in the North Italian regions of Emilia-Romagna on the same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) It has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs; one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour. The cast includes Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. The European version ran over five hours; the version that Bertolucci (under duress) prepared for the United States runs four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (Olympia Quad; Aug. 11-13.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't (1977)—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of women finding their independence. The lives of Pomme (Valérie Mairesse) and Suzanne (Thérèse Liotard) between 1962 and 1976 are supposed to indicate the evolution of modern women's consciousness, but these two don't seem to have any consciousness—the way Varda skims over their lives, they could be butterflies or duckies. The singer—Pomme—and her combo tour provincial towns, performing educational songs, with lyrics (by Varda) such as "I'm neither a tough cookie nor a busy beaver nor a Utopian dreamer—I'm a woman, I am me." Decked out in harlequin colors that suggest a French child's dream of what Haight-Ashbury was like, they chant "My Body Is Mine." They sing about the joys of pregnancy when it's "your choice and your pleasure;" they sing about their "ovules." The sunshiny simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 10.)

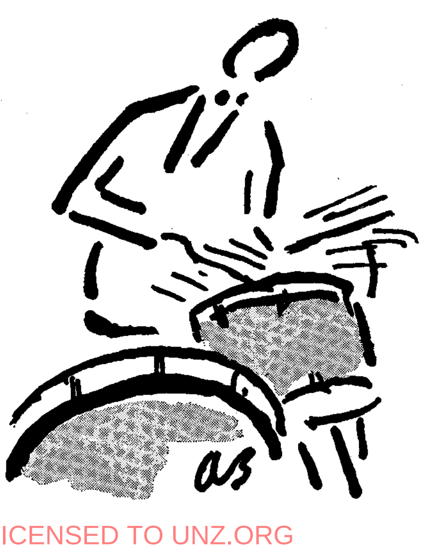
Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 13.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Ziegfeld; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Aug. 6.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting Aug. 13.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Aug. 12.)

Seven Beauties (1976)—The writer-director Lina Wertmüller's slapstick-tragedy investigation of an Italian common man's soul, set during the Second World War, with flashbacks to the thirties. Pasqualino—or, as he's called, Pasqualino Seven Beauties (Giancarlo Giannini)—deserts the Italian Army in Germany, is captured by the Germans, and is sent to a concentration camp. In flashbacks, we see his prewar life as a two-bit mafioso, with fat sisters—the "seven beauties." Pasqualino is everybody's dupe—a man who has swallowed all the lies that society hands out. He believes what the Mafia tells him, what Mussolini tells him, what anybody in authority tells him. As Giannini plays him, he's a Chaplinesque Fascist—the Italian Everyman as a pathetic worm. He's the man who never fights back—the one who wheedles and whimpers and crawls through. Wertmüller reactivates the entire comic-opera view of Italians as cowards who will grovel to survive. The picture is full of flashy ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, and pious moralizing, and Wertmüller presents it all in a goofy, ebullient mood. The box-office success of this film represents a triumph of insensitivity. With Elena Fiore, Fernando Rey, Enzo Vitale, Mario Conti, and Shirley Stoler as the gross commandant of the concentration camp (though no woman in Nazi Germany could rise to such a post—Ilse Koch's power at Buchenwald derived from her being the commandant's wife). Cinematography by Tonino Delli Colli; art direction by Enrico Job; music by Enzo Iannacci. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13-14.)



Shoot the Moon—As Faith and George Dunlap, whose marriage has become poisoned because she knows all his weaknesses and failures, and because her knowledge eats away at his confidence, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies or from books, either. Their emotions are raw and rawness is what makes this film reach you. It goes way past coolness. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And both as a character and as an actor, Finney seems startled and appalled by what has been let loose in him. He's an actor possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. Filmed on locations in northern California. (1/18/82) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 5.)

A Slave of Love (1978)—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei), whose alertness glimmers. She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8-9.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) takes a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and wakes up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get through to you. (6/28/82) (Embassy 1; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 6.)

Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (R.K.O. Century National Twin; starting Aug. 13.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Vivien Leigh gives one of those rare performances that can truly be said to evoke pity and terror. As Blanche DuBois, she looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. No one since the early Lillian Gish and the almost unknown, plaintive Nadia Sibirskaya of "Menilmontant" (1926) has had this quality of hopeless, feminine frailty; Shakespeare must have had a woman like this in mind when he conceived Ophelia. Blanche's plea "I don't want realism . . . I want magic!" is central to "Streetcar." When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—both infant and brute. Elia Kazan's direction is often stagy, the sets and the arrangement of actors are often transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? When Vivien Leigh says "The Tarantula Arms!" or "It's Della Robbia blue," you know how good Tennessee Williams can be. He adapted his play himself, with additional adaptation work by Oscar Saul; the music is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Harry Stradling. Academy Awards: Best Actress (Leigh), Best Supporting Actress (Kim Hunter), Best Supporting Actor (Karl Malden), etc. But at the time theatre managers complained that more customers left than came in. (It took a while for this movie to reach its audience.) (Film Forum; Aug. 8-9.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett detective novel took only sixteen days to film, and the result was one of the most popular pictures of its era. New audiences aren't likely to find it as sparkling as the public did then, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle in screen entertainment (as well as a "Thin Man" series, and, later, a TV series and countless TV imitations) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated screwball comedy. And it turned several decades of movies upside down by showing a suave man of the world (William Powell) who made love to his own rich, funny, and good-humored wife (Myrna Loy); as Nick and Nora Charles, Powell and Loy startled and delighted the country by their heavy drinking (without remorse) and unconventional diversions. In one scene, Nick takes the air gun his complaisant wife has just given him for Christmas and shoots the baubles off the Christmas tree. (In the seventies, Lillian Hellman, who by then had written about her long relationship with Hammett, reported that Nora was based on her.) A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. The cast includes the lovely (not wildly talented here) Maureen O'Sullivan, the thoroughly depressing Minna Gombell (her nagging voice always hangs in the air), and Cesar Romero, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. Warning: There's a lot of plot exposition and by modern standards the storytelling is very leisurely. (Film Forum; Aug. 10-11.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—In this picture, Humphrey Bogart, the greatest cynical hero of them all, found himself in Martinique, where a beautiful big cat of a girl named Lauren Bacall slouched across the screen for the first time and managed to make the question "Anybody got a match?" sound like the most insolent and insinuating of demands. Howard Hawks directed this slickly professional, thoroughly enjoyable Second World War melodrama, which was taken from what Warner Brothers advertised as Ernest Hemingway's novel, with William Faulkner listed as co-author (with Jules Furthman) of the screenplay—making this the only movie on record with two Nobel Prize-winning authors. Don't be misled: it's the Warners' mixture as before—sex and politics—but better this time. This film belongs to the movie era in which characters were clearly defined, and if a man was perverse, you knew he was a Nazi. The refreshingly, daringly sexy Bacall burst through the conventions of the era. A writer said of her that her "husky, underslung voice, which is ideal for the double-entendre, makes even her simplest remarks sound like jungle mating cries." Hoagy Carmichael provides the music and accompaniment for Bacall's facial exercises; the singing voice is that of Andy Williams, and it never sounded sexier than when coming out of her. With Walter Brennan, Delores Moran, Sheldon Leonard, Marcel Dalio, and Dan Seymour (literally the heavy). (Film Forum; Aug. 10-11.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, whose intensity amidst the general dejection is crazily—and entertainingly—incongruous. The wife's highest aspiration is to get on welfare, and to accomplish this she pretends to be pregnant, but the welfare investigator (Michael Sklar) wants the fabulous-forties shoes that the wife found in a garbage can, and she refuses to give them up. The picture is steeped in a sense of grotesque parody, though most of the time it's as enervated and limp as its hero. The knocked-out couple do their put-on of marriage, and we are invited to laugh at their outcast status and their meaningless lives and to feel sorry for them. This Andy Warhol production was directed by Paul Morrissey, who lingers over needles going into flesh and puts a nimbus around the messiest head of hair. With Jane Forth, as the indolent housewife in the modern apartment that the hero tries to burglarize. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Aug. 5.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much (1977)—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff, blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13-14.)

Join "Wild Kingdom's" Marlin Perkins on the 5-Plus Star Vistafjord's Around Africa Cruise.

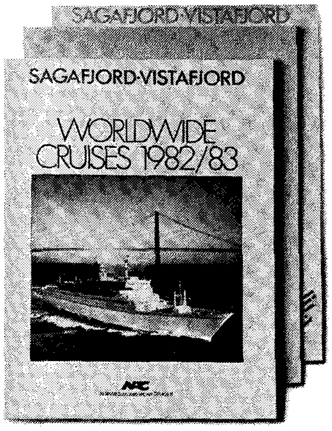
If you're looking for a travel adventure, the three handsome brochures offered below could make all the difference.

The difference between routine itineraries and the incomparable array of itineraries offered on our cruises and cruise/safaris to Africa and India.

The difference between an ordinary ship and the Norwegian-registered Vistafjord, judged best by *Fielding's Worldwide Guide to Cruises.*

And on our December 18 Around Africa Cruise, you'll be joined by "Wild Kingdom's" Marlin Perkins.

To receive your free brochures even sooner, call 800-221-2400. In New York State, 212-422-3905.



NORWEGIAN AMERICAN CRUISES
29 Broadway, New York,
New York 10006

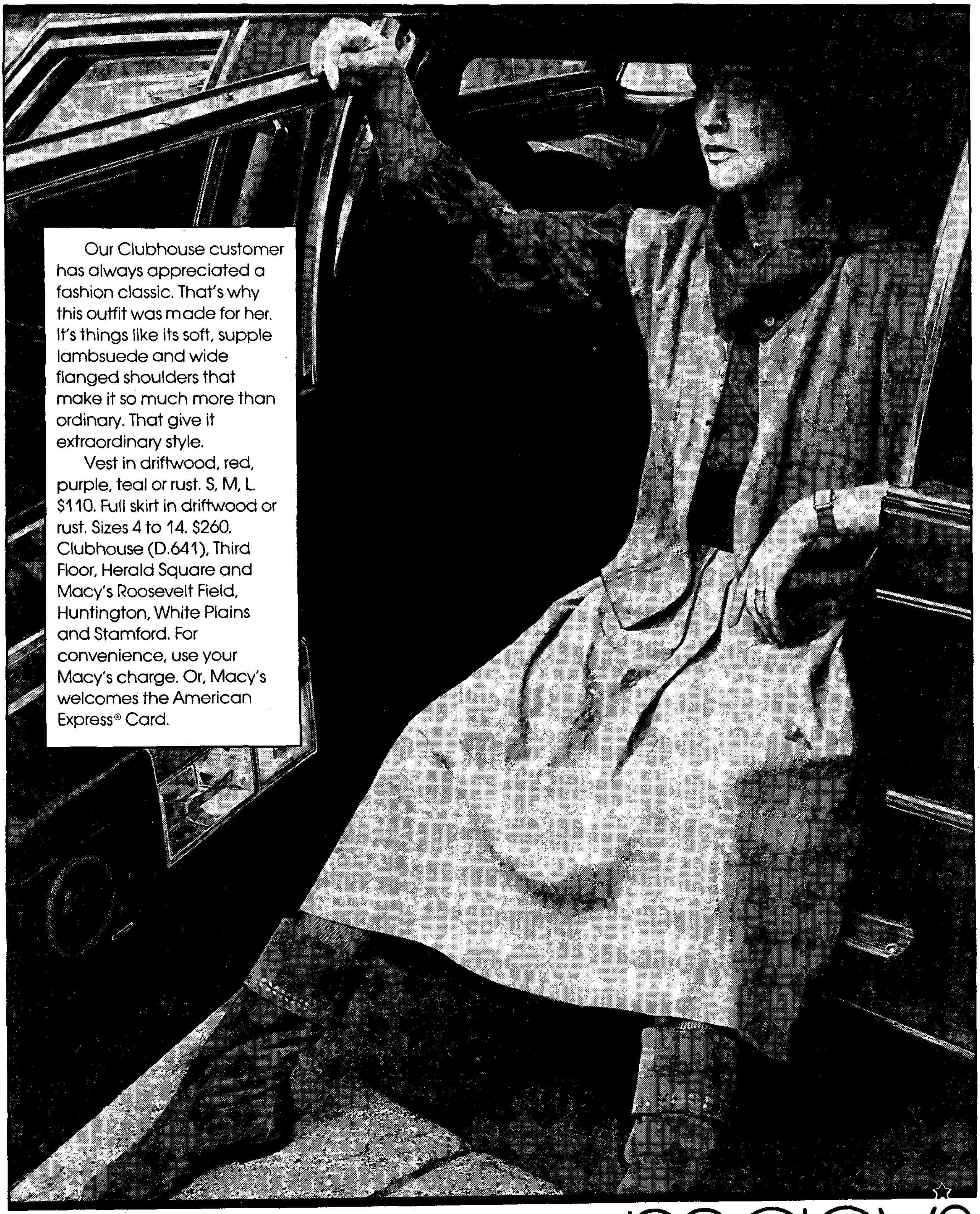
Please rush me your free Africa/India cruise and cruise/safari brochures.

NAME
STREET
CITY STATE ZIP
PHONE NUMBER
TRAVEL AGENT

NY89

clubhouse

Westbay has a vested interest in supple suede this fall.



Our Clubhouse customer has always appreciated a fashion classic. That's why this outfit was made for her. It's things like its soft, supple lambsuede and wide flanged shoulders that make it so much more than ordinary. That give it extraordinary style.

Vest in driftwood, red, purple, teal or rust. S, M, L. $110. Full skirt in driftwood or rust. Sizes 4 to 14. $260. Clubhouse (D.641), Third Floor, Herald Square and Macy's Roosevelt Field, Huntington, White Plains and Stamford. For convenience, use your Macy's charge. Or, Macy's welcomes the American Express® Card.

macy's
New York

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO a visitor outside the city on a Friday evening, walking along a road where the sound of waves is carried by wind passing between shingled houses, and through them, causing screen doors to open a bit and close (bam), open a bit and close (bam), and over wide wooden porches, making potted plants shiver, a wind that sets flags on white flagpoles snapping against a darkening sky, and sailboats, sitting stock-still in a sheltered harbor, abruptly rocking (one here, another over there), and lifts an infant's voice from within a house, the child speaking a language of its own—to a visitor the place is both familiar and alien. Two kids at the roadside are talking, one sitting on a motorbike, the other one examining it. A large black dog lies in a driveway nearby; from time to time he raises his head, looks around, then lowers it onto his front paws again. A couple drives by, heading somewhere definite. In a vegetable garden, a basket of weeds has been left out, a pair of gloves tossed on top. Maybe a phone rang, and whoever left them didn't come back. A rake leans against a low wire fence; the lettuce is doing well. As the road twists around, following the land, the onshore breeze changes to offshore and, picking up the dense, sweet smell of honeysuckle from tangled vines along the road (now, in the semidarkness, the blossoms are dull white), sweeps it out to sea. Another turn, and the wind, blowing in again, passes through a house with open doors and carries to the road the smell of supper.

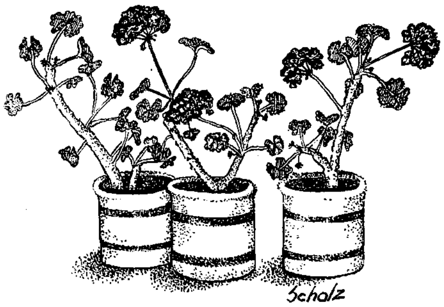
• •

Richard Rew's Sculpture

THE Tenth Avenue Bar has been open for more than a year, and in that time it has acquired a loyal following. It's part gallery, part restaurant; our guess is that it's the only place in New York where you can eat herb gnocchi and look at an exhibit called "The Bad Light Photography Show." We met some friends there the other night, and had herb gnocchi for dinner. Chip, the waiter, sometimes simply refuses to bring the same dinner two nights in a row, but it turned out that none of us had been there for days. He brought the food without protest. (Also, Patsy Cline was singing "Crazy" on the jukebox; if anything is capable of distracting Chip—and that is debatable—it's probably the fiftieth spin of "Crazy.")

A few days later, when we wandered past, we saw that another show was going up: a sculpture, by Richard Rew, the same young artist who had a show there a year ago. That piece, a hundred and sixty-five upside-down aluminum figures hanging over the bar, was originally titled "Discharged G.I. Joes Confront Unwed Barbie Dolls," but he later changed the title. (Interesting that before the new owners bought the building it was called the Strap, and whips and chains hung from the ceiling.)

The idea of working with aluminum came to Richard Rew when he was a student in Iowa. In 1977, he became interested, sculpturally, in TV-dinner trays. He got in touch with the chairman of the board of Campbell Soup (they make Swanson frozen foods), and soon he was at a Campbell plant in Camden, New Jersey, and sheets of aluminum were being shipped to him back in Iowa. Now, five years later, Rew, holding one of a lot of little flat pieces of burnished, cut, shaped aluminum that looked something like a human being and something like a fossil, talked about how he made them, in the same uninflected voice a surgeon would use to describe how an operation was to be performed: first you make the creases with a burnisher, then you do the spine, then "you flip the thing over . . ." But we'd forgotten the technicalities by the time we returned that night for the opening of "Sink A." Stapled to the ceiling, the little pieces looked like crinkly, deflated spacemen all in a row. We could easily have believed that they were being dropped from heaven, if it weren't for the regularity of their arrangement.



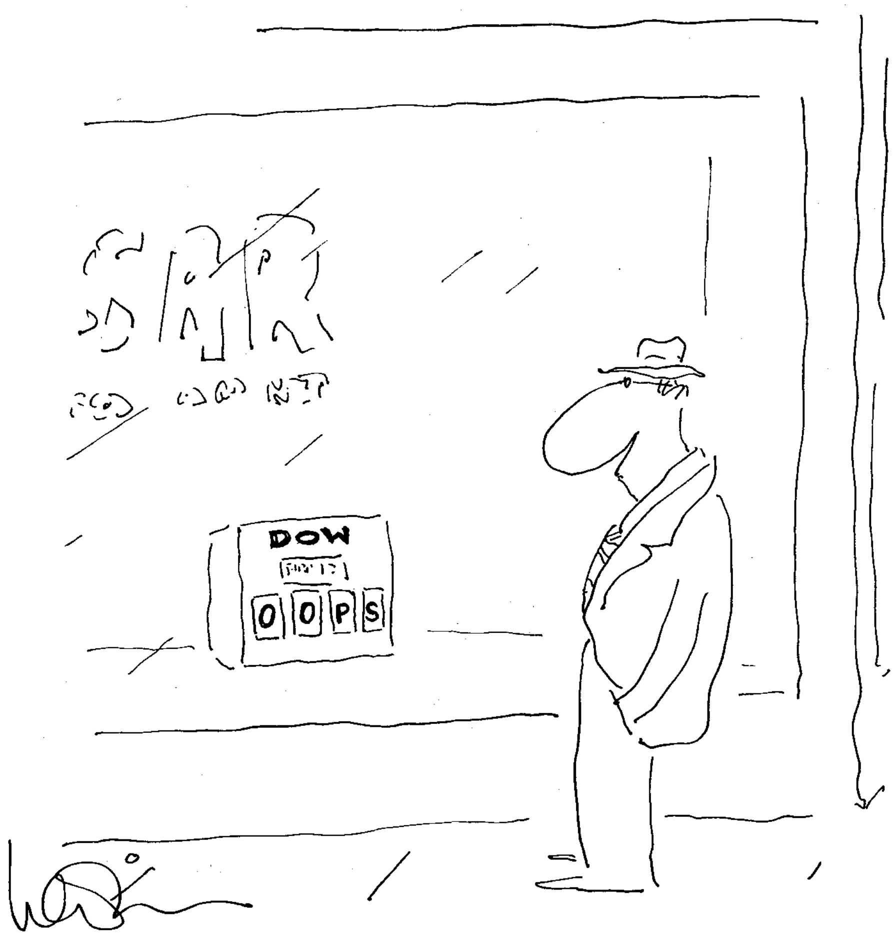
Bill, one of the owners of the Tenth Avenue Bar, had on a three-piece pinstriped suit. At first, we thought it was part of the new propriety. (When tablecloths appeared in the dining room, quite a few of the regulars were surprised; we suspected that someone must be taking magic lessons, and that at some point during our meal the cloth would be pulled out, leaving our plate and glass in place.) It wasn't part of the new propriety: Bill had just got back from his grandmother's funeral. Little Richard was squealing on the jukebox. The people at the bar were having a good time, and the sculpture above them was attracting more attention than, say, a chandelier would. A lot of the people at the bar looked like test patterns: black-and-white checked T-shirts, or T-shirts with horizontal black stripes. The people were all very neat and geometric. Above them, the sculpture sparkled so much that it gave the illusion of movement. We asked Richard Rew what he did with the pieces that didn't sell. He shrugged. He said that he put them on his ceiling: "The ceiling is the last frontier."

Pilgrims

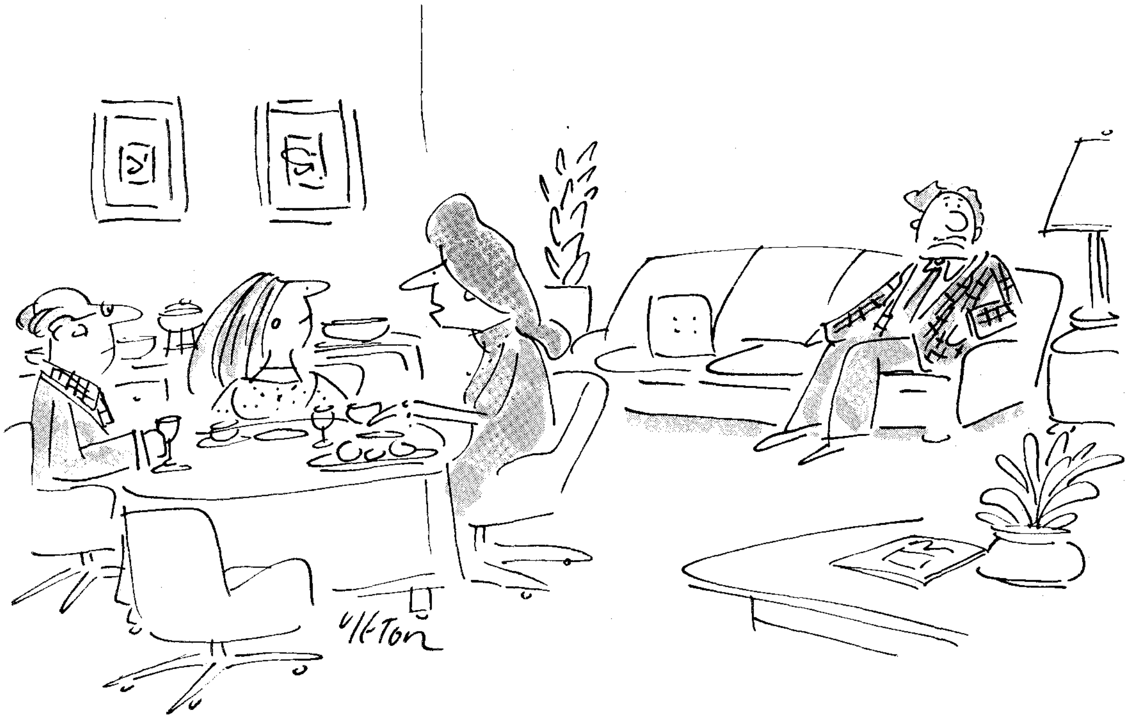
WE'VE received a letter from a student on holiday in Spain:

I thought you might like to know that I've just had a close encounter with a real, live king. It happened at Santiago de Compostela, which I guess is, along with Rome and Jerusalem, one of the three great pilgrimage places of Christendom. Legend has it that the remains of Santiago, the patron saint of Spain—he's St. James, of course, and also St. Jacques—were found here in the year 813, nearly eight centuries after they were transported, by stoneboat, all the way from Jaffa. The huge cathedral that today bestrides his bones dates back in part to the eleventh century. Whenever July 25th, Santiago's feast day, falls on a Sunday, as it did this year—for the twelfth time in the twentieth century—that's an especially holy occasion, and pilgrims flock here from all over the world. But then they've been doing that even in ordinary years for something like ten centuries. There's a carved marble column in the Pórtico de la Gloria—the main entrance to the cathedral—which so many millions of pilgrims have reverently touched they've measurably deepened five finger holes.

King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofía came to Santiago on Saturday evening, the twenty-fourth, joining thousands and thousands of pilgrims—the first to arrive that day, the local papers said, was a Japanese doctor, on horseback—who descended on the city by plane, train, bus, car, bicycle, horse, and foot, some of them having walked, as the faithful did in the Middle Ages, nine hundred miles from Paris. Many wore scallop shells—the emblem of St. James. It's said that the boat bearing his remains here retrieved a man on horseback who'd drowned, and that when he was miraculously restored to life his horse was encrusted with shells. Thus, for one thing, Coquilles Saint-Jacques. Anyway, Their Majesties turned out to be staying at my hotel, aptly named the Hostal de los Reyes Católicos, which is on one side of the big cathedral square called the Plaza del Obradoiro (roughly, the Square of the Artisans), and which Columbus's Queen Isabella built at the start of the sixteenth century as a hospice for pilgrims and the poor and the sick. In 1954, it was converted into a grand hotel. There's a strong separatist movement in Santiago's region, Galicia, and, accordingly, security for the royal visit was almost as tight as it is when the Reagans travel—soldiers and cops and plainclothesmen with guns and walkie-talkies all over the place. The King, in mufti, looked tired on arrival, but he stayed up late enough that night to watch, from his hotel, a stupendous display of fireworks, which began at around eleven and lasted until past midnight—to the "Ooh!"s and "Ah!"s of so many people packed into the Plaza del Obradoiro that we all experienced whatever the pedestrian equivalent is of gridlock.



Santiago de Compostela isn't known for good weather—thirty full days of sunshine a year is about average—but on the morning of the twenty-fifth there wasn't a cloud in the sky. The plaza was bustling: Boy Scouts with backpacks wearing shells in lieu of merit badges; souvenir hawkers; gypsy beggar women carrying comatose infants; Galician bagpipers; strolling bands of other entertainers wearing large papier-mâché heads; a man taking the blood pressure of passersby; a plainclothesman with a German shepherd that was sniffing the cobblestones, presumably for explosives; and a scattering of the sick and the halt—nothing like the numbers at Lourdes. Banners were draped over all surrounding balconies. The cathedral bells rang out periodically in a cacophonous riot. (When the Moors overran Santiago, in 997, they made their Christian captives carry the bells to Córdoba. When the Christians retaliated, in 1236, they made their Moorish prisoners carry them back.) At ten-thirty, the King and Queen passed through the Pórtico de la Gloria into the already jampacked cathedral, where worshippers perched in niches, clung to ladders, and occupied every inch of floor space. By some miracle, I was pushed along and ended up standing in the transept, near the main altar, only thirty feet from where Their Majesties were by then seated on red thrones. They were flanked by *señores* in morning coats and *señoras* in their finest mantillas, by various aides in medieval dress, bearing what I think were halberds and maces, and by a host of military brass, not to mention a cardinal, a papal nuncio, two archbishops, eleven bishops, and a flock of priests. There was also a pigeon fluttering way overhead, which shed a feather. The Queen was in a knee-length blue-and-white print dress, topped by a black lace mantilla. The



"Neil is truly a gourmet cook, but lately he's burned so many things his confidence is broken."

• •

King, seated on his consort's left, wore an Army uniform, with a bright-blue sash over one shoulder and a red sash around his waist. Even so, he was less splendidly accoutred than some of his attendant generals and admirals. Throughout the hour-long Mass, the Queen seemed never to move a facial muscle; the King's lips did move slightly during some of the responses, but otherwise they both stared straight ahead, at the altar, and never once glanced at one another. Even on his knees, in prayer, the King looked tall. At one point, an apparently addled old peasant woman rose from her bench and, leaning on a cane, shuffled toward Their Majesties. A soldier stepped forward and gently but firmly escorted her back to her seat. Toward the end of the Mass, the King descended from his throne and addressed a petition to "Señor Santiago," supplicating the Saint to maintain his subjects' faith in God, in man, and in Spain. The climax of the ceremony was the unleashing of the *botafumeiro*—a silver censer that weighs more than a hundred pounds, is filled with glowing coals and incense, and is manipulated by an eight-man crew so that it swings on a nearly two-hundred-foot-long rope back and forth across the transept, almost reaching the ceiling. (Ancient pilgrims sometimes camped out in the cathedral and the *botafumeiro* helped fumigate the interior.) At the bottom of its hurtling arc, the *botafumeiro*—which hasn't strayed off course since Catherine of Aragon stopped here on her way to London, when, legend has it, it sailed out of an upper window—flew within six feet of the royal couple. They were unperturbed, even relaxed; when the censer began its mighty swoop, they looked at each other, smiled, and then gawked at the sight just like the rest of us. The Queen also smiled when she received Communion. By chance, again, I was standing at the main entrance at twelve-fifteen, when Their Majesties, after kissing the cardinal's ring, left the cathedral, to a burst of applause from thousands of carnation-waving Santiagans and pilgrims outside who'd been unable to get in for the Mass. I almost got skulled by a halberd, but I didn't care, because I truly do believe that as my very first king went by, not five feet away, he gave me a little bow of greeting. What pilgrim could ask for more?

Simple

THERE are eighteen Hometels in America, most of them in Arizona and Texas. They are rectangular or square and are built around a courtyard or an atrium. They include only suites (an average suite is five hundred and fifty square feet and costs $61.58 per night), and they have no corridors; entrance to the suites is from the atrium or the courtyard. Hometels are the inspiration of Mr. Robert Edward Woolley, who lives in Newport Beach, California. Stephen B. Oveson is the president of the Hometels Management Company, Inc. Mr. Oveson, Mr. Woolley, and the rest of the management at Hometels excel in solving problems. They make it look easy. Mr. Oveson, a tall man with gray hair, addressed a seminar on Chains with Unique Formats at the Fourth Annual Hospitality Industry Investment Conference, held recently at the Waldorf-Astoria. In attendance were hotel owners and representatives of major chains (Sheraton, Marriott, Hilton) and smaller enterprises (La Quinta Motor Inns, Red Roof Inns, Chalet Susse International), who had assembled for two days of meetings with titles like Hotel Chain Dealmakers, Financial Community Overview, Developers, and Financing via Alternate Routes. Mr. Oveson said that Mr. Woolley had begun Hometels in 1970 with one property and a kind of vision. "When Mr. Woolley looked at the hotel industry," he said, "what he saw was the garden-type motel." He also said that Hometels have a broad appeal, which includes everyone from the commercial traveller to "the farmer from Nebraska and the Mexican national who comes to shop in El Paso or San Antonio, Texas."

Some of the other subjects that Mr. Oveson touched on were:

1. Shy Managers. "We found a few years ago that our managers didn't really want to be out among the people as much as we would have liked them to be. So we played a little trick on them: we took their desks and moved them out into the lobby. And that's where our managers are. And some of them *really don't like it.* But that's where they're at."

2. Disparate Clientele. "We cater to the commercial man four days a week—Monday, Tuesday, Wednes-

day, and Thursday—because that's all he comes. If he came more often, we'd be tickled to have him, but he just doesn't. On the weekends, though, our suite concept turns into a real bonanza for us, from a mini-vacation standpoint. The average American family, as you know, has one point eight children. Well, the average American family can come to us and only rent one suite. The parents can sleep in the king-size bed in the bedroom, and they can put the children in the front room in a Hide-a-Bed. When the children wake up Saturday morning, they can turn on their cartoons. They're not bothering their parents."

3. The Hometel Concept. "We want people to feel they are coming home. In the evening, we give them a two-hour, free cocktail hour—not in the lounge, though. We have found that the lounge doesn't work for us. We do it in another area, and we serve it to them with a friendly bartender, but we try to get them away from the feeling that they're in a bar. It's a living-room-type atmosphere. Also, we don't take any tips, we do airport transportation, and in the morning we serve free breakfast. You can take it back to your room or have it in an area that is designated for this in the atrium, or in a special building we built in the courtyard of our courtyard buildings. It all adds up to the Hometel concept."

4. Furnishings in a Hometel Suite and Thwarting Shirking Employees. "Each suite has a front room, with a couch, which is also a Hide-a-Bed; it has, of course, tables and lamps, but it *also* has a game table, with four chairs, that you can really sit and work at. It has a color TV set, with AM-FM. It has a telephone with a cord long enough so that you can get it from where it's sitting to the table, if that's where you want to work. The front room also has a wet bar and, behind the wet bar, what we call a galley kitchen, with an under-the-counter refrigerator, a two-burner electric stove or a microwave oven, and the large bar sink. We fully equip this galley kitchen with all the pots and pans and dishes and glasses and silverware you need, so you can really use it. I don't know if you have ever rented a suite before, and you go in and find a nice little kitchen, but there's absolutely no way to use it, because there's not one utensil in the whole thing. Well, ours you can really use. That's one room. Then you go through a door into the bedroom, where you will find either a king-size bed or two Long Boy double beds. On one wall, there will be an armoire-vanity arrangement, which has on it a color TV set, remote-controlled. There's a separate bathroom, and in the bathroom we do such things as ceramic tile, we do cast-iron bathtubs, and we do shower doors. And when we first started looking at shower doors, which are usually opaque, we knew that the maids wouldn't clean them. So we put in clear-glass sliding doors. The maids *have* to clean them. There's just nothing else that they can do."

Loophole

"THE I.R.S. has gotten my life in order," the voice on the telephone said. It was Janet.

"What is the thing that everybody does that I don't do?" she asked.

We took it for a rhetorical question.

"File!" Janet continued. "My accountant said that I have to file. Are you busy right now?"

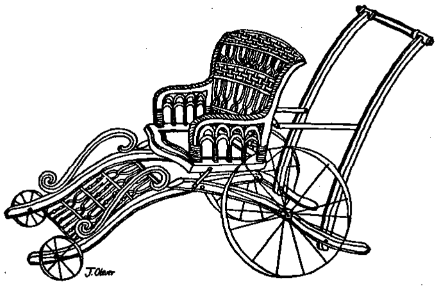
We said no.

Janet met us at the elevator on her floor.

"Antonio is back from Argentina," she said, handing us an armload of jackets and pants on hangers, a bunch of ties, and a pair of yellow sneakers. "He's moving into the upstairs apartment for a week, after being in my apartment for two weeks, and next week he's going to move into the apartment downstairs for a month while those people are away. He is not moving to the East Side."

Janet pressed the elevator button.

"First, they sent me several long brown envelopes, which I didn't open," she said. "I only open the ones that look as if they'd contain checks. I get sued a lot. Sometimes the envelopes that look like bills have checks in them, so I miss out. Then a Dennis McGeary or something from the I.R.S. called and asked me what had happened the last few years. I said I'd call him back. When I did, he said, 'It's too late. You're in the computer.' "



When the elevator came, Janet held the door while we carried the clothes on.

"So I went to see this accountant who sounds just like a computer," she said on the way up, "and he fixed it so that I owe them four thousand dollars, plus five hundred, which he's already collected from me. He understands numbers, and I understand people. He wants me to mail in the filing stuff, and I want to take it in and discuss it with them. I'm trying to settle for jail and not paying, but I'm told they don't give you that choice."

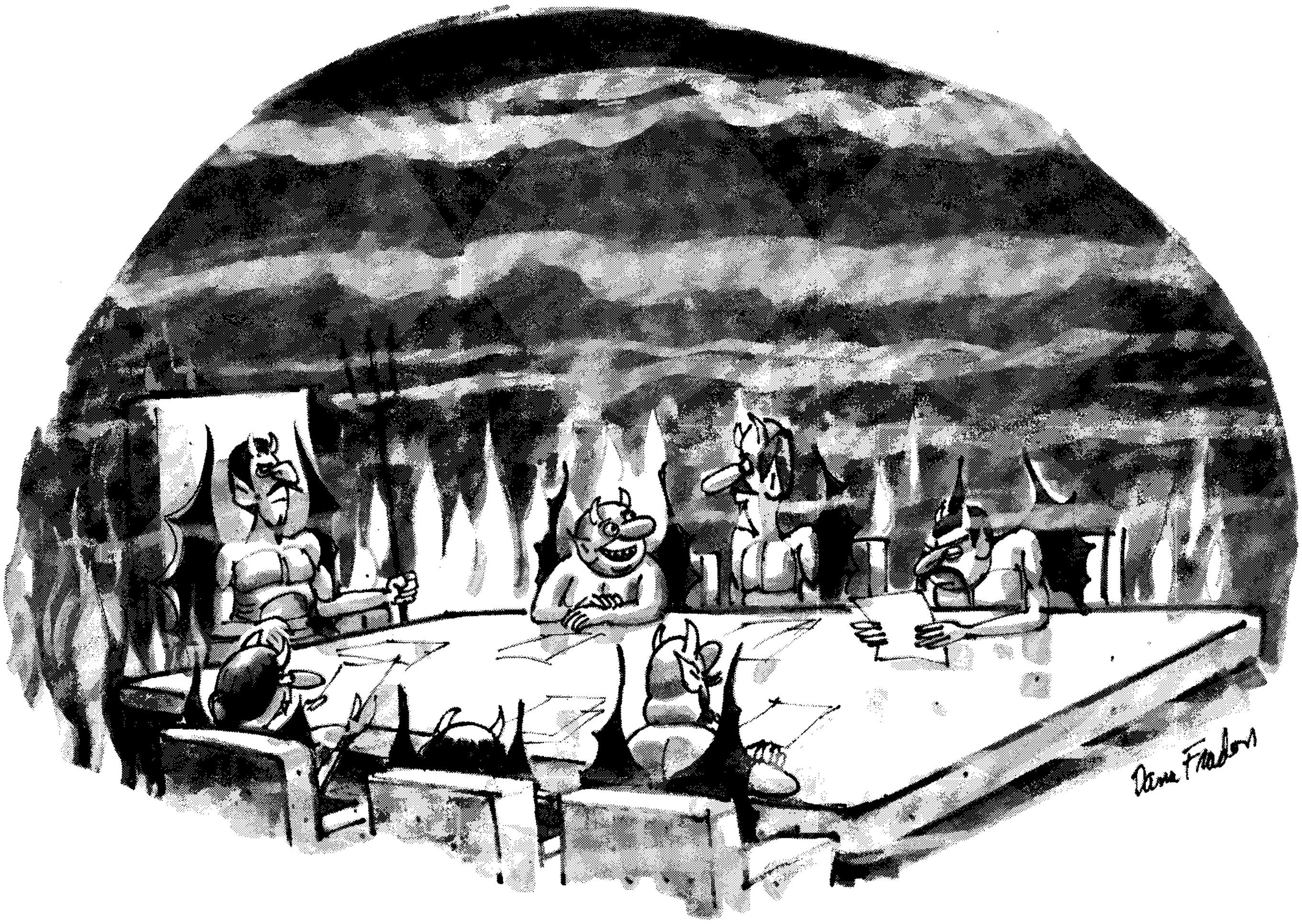
We stood at the upstairs-apartment door. Janet worked at opening the three locks.

"The first thing I did when I found out I had to pay was make a will," she said. "Also, I donated my eyes to anyone who wants them, and my remaining organs go to science. I am planning to have my floors done, and I'm buying a lot of reduced merchandise at Saks, so the I.R.S. won't be able to get the money. I called up a millionaire I know and asked if I could hide my ten thousand dollars in one of his accounts so nobody could find it, and he told me it was my patriotic duty to file, for the social programs. Another millionaire just said, 'You're going to jail.' I'm through with millionaires."

Janet had got the upstairs-apartment door open, and we followed her into a closet.

"When the accountant told me that I wasn't rich enough for a Swiss bank account, I ran to my bank and then rushed over to Saks. A woman there was trying on a bathrobe, and her husband was giving her his opinion in French. It turned out they were from Switzerland. I tried to give him a hundred dollars in traveller's checks to deposit for me, but he wouldn't take it. Last week, I got a letter from him explaining just how to do it, and a lot of papers that say 'Sign here.' The only trouble is that you have to go to Switzerland to get the money out. Give me the ties."

As we handed the ties to Janet, she said, "Antonio is from Argentina. Of course, he wanted to take a shower while he was staying in my apartment, but the shower was filled with boxes and suitcases. He took everything out of the shower and piled it up on the bed and a table, and there it was. All



"I also sit on the boards of Consolidated Borium, the Holmslin Corporation, and the Stuart State Bank of Oswego."

• •

of a sudden, I had a garage sale. A friend of his came by and bought forty-three dollars' worth of stuff, which he's going to pay me for if he didn't go back to Argentina. Here, take these hangers."

We took the hangers.

"I found out that you can rent a table in a schoolyard for five or ten dollars. I've been pasting little prices on everything—jewelry, clothes, ashtrays from various restaurants, salt and pepper shakers, four coffeepots that have gone bad. I don't know whether people will buy twenty-five-cent junk in the heat. Some things I marked eight dollars, and I'll probably sell them for two dollars. I learned that in Naples in World War Two. Will you go ring for the elevator?"

We rang. Janet locked the door and took a look at her arms.

"Joan Crawford at age sixty-five had the arms of a woman of thirty. I met her once at the Monk's Inn. I was completely covered, and she had on a sleeveless dress with these young arms coming out. I asked her how she did it. She crossed and uncrossed her arms all day with a stiff thing—I think it's a crossbar. Today, while I was looking for linoleum, I met a lady with no lines in her neck. She said she was forty-nine, which is one year older than I say I am."

The elevator door opened.

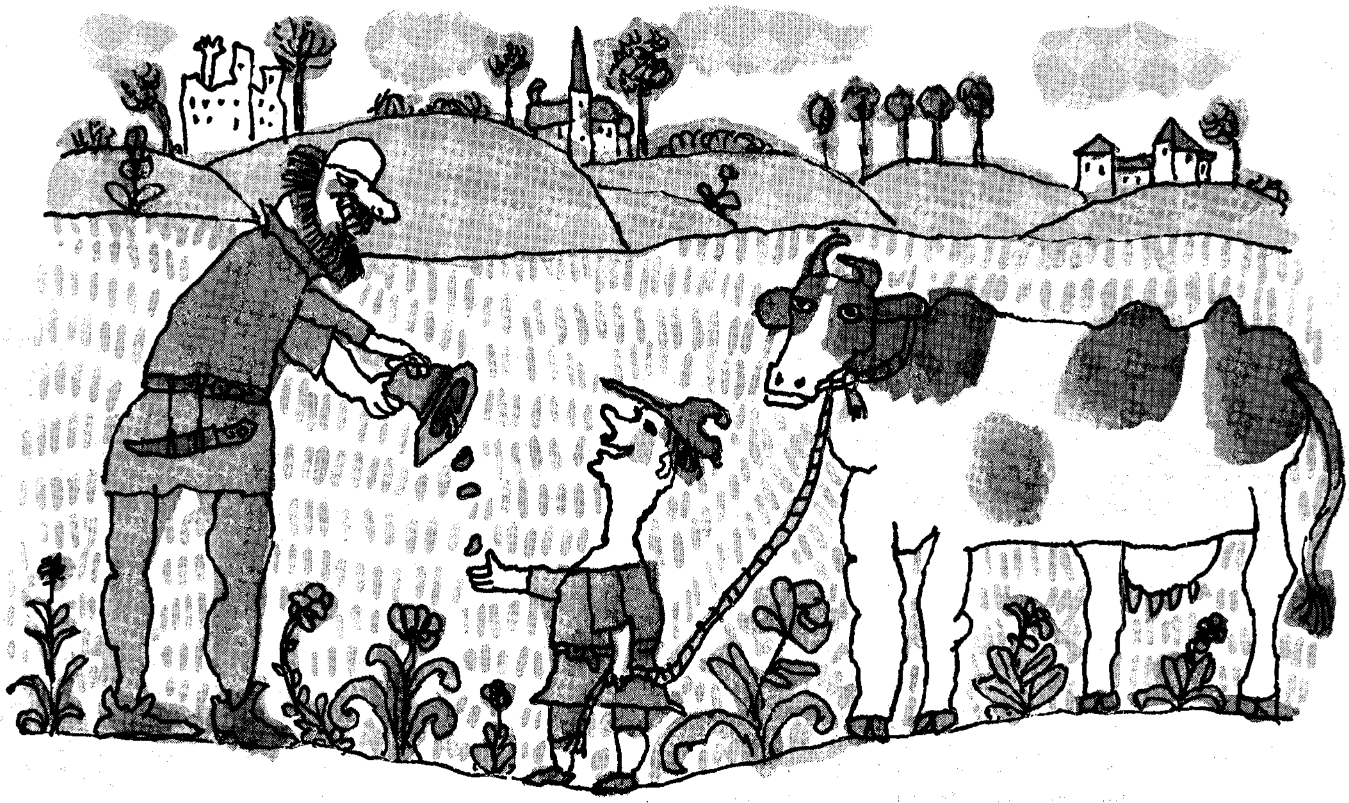
"I didn't ever read my bank statement," Janet said on the way down. "I didn't know you were supposed to. When the accountant asked for my bank statements, I said, 'You mean those things that are wrapped around the checks?' So when the next one came I read it."

Janet unlocked the door to her apartment and pulled something out of her purse. "Here it is," she said. "I made several copies." She handed us a document that said "LET CHEMICAL FINANCE YOUR DREAMS! ASK US ABOUT A LOAN FOR A FABULOUS VACATION, A NEW CAR OR BOAT, COLLEGE TUITION, OR IMPROVEMENTS TO YOUR HOME."

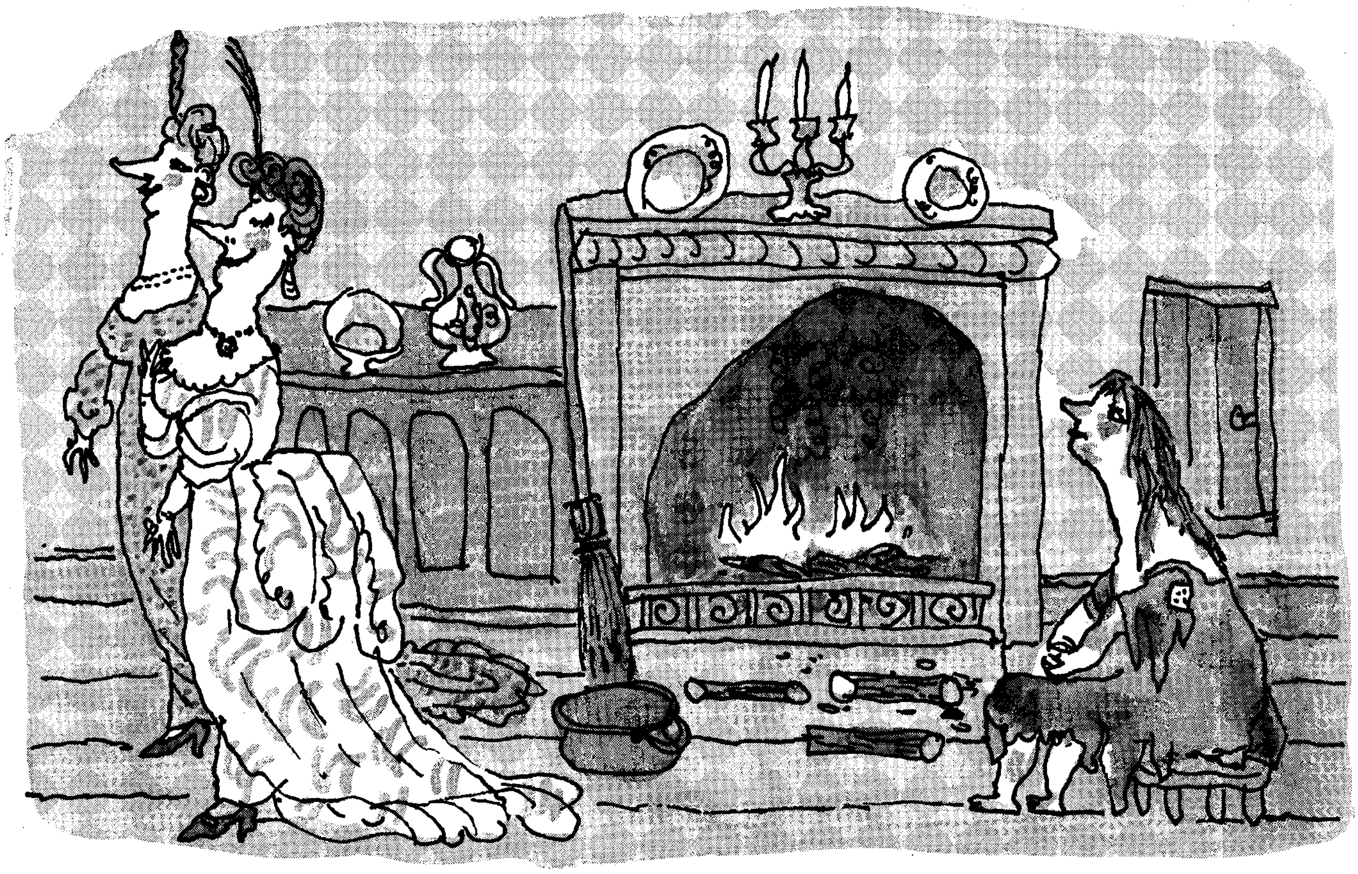
"So I said to the accountant, 'I didn't know Chemical Bank would take care of my dreams.' That's what you get for not reading these things. He says I owe four thousand dollars, but I have no intention of using up my life savings"—Janet paused—"for war. My argument is that *they* owe *me* money."

Janet sighed deeply. "It's tragic that I never went to that Monday-morning orientation class where I work," she said. "I skipped it, and years later, when they sent me some papers, I just signed them, so now I'm in Pension Plan No. 3 instead of 1 or 2. I'm in the wrong one, and I have to work four extra years. My accountant says I'm too poor to be a loophole—my bracket is too low. You have to qualify to be a loophole."

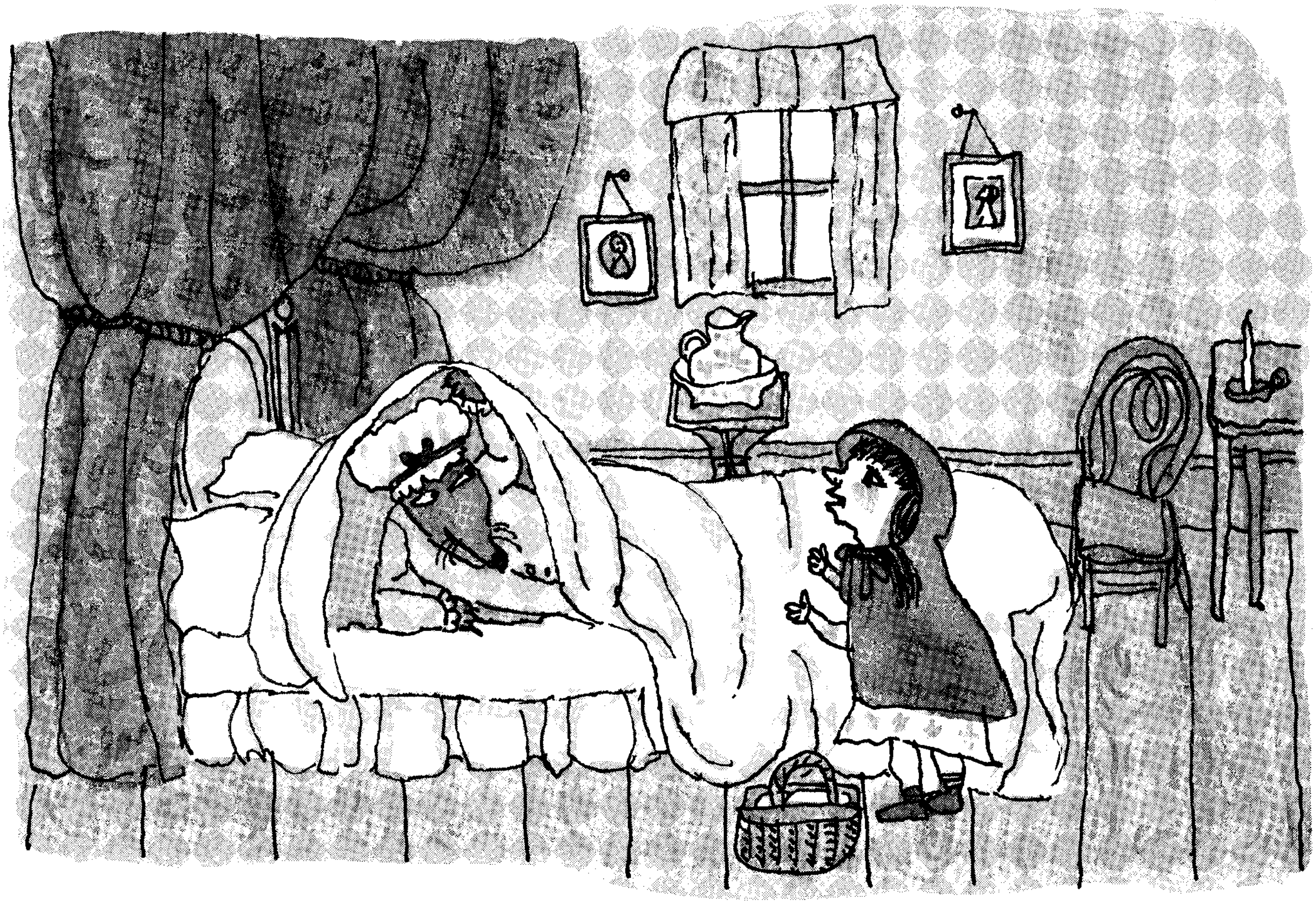
Janet sighed again. "It is so tiring to be a failure in life. I've found it very hard staying at the bottom."



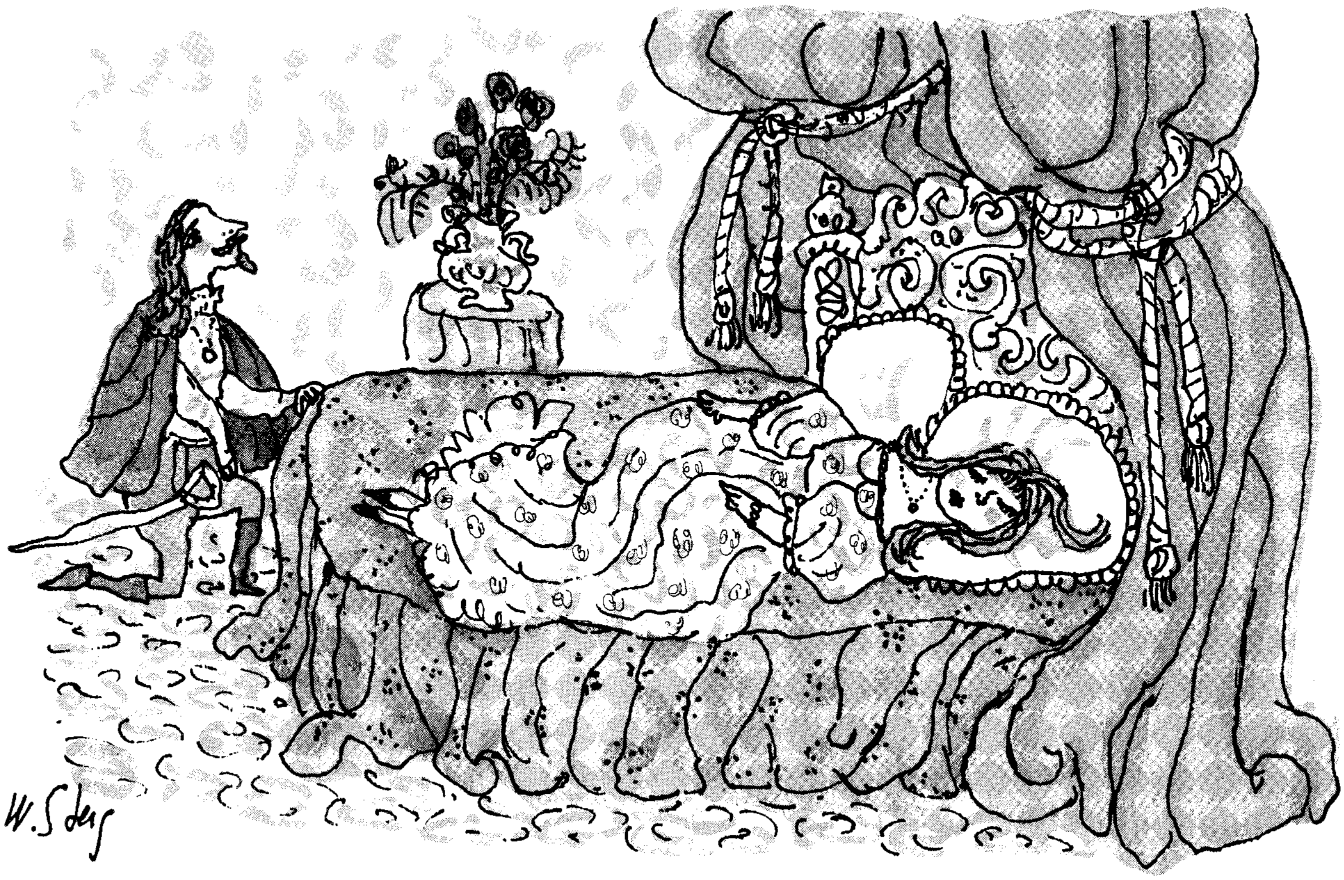
Jack sells the cow for a few beans.



Cinderella sees her stepsisters going off to the ball.



The Wolf hides himself under the bedclothes.



The Prince falls on his knees before Sleeping Beauty.

THE ACCIDENT

EVEN outside, in the university town of Louvain, Karen imagined she was inside, in a room filled with pieces of carved furniture. Before a butcher's shop, rabbits, small deer, and boar, blood coagulated about their snouts, appeared to be laid out on a heavy dining-room table or hung from the half-open door of a high cupboard in a dim room. Cracked pods and yellow chestnut leaves fell.

During the lecture, she fixed on one reflecting lens of the lecturer's spectacles. When, suddenly, she turned away, she saw, at the end of her bench, Tom Devlin taking notes, his elbows on the shelf attached to the back of the bench before him. His plump face was low over the paper. As he flipped a page of the notebook with a thick finger, he raised his head, looked to the side toward her, past the other students in suède jackets and woollen scarves, and smiled, perhaps at her, Karen Larvens; he looked back at his paper and wrote, and his constant smile made his cheeks bulge.

Karen pressed her way through others leaving the hall. In the courtyard, Tom turned to her when she called. Students pushed bicycles past them.

He said, "I thought everybody cut. I was looking for someone I knew, but I didn't see anyone."

"You looked right at me," she said.

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did."

"If you say I did, I must have." He shifted his big body. He was waiting, she knew, for her to tell him if he could remain with her. Tom licked his lips and blinked.

She asked, "Are you going anywhere?"

"No, no." He opened his eyes wide, as if amazed that she should think he was going anywhere.

"The Office of Management and Budget. Good morning."

"Would you like to take a little walk?"

"Yes, yes. That's just what I'd like to do."

They walked over the cobbles to the cathedral. There was a stack of empty, slatted wood crates with live chickens in them in front of the cathedral. Karen and Tom stood by the crates. He kept shifting from foot to foot.

After a while, he said, "Well, well."

Karen asked, "Are you hungry?"

Tom said, "Hungry? Oh yes, I'm hungry."

ABOVE the wainscoting of the restaurant was a row of cider pitchers. In Flemish, Karen thanked the waitress; it was all she could say in Flemish. The waitress didn't answer. Tom started a little conversation with her in Flemish, and she responded, but Tom, glancing at Karen, stopped and looked down at his menu.

Karen asked him, "What will you have?"

"What will you have?"

As he ate, his body appeared to expand: his neck swelled in his tight collar, his hands became large. She noted, too, the grease on his lips.

Karen said to him, "You know, I don't know where you're from in the States."

She hardly knew him, and she wondered why the more she looked at him the more she imagined he knew something—a fixed idea—which she wanted to know; the idea was somewhere in him, not necessarily behind his forehead but somewhere in his body. Even when he moved, he appeared still.

He said, "The Bronx."

"The Bronx," she said. "That's interesting."

"No," he said, "it's not interesting. Where I come from and how poor I am and all that is no more interesting than your coming from Grosse Pointe and being rich. Here I am." He held up his arms a little from his sides. "Here I am."

"How do you know where I come from?"

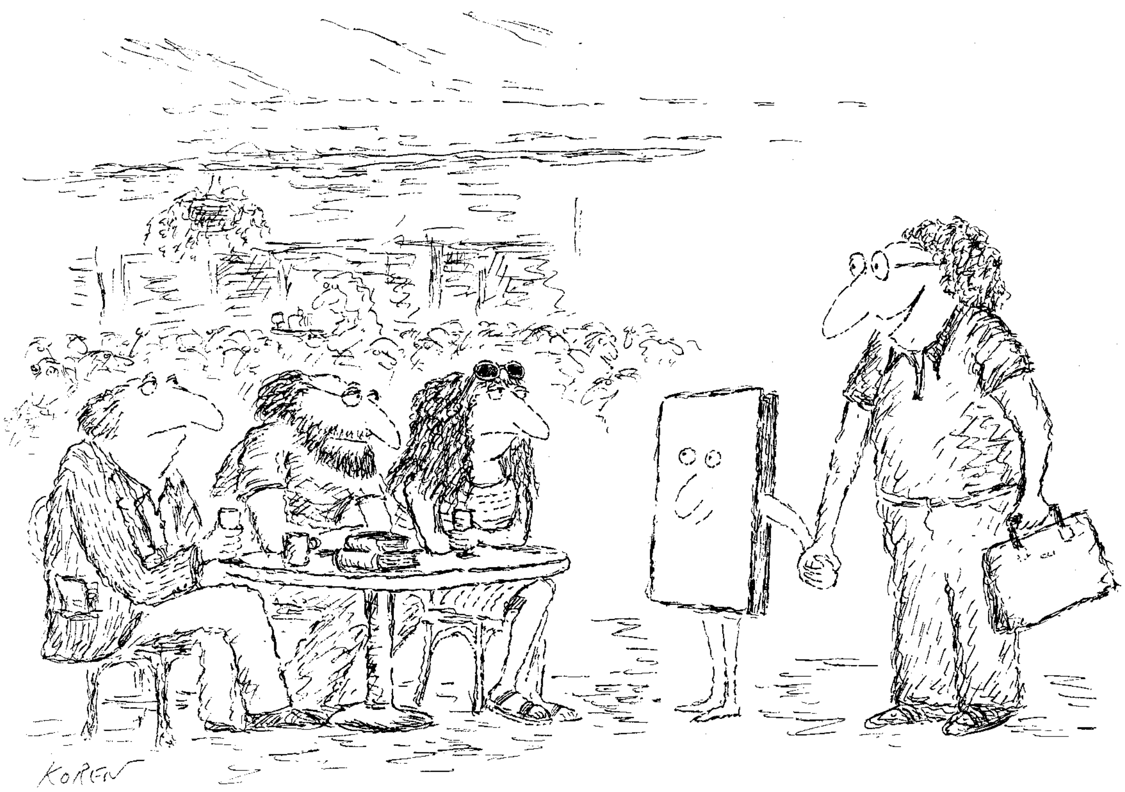
"I know."

She felt a pang of affection released in her. She thought: How funny.

"Would you like a carafe of wine?" she asked.

"If you would."

As she was signalling for the waitress, Robert Maillet, another Ameri-



"This is my slender volume of poems."

• •

can student, came into the small restaurant; stepping forward, he appeared to step back, too, as if he were not sure he had the right to enter a place from which a waitress might tell him he was excluded. Then he saw Karen signalling before she could lower her hand, and he came hesitantly to the table. He was thin and had a dark face. He stood to the side as Karen ordered wine.

She wasn't sure she wanted to see him, but she said, "Sit down and have some wine with us."

Robert drew a chair out quietly, and sat quietly.

Karen asked him, "Where have you been?"

"In my room."

"Your dim room," she said. "I'll bet you don't ever open the curtains to let the light in."

He frowned.

Tom said to him, "We've been to a great lecture."

"I missed it," Robert said.

"I know you did. And why did you? Tell me why you didn't go."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm not going to forgive you."

"I'm very sorry."

"No," Tom said. "I'm not going to forgive you. You've missed something you couldn't get back with any amount of forgiveness."

"Not even if I read your notes?"

"If I let you read my notes."

Karen said, "I'd like to see them, too."

"You were at the lecture," Tom said.

"Yes, but—"

Tom lowered his shoulders, lowered his brow, and looked severely at Karen.

She asked, "Why were you smiling at the lecture?"

He kept his lowered eyes on her and stuck out his bottom lip.

"You won't say?" she asked.

He said, "No, I won't tell you."

When the bill was placed in a saucer on the table, Tom put his hand over it. He shook his other hand at Karen, who tried to take the bill from him as he held it close to his face to read it. Robert kept his hands in his lap. Tom counted out the Belgian franc notes slowly, folded them into the bill, and placed the bill back on the saucer. He patted it flat with the tips of his fingers.

Karen said, "Now, how about taking a walk outside the town walls?" She didn't look at Robert.

Tom said, "If you like."

She asked, "You weren't planning on doing something else?"

His eyes large, he said, "Oh, no."

Robert said, "You're supposed to give me a Latin lesson."

"I did say I would, didn't I?" He blew out his cheeks. "I did, I did."

"Then go on," Karen said. "Go to Robert's dim room."

"We'll go to my room," Tom said. "You come, too."

"No," Karen said.

Light-headed, she left to go to the women's residence. She left Tom with a bright sense of generosity, as if she could have kept him with her but had released him. It was the sense of generosity as much as the wine which made her light-headed. In her room, where she lay on her bed, the bright lightness gave way to heaviness, the heaviness to a dull regret. She got up. The late afternoon showed gray through the window. She went down to the reception room, where four girls, in armchairs, were quietly talking in a language she did not know. Back in her room, she was angry that she had let Tom go; she hadn't wanted to be generous.

ON her bicycle, she passed women, in the gloaming, washing the stoops and brick sidewalks before their narrow houses; the steam from the buckets of hot water rose about them.

But what did she imagine Tom promised?

In a shop, she bought slices of ham, cooked brains, cheese, and a round loaf of Belgian bread, and continued, not quite sure she knew where he lived.

She stood with her bicycle outside a tall house with a lighted top window and, as with the risk of jumping from a high ledge, called up, "Tom." She imagined herself falling. She called, "Tom." And as she fell the window in the gable opened and she saw Tom, against the light in the room, lean out as to grab her. She heard him say, "Karen."

He threw the key down in a white,

sealed envelope. She let herself in and climbed, silently, the warped, narrow, steep stairs. She wondered why she was silent; it was as if she did not want anyone to know she was there. Tom was waiting at the top with the door open.

"Well," he said. "Well."

He was wearing two sweaters and a large loose sweatshirt; the layers overlapped about his neck.

She said, "Let me in."

"Yes, yes," he said. "Of course."

Inside, Robert was leaning over a table with a lamp on it; the lamplight shone on an open book and papers. He had the lapels of his jacket folded over his chest.

She asked, "Have you been studying all this time?"

"We just started," Robert answered.

The young men didn't speak, and it occurred to her that they had been speaking about her. She looked around the room, with its slanting ceiling, its yellow wallpaper, its worn Oriental rug. On the mantel over the iron coal stove was a carafe of water and a glass.

"It's so cold in here," she said.

"I know," Robert said, as if there were nothing to be done, ever, about the cold.

She said to Tom, "Why don't you light your fire?"

Tom's cheeks shook a little. "Light my fire?"

She held up a paper bag. "I've brought some *souper*. But I can't stay in a room as cold as this. You'll have to light the fire."

"Then I'll light it," Tom said. "Now, let's see, to light it I need—"

"Don't you have what you need?"

He went to the door. His entire body shook. "I'll go get it all from the landlady." He bumped into the jamb on his way out.

Robert said to Karen, "He never lights his fire."

"Why?"

"As a small mortification."

"A mortification?" she exclaimed.

"Of the flesh."

Karen sat, the bag on her knees. The chill in the room smelled of unclean sheets and towels.

She asked, "What were you talking about all afternoon?"

"I listened to him talk about the Church."

This struck her, at the same moment, as odd and yet what she should have expected. "Are you interested in that?"

CALIFORNIA HILLS IN AUGUST

I can imagine someone who found
these fields unbearable, who climbed
the hillside in the heat, cursing the dust,
cracking the brittle weeds underfoot,
wishing a few more trees for shade.

An Easterner especially, who would scorn
the meagreness of summer, the dry
twisted shapes of black elm,
scrub oak, and chaparral—a landscape
August has already drained of green.

One who would hurry over the clinging
thistle, foxtail, golden poppy,
knowing everything was just a weed,
unable to conceive that these trees
and sparse brown bushes were alive.

And hate the bright stillness of the noon,
without wind, without motion,
the only other living thing
a hawk, hungry for prey, suspended
in the blinding, sunlit blue.

And yet how gentle it seems to someone
raised in a landscape short of rain—
the skyline of a hill broken by no more
trees than one can count, the grass,
the empty sky, the wish for water.

—Dana Gioia

• •

"No," he said, "I'm not. I wouldn't want him to think I'm not interested, though. It would disappoint him."

"Was he in a seminary?"

"Yes, he was."

"And why did he leave?"

"He believed he wasn't good enough."

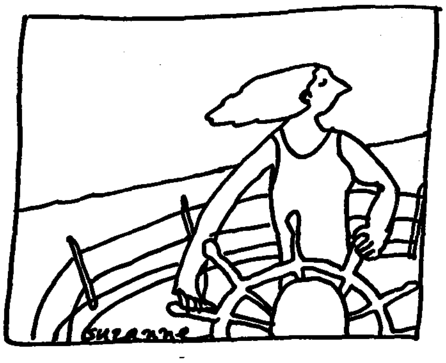
"I see."

"He left just last year. I listen to him go on and on about theology to try to let him know that at least I believe he's good enough."

"Good enough for what?"

Robert raised his hands.

Carrying sticks wrapped in newspaper and a black scuttle of coal, Tom came in. He appeared to Karen a very large boy. He put down the makings of the fire on the floor by the stove.



Robert got up. "I'll start the fire for you," he said.

"Well," Tom said. "Well—"

Karen said, "Never mind. We don't need a fire. We'll go to a café. We'll have our *souper* there."

"If that's what you want," Tom said.

THEY sat in a corner by the window at the students' café, Alma. Tom smiled at the food Karen spread out in its waxed paper on the wooden table; smiled at the glasses of hot wine the waiter brought; smiled, as to express his gratitude more expansively, at the other students around tables, at the waiters hefting trays of beer and wine, at the globed lights in the smoke. She saw him smiling, too, at the large, dark window, fogged up, moisture on it rolling down in drops.

Robert's eyes, she saw, were unfocussed.

She said to him, laughing a little, "Why do you always look as if someone close to you just died?"

He raised his eyes halfway to her.

SOON TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE
JOSEPH FARRIS

* * *

Tom stirred cube after cube of sugar into his glass of hot wine. His eyes, over his glass, fixed on something behind her, and Karen turned; coming toward their table was a tramp in a long gray overcoat, babbling. He sat at the empty table next. He swung out his arm and knocked over beer glasses, which fell to the wooden floor and smashed. A waiter nearby put his tray down on the table and grabbed the drunken tramp's arm and pulled at it and shouted in hard Flemish; he got the tramp standing, then gave him a push. The tramp lurched and, bent over, cried out. Voices in the café dropped. The tramp, trying to keep himself standing, put his hands to his face and cried out again. Karen quickly turned to Tom, who stared at the man. The waiter pushed the tramp once more: he lowered his hands and, his upper body twisted, staggered to the door, which another waiter held open for him. The door shut, and people began to talk again, quietly. Tom kept staring out. And then he smiled.

THE last Friday in November, Karen waited in Tom's room with him for Robert to drive up in a rented car. He was a half hour late, and the two friends kept looking out the window. Rain, brown, seemed to come in slow sea waves, and through the waves a few cars passed.

Karen said, "We'll wait another half hour, that's all."

"And then what will we do?"

With a banging on the door, Tom's body jumped. A woman, in a banging voice, called, "Monsieur Tom," and Tom went to open the door. His landlady, huge, stood outside holding in big hands a tray covered with a crocheted cloth, and on it a pot and cups. She said that she wanted to offer Monsieur's gentle friend a cup of hot chocolate.

Robert arrived as they were drinking the chocolate.

"Karen and I were ready to go off on our own," Tom said, reprimanding him.

"Maybe you should," Robert said.

THE landlady helped them take the cases down to the small, dented car.

Karen said to Tom, "Where do you want to sit?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Tell me."

"You tell me where you want to sit, and I'll tell you where I'll sit."

"You tell me."

"No. You tell me."

Robert, in the driver's seat, said, "Does it make any difference?"

"It makes all the difference," Karen said. "I want him to make up his mind."

"Get in," Robert said.

Tom said, "No one thinks I have a

mind of my own. It's quite true, I don't. I don't want to say where I'll sit."

"God damn it," Robert said, "sit in the back and be quiet."

"I'll be quiet," Tom said, adjusting his body to get into the small back seat. "You'll see."

Narrow, cold drafts came through cracks in the car, which shook. Robert drove in silence. Tom, in the rear, said nothing, either. Her neck turned, Karen said to him, "Talk to me." He still said nothing; he pointed to Robert and placed his fingers over a half smile. A part of the car began to rattle.

After the Belgian-French frontier, the rain deepened with darkness. Karen looked at Robert's profile, his eyes from time to time illuminated by the yellow headlamps of oncoming traffic. She said, "I wish we were going to a place no one's ever been to before."

"Yes," Robert said, "I wish that."

Looking back at Tom, she noticed that his eyes, too, shone with yellow from a passing car. She imagined them all together, three strange people with yellow, shining eyes. She didn't like their silence. She drew her neck in and said, "Blessed silence." She stuck her neck out and shook her head. A black leaf struck the windshield, above the clacking wipers, and remained. Robert suddenly accelerated and passed three cars; the car swayed as he pulled it back into his lane.

Karen held herself as if back from the movement of the car.

Robert braked hard when a car a short distance up the highway, its red tail-light blinking, stopped short. Rigid, Karen watched darkness streak past her as the car, skidding in a semicircle, reversed itself on the wet, leaf-covered highway, then shuddered to a halt, and she saw, ahead, the yellow lights of stopped cars. In their car, the three sat still. Then, with a jerk of his shoulders and arms, Robert turned the car around and drove on. There was nothing for them but to be silent, Karen thought.

After a while she closed her eyes. The wind raged about the car. She pressed back into the seat.

She opened her eyes when she felt the car shoot out at greater speed, and she kept them narrowed on the yellow lights of a truck, enlarging and vibrating in the rain, coming toward them. She closed her eyes again.

With a great, calm awareness, she thought: We are going to die.

She felt the impact on her forehead.

Her body was doubled over and wedged into metal, and she thought of her hands and arms, her feet and legs, her torso, her head, her eyes, nose, teeth, tongue. She felt blood soaking through her hair, but no pain. Perhaps, she thought, the pain would come.

She didn't open her eyes; she heard people outside, and a voice shouting: "*Ne bougez pas. Ne bougez pas.*"

There was the continuing silence in the car.

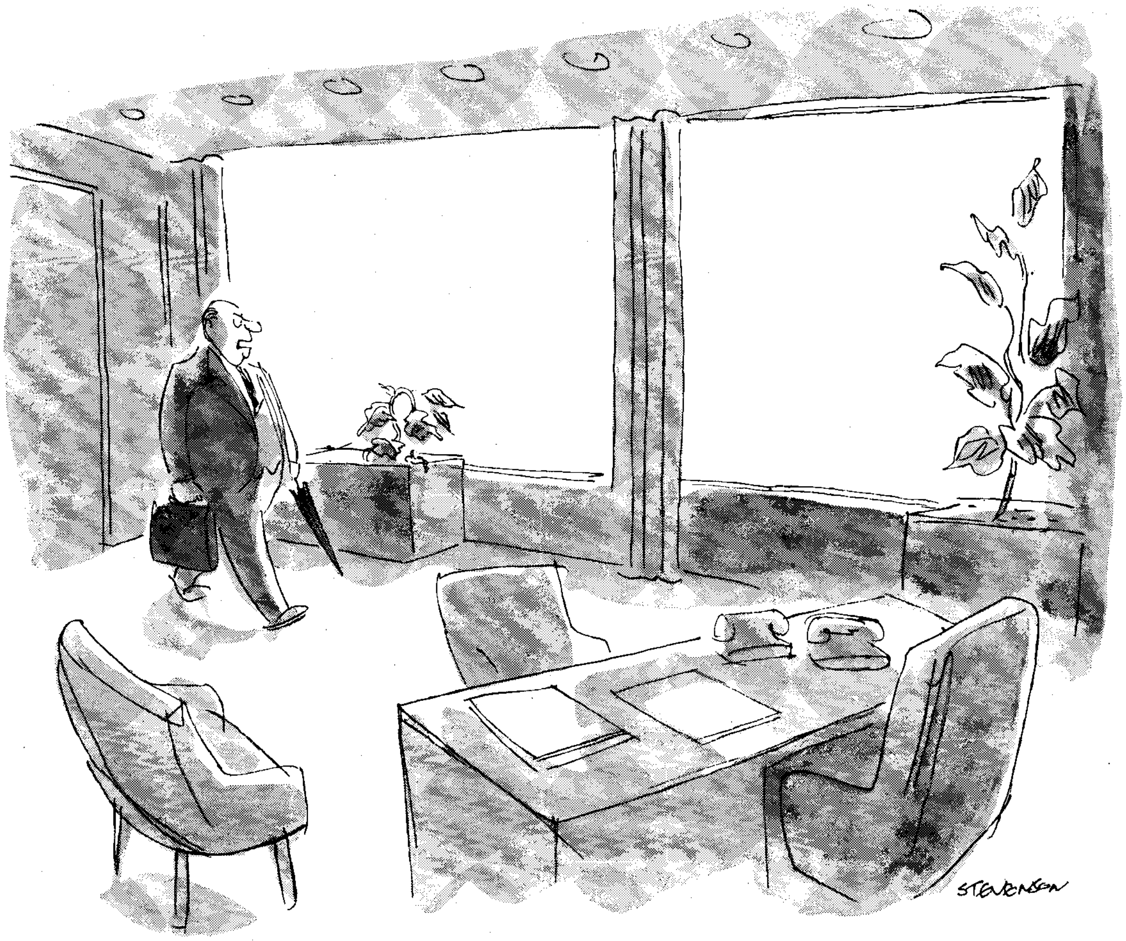
The door was opened and hands reached about her to lift her out. She could, she thought, move herself, but she let them move her, limp, onto a large, rumpled overcoat on the ground. The rain fell on her face. Then she was lifted, carried in the coat, and, it seemed to her, laid out across the back seat of a large, empty bus. The bus was lit up. She saw the hand straps shake as the bus drove off. Blood was dripping through her hair.

In a white room, she was put on a table with a white enamel top. She laughed. People in smocks stood about her, and she closed her eyes.

HER bed was narrow and hard, and she was not allowed a pillow. She rolled her bandaged head back and forth. The dim overhead lights were on in the small ward, where women in their beds stared at the black windows.

Beyond the open double doors of the ward was a long passage, and a stretcher was wheeled into a room off the passage.

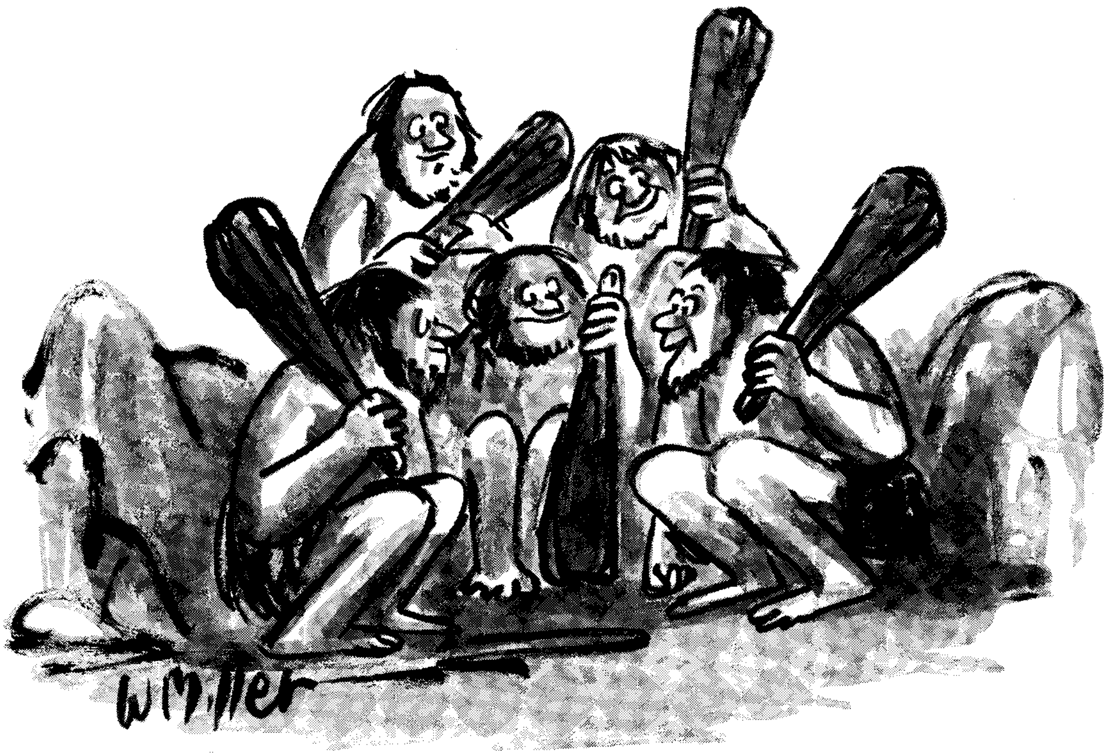
WOKEN by a flashlight held close to her face, she felt her body jump, and she called out, "Who is it?" She saw



"Shape up by Monday or you're out on your ear."

a nurse in a white cap.

She heard shouting from the room off the passage. Though it was dark in the ward, the passage was illuminated, and noiseless women and men in white went in and came out of the room. When there were screams, the women in the ward muttered and turned over in their beds.



"Hey, why don't we start a club club?"

* *

DURING the day she heard long moans from the room. At night, the shouts started again. A nurse came to Karen with a flashlight and asked her if she would sit with her friend, and Karen nodded. She was wheeled into Robert's room. He appeared to be suspended by wires and pulleys and weights over a high iron bed; his body was covered by a loose sheet. An arm in plaster was raised above his head, and a leg in a heavy cast was bent at the knee and raised. From a nostril ran a long black tube. The nurse wheeled Karen up to the bed, and she simply looked at Robert, who looked back, then turned his head away. The nurse left.

He began to jerk. As he jerked, the sheet slipped off, and she saw he had a draining tube in his stomach and another in his penis. His sweating body gleamed. He turned to her and began to shout, disconnectedly, "Ah, ah," which became a continuous shout. His face was contorted. She touched his body, at his thigh. He tried to make his shouts silent by holding his mouth wide; then he couldn't, and he shouted out. She thought: Tom is dead.

A nurse entered, and Karen quickly drew her hand away. The nurse examined Robert, and as she was turning to leave Karen raised her hand to her, and she stopped.

Karen said, "My other friend—"

As the nurse was about to speak, a bell rang and she hurried out.

Robert fell asleep.

The nurse came back. She said softly to Karen, "Your other friend is dead."

"I knew it."

"Do you want to go back to your bed?"

"No, I want to stay here."

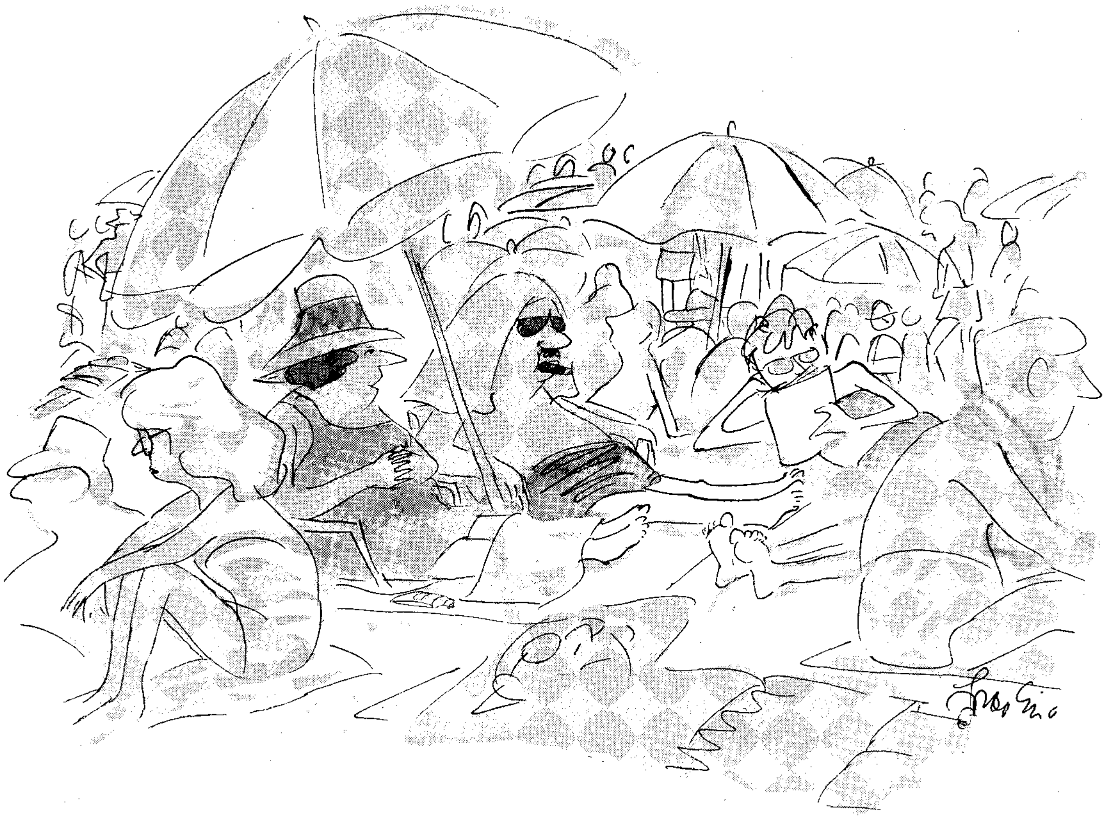
HER father, who was on a business trip in Europe, arrived at the hospital the day she was released. He came with a driver in a big car and took her to Paris. At the hotel, she spent hours in the bath. She had had only her hands and face washed in the morning by nuns in white. Now she washed herself with absorption, and she found herself rubbing her arm for she had no idea how long. When she did go out with her father, she stayed close to his side as they walked under arcades; she knew she must be careful or she'd bump into people passing, and, from distances away, she had to plan ahead which way she'd go when someone approached her. She stayed especially close to her father whenever they turned a corner. She looked keenly at every tree, grilled gate, poster.

ALONE, she returned to Louvain. There was a note from Tom's landlady asking her please to come by. She didn't go, as she thought she wouldn't be able to make her way to where he'd lived.

She could think nothing, feel nothing about the accident. She recalled the details vividly—the oncoming yellow headlights in the rain—but the vivid details, instead of bringing her close to the accident, distanced her. And, in the same way she might find herself wondering at a coin, a glass, a pencil, she would wonder about the accident.

On a table in the foyer of the university chapel there were spread out memorial cards, edged in black, with Tom's photograph on them; Karen glanced at them, at the photograph of the young man with a fat face and wavy black hair, smiling a little, but she didn't take a card; she went in, carefully, along the side aisle of the chapel, and chose a chair away from others, turned it around and knelt on it, and put her hands over her face. At the sound of a small bell, she raised her head and saw the priest, in a black-and-silver chasuble, hold the Host high over his head, and she fixed her eyes on it. Walking out of the chapel, she had to be careful not to bump into people. Her legs were shaking.

ON crutches and with an arm in a sling, Robert went ahead of her out of the hospital, across the gravel, and to the car she had rented to drive



"This is the dream I dreamed all winter."

• •

him back to Louvain. The winter day was bright with cold, and there was a smell of seaweed in it.

He stared out the window as she drove. He said, "I got a letter from Tom's parents."

"What did they say?"

"They said they were happy that I'm alive."

"Will you see them when you return to the States?"

He didn't answer.

Tom's landlady came on her bicycle to find Karen at the women's residence. The large, middle-aged woman was agitated, and kept her hands, which appeared red and wet from hot water, on her cheeks. She said, "Monsieur Tom didn't pay his rent for the full year. He was a good boy, Monsieur Tom, a good boy, but what will I do if I don't have my rent?"

Karen said, "I'll give you his rent."

She went to Robert. He was sitting before the hot coal stove in his room, a blanket about his legs. His hand and wrist where the cast had covered all but the tips of his fingers were white and matte. He was trying to write in a notebook.

"What are you writing?" she asked.

"I've been writing in my diary," he said.

"About Tom?"

"No," he said, and made a mark on the corner of a page.

When she went to pay Tom's landlady the rent he still owed, the woman, her hands on her face, apologized for taking it; she said she hadn't let her big room, and with that empty, and Monsieur Tom's, she did not know how she would manage. Karen asked to see the big room.

She moved in, and began to have headaches. One Sunday afternoon she wandered about the empty streets of Louvain, stopping to look in shopwindows. She had a headache. She passed the windows of bakeries with a few pastries left on shiny stands, and shopwindows with half mannequins wearing pullovers, and the windows of houses with drawn curtains. Maybe, she thought, she should go back to her room.

Walking down a cobbled street, through a stone-arched passageway, into a wider street, past an old step-gabled house between the buttresses of an old church, she suddenly sensed that she was in a place that was far, in space and time, from any place she had known. Up the street an old man was riding a bicycle away from her. In the park she sat on a bench under a chestnut tree.

When she saw Robert coming toward her, between the double rows of chestnut trees, she stood. Standing made her dizzy. He smiled; then, with the long distance to come, he looked not at her but to either side, and it was only close to her that he looked at her and smiled again. She continued to feel dizzy after she sat on the bench beside him.

She said, "I took a walk before coming to meet you."

"What would you like to do now?"

"I don't know."

They went slowly through the park.

He asked, "In the States, what did you do on Sunday afternoon?"

She said, "I took walks, sometimes with friends, sometimes alone. What did you do?"

He laughed. "I stayed in my room."

She smiled.

She thought: What do I want?

She had this desire: to make connections, which she imagined existed as outlines, traversing the air, of a great solid. She was left with this desire as she might be left, after all the contextual ideas had gone, with just the forms of thinking, and as she might wonder at the thinking in itself, she wondered at her great desire to think. She did not know where it came from.

Robert stopped at the gates of the park. He said, "If we went to your room, would your *bazin* prepare us some hot chocolate?"

"I could ask her."

"I can tell you don't want to walk around the town."

She said, "You know what I'm thinking."

"Yes, I do," Robert said. "We'll go to your room. And if we find a pastry shop open we'll buy some pastries to have with our chocolate."

"They're all shut."

"We'll find one open."

Her room was large, with two French windows that gave onto a narrow, bare balcony and a boulevard, and across the boulevard to a sandy square with a *frites* stand and three trees in the middle, and beyond the trees a row of narrow Flemish houses. Outside were varying tones of yellow, brown, and black, as inside: the big bed, the armoire, the wallpaper, the black marble fireplace with a coal stove inserted into it.

Karen sat in an armchair by the stove and watched her *bazin* and Robert take from a tray and lay on her desk cups and spoons and a milk pitcher and a sugar bowl and little plates and a pot of hot chocolate; down the white porcelain side of the pot ran a brown drip.

The landlady stood back with the tray. She said, in French with a Flemish accent, "Is there anything more you want, Mademoiselle?"

"No," Karen said. "Thank you."

The landlady hesitated. "Do you want me to add this to your bill?"

"Yes, please."

"Very well," the landlady said, but she remained, gray, in a gray dress, her large hands clutching the tray. She seemed to want to say something. She shook Robert's hand and, leaving, started to close the bedroom door.

"It's not necessary to close the door," Karen said.

The landlady left it half open.

Robert said, "Why did your *bazin* imagine she should close the door on us?"

He gave Karen a cup of chocolate and a flaky pastry on a little plate with a circle of blue flowers about the rim; from one end of the pastry oozed custard. He sat in the chair at Karen's desk.

Her headache—

She listened to Robert talk in French. Against the window, bright with the last sunlight, his head and shoulders and his collar were, it seemed to her, flat but brilliantly edged; strands of his hair were flaring lines. Talking, he turned over the pages of notes on her desk, opened and closed her books.

Inside, she felt her body move, then she went so weak she put her plate with the uneaten pastry and her cup and saucer on the floor and leaned back in her chair.

She said to Robert, "I don't feel well."

"What is it?" he asked in English.

"I feel weak."

"Lie on your bed."

Her large feather bed was covered with a brown-yellow spread; she lay on it and pulled the pillows and bolster up to lean her shoulders and head on them.

In the silence, she heard, from outside, boys shouting at one another. After a while, Robert came and sat on the edge of the bed. Leaning toward her, he asked, "What do you want?"

"Oh," she said.

He put his hand on her forehead.

"Do I have a fever?" she asked.

"No."

"You know, I feel that I have something really wrong with me," she said.

"If you feel so bad, I'm going to ask your *bazin* to get a doctor."

Lifting her head from the pillow, she said, "No, no, I'm not that bad. I'm all right."

Robert frowned.

Karen said, "I'll close my eyes for ten minutes, and then I'll feel better."

"Do you want me to leave?"

"I don't want you to, no, but maybe you'd like to go."

"I'll sit at your desk and read some French."

Her eyes closed, her body went slack. She sensed the room going dim; when she became aware through her eyelids of a light, she opened her eyes. Robert was at her desk, against the lamp, reading a book. He read a page and turned it. She was sure she had seen him, in just that position, sometime before, but she couldn't remember in what place, at what time. Her lids half closed and fluttering, she knew that there was something about his presence, something as encompassing as the lamplight, which she must understand.

"Robert," she said.

He leaned back in the chair; after a moment he got up and, a finger between pages of the book, came to the side of the bed.

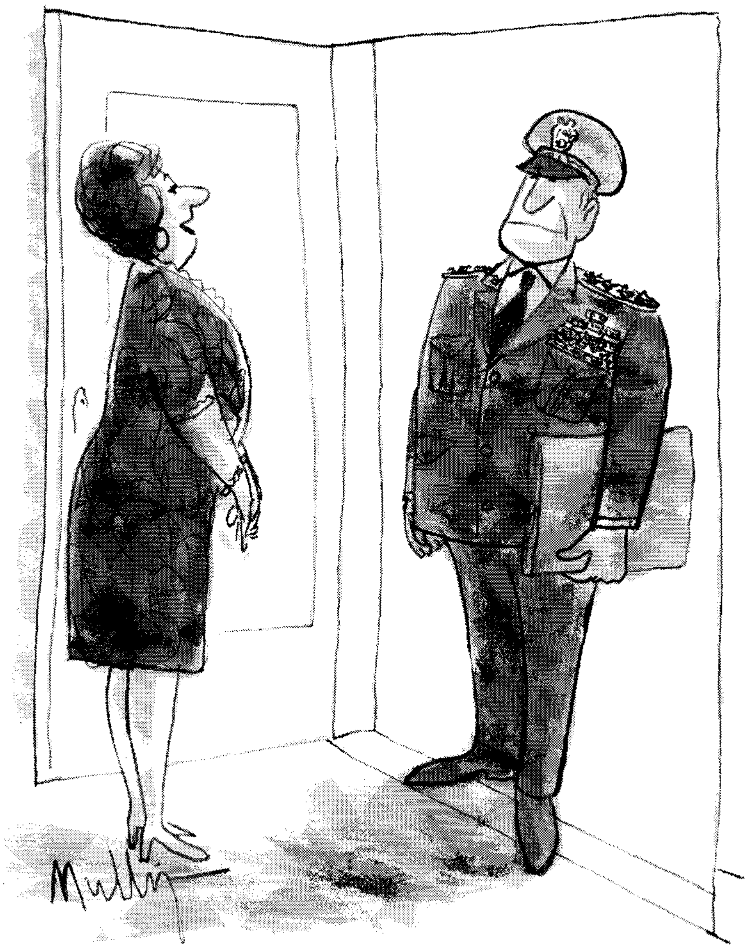
She wanted to ask him to lie down by her.

"How are you?" he asked.

"Better, I think."

"I was waiting for you to wake up."

He left, and she remained in bed. The desk lamp was reflected across the room on



"Boom-boom. You're home."

the front mirror of the armoire.

ALONE in the train compartment, they studied a street map of Brussels.

Karen said, "I'm glad you made me come."

"You see."

"I'm not going to let the accident make me sick."

He said, "You can't. You can't."

In Brussels, Robert pointed down a narrow side street. The street became a cobblestone alley under stone arches. In the window of a small restaurant a menu was posted.

"They have eel as a specialty," Robert said. "I've never had eel."

"Neither have I, but I'm not hungry."

SHORE

We sat by the shore
together as the sea rose in sharp
waves and turned a darker blue.
The families around us shook out
their blankets and gathered up
what remained of their meals
under the sun. A sea wind blew
in and tore their words away and set
the sand to twisting about us.
When my eyes stopped watering,
sky and sea were one black cloth
broken by no light, and we walked
back to the little unlighted station
where the dark-eyed children dozed
on benches beside their mothers.
The cars were crowded. The train
stopped at each sea town to pick up
the last stragglers, and we stood
pressed together, groaning, as we
jarred and jolted over the old track
and finally entered the black tunnel
that led to the center of the city.
In the plaza young couples whispered
together and soldiers passed in pairs,
armed and silent, their faces
glistening between the heavy wool
of cap and tunic. We walked the long
avenue back to our room, back to
the empty crippled bed that held
a place for us. Now this is home,
I thought, now I live nowhere
and have made friends with the seas
that work even while I sleep. I
see in the ocean of my memory
the shorebirds going out and nothing
coming back. No light enters
the little room, but I can hear
the unsteady tapping of an old man
going home and the young starting
out for work. It's Monday morning
now, and their harsh voices rise
calling out to each other or
to no one in cries or in songs
that fill my sleep. I see beyond
the dark the distant sky breaking
into color and each wave taking
shape and rising landward.

—PHILIP LEVINE

• •

"Don't you want to try something new?"

The menu was in mimeograph purple.

They were served bowls of stewed eel in a green-gray broth.

"Oh," Robert said, his hands raised. His brightness, Karen thought, was false. He lifted the spoon to his lips and sipped the broth. "It's delicious."

She realized that, false in his enthusiasm, he was being false for her. She tasted the eel stew. "It is, yes," she said, falsely. "Oh, yes, it is."

They had a pitcher of red wine.

When they left, she all at once felt her muscles and bones seem to disconnect; she broke out in a sweat and leaned against a wall.

Robert turned to her. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing. I must have drunk too much wine."

"Let's go down this street."

At the opening where the street ended was a crowd, and over the heads of the crowd passed large upright white ostrich feathers. The feathers shook, and rising in the air about the feathers oranges appeared, and dropped.

Robert went ahead. Unsteadily, Karen followed. Robert pressed his way through the people lined along the curb, and Karen stood behind him to see men dancing down the street; they wore red costumes covered with white beads, and great white, bobbing and twisting ostrich-feather headdresses, and they juggled oranges. Among them were children and drummers. Oranges rolled in the street; the children picked them up and threw them. The windows of the shopfronts had their grilles down, and the shutters of the houses were closed. Whenever an orange was thrown up, everyone followed it until it began to fall, and then all lowered their heads and hunched their shoulders, and some women shouted. Here and there in the crowd hands caught falling oranges. About them, the air was cold and gray.

Robert's pupils opened and closed quickly as he tried to take everything in, Karen thought. An orange rolled toward him, and he went into the street to pick it up; in the street he threw the orange up and caught it. She flinched when she saw him throw the orange at her; but she held out her hands and caught it.

"Throw it back," he said.

Trying to smile, she held the orange out to him.

"Throw it."

Karen lowered her arm.

He came to her. "It's no good," he said.

"No," she said.

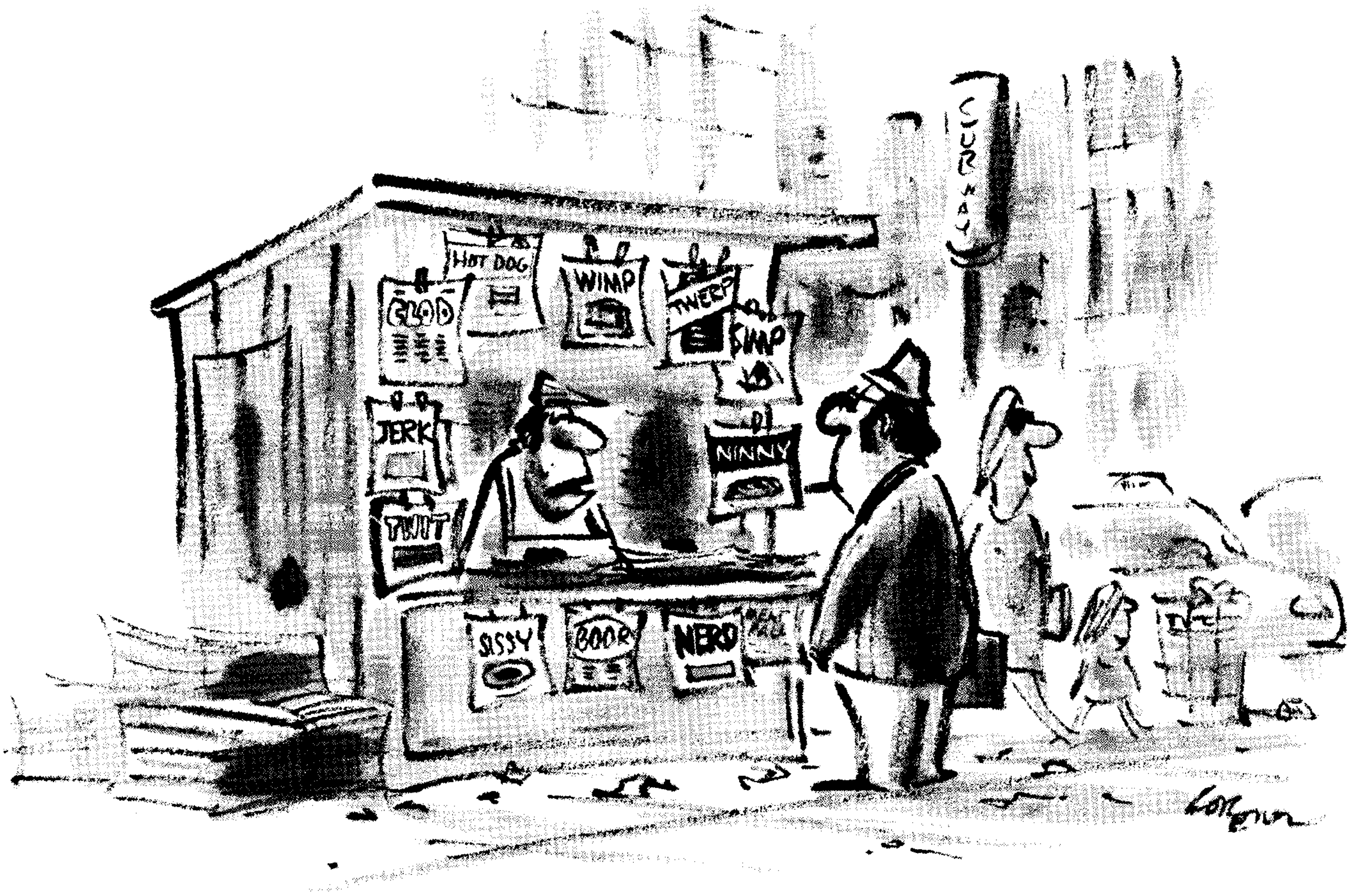
AT the platform in the Louvain train station, a guard was collecting tickets. Robert took his from his pocket, but Karen had to step out of the way of the other passengers to look for hers, as she always forgot that tickets were collected at the end of the trip. A thin light floated above the cement floor. She swung her shoulder bag around so she could search in it, and she pulled out tissues, pencils, pieces of paper and envelopes, and a comb; she dropped a key, which she half kneeled to pick up. Robert stayed at a distance. The platform emptied. The guard held the punch up, ready.

Karen said, "I can't find it."

The empty station appeared huge, and her voice resonated in it.

"Go on," she said to Robert. "Go home."

He left her without saying good



"Don't ask me. I just put up what they send me."

• •

night. She had to pay for another ticket.

SHE did not see Robert. She didn't go to lectures. She stayed in her room. At the end of a week, Madame Namur, her landlady, knocked on her door and said, "It's ready." Karen went down, through cold passageways, to the back garden, and into the cellar. Blankets had been hung on lines to enclose a dim space with a tin tub of hot water, a chair with a towel over the back, buckets of cold water, and a large iron drum; red flames showed at the bottom of the drum and made a muted roar in the silence. She put her clothes, with a clean change of underwear and stockings, on the seat of the chair. When she poured cold water into the tub from a bucket, the steam rose about her. She sat in the tub, and the displaced water came up to her waist. She closed her eyes for a moment, then began to wash.

Drying herself, she looked down at her thin body, and a pity for it rose up in her, as if it were the body of someone outside her she did not know.

On the way up to her room, she stopped at a large window on the landing and looked out at the garden with cabbages and a crooked brick wall.

BECAUSE she had missed so many lectures, the one she attended made no sense, and the notes she took were sentence fragments. She was the last to go out. Late-spring fog was settling, and she could not see the tops of the trees in the park. She walked along a path parallel to another, on a higher level, which was lined with tall chestnut trees lost in the fog, and she saw, on that path, Robert Maillet walking along at the same pace she was, above her in the fog. She sat on a bench inside the gate at the other end of the long park, where the two paths converged. When Robert approached the bench, she moved to the side. He looked about, as if to see if anyone else were around.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi," she answered.

He said, "I was surprised to see you at the lecture. I thought you might have left Louvain."

"I didn't see you there," she said.

"No."

Though she was near one end, she moved farther toward the end, so as to give him lots of room.

"I've got an orange," he said. "Would you like some?"

He placed the books across his knees and from a pocket of his jacket took an orange, which he placed on the books. He split the peeled orange into sections, gave Karen a section, and ate one himself.

Chewing, she said, "Thanks."

When he smiled, the center of his upper lip twisted about a small scar she hadn't noticed before.

"It's cold sitting here," he said. "I think we should walk a little."

The fog wafted about them.

"What did you make of the lecture?" he asked.

"I didn't, much. I'm afraid the scholastic year is for me *raté*."

"Nothing is ever *raté*. You can make up past lectures."

"How?"

"I can help you. I take good notes."

They went to his room, where, he

said, he had a big bag of oranges. Karen noticed that pinned to the wall over Robert's desk was the memorial card for Tom Devlin; the photograph had been taken from his passport, and under it was printed: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time. Wisdom 4:13." She looked from it to Robert, who was throwing oranges onto his bed from a brown paper bag.

THEY walked down by the breweries. In a row of low stone houses Robert saw a café. The Flemish workmen sat still when he, who had learned the Flemish manner of the man going into a public place before the woman, went into the grim café. Karen followed him to a wooden table. They sat for a while in the stillness before the proprietor came over to the table, and, his large forearms bare, grabbed the edge and leaned forward; he said, in awkward French, that the *étudiants* had their own cafés, and this was not one of them. Robert smiled up at him. He said, "But it's very pleasant here." He smiled more broadly at Karen and asked, "Isn't it pleasant?" She forced herself to smile. "Yes," she said. Robert calmly ordered beer, *frites*, herrings in brine and onions, and bread, and the proprietor said, "Very well," and went to get them.

As Karen and Robert ate and drank, Karen said, in quiet French, "Look at that," indicating with a nod of her head an old man in wooden clogs, his heavy, gaunt hand resting on the table, a blue cloth tied about his neck, a big framed mirror on the wall behind him. "Look," she kept saying, nodding and glancing about; for Robert, who insisted on staying in a place where they were not welcome, the only reason for being there had to be that everything was an object of attention, and she wanted him to know she was attentive. She looked at everything, and made sure Robert was aware that she did.

"The herrings are delicious," she said. "They're really delicious."

"I'm glad."

"They're really, really delicious."

"I'm very glad."

Stared at solemnly by the red-faced, bristling-bearded workmen, she stared into the spaces between them, always smiling a little. Because of a vague nausea, she couldn't eat much herring.

ROBERT asked her, with deliberate calmness, if he might drive the rented car. As she got into it, a sense came over her of someone else getting into a similar yet different automobile—a sense of many others, as in endless reflections on either side of him, getting into automobiles that were similar, and different; and as he drove, with that continuing deliberate calmness, it seemed to her that another car, that many other cars, with many drivers, went along with them, and that, given their perhaps infinite number, one of them would crash.

In the high-ceilinged museum in Bruges, Karen and Robert pointed out to each other, in glass case after case, the delicate objects: reliquaries, worked ivories, rings, medallions, embroidery in gold thread.

Karen said, "That's beautiful."

"Extraordinary."

"Wonderful," she said. "Wonderful."

She was doing this for Robert. Sometimes, suddenly, she wanted to weep. She'd turn to him and smile, and he, his eyes searching hers, would smile back.

In a restaurant, she said, "I'll have something I never had before."

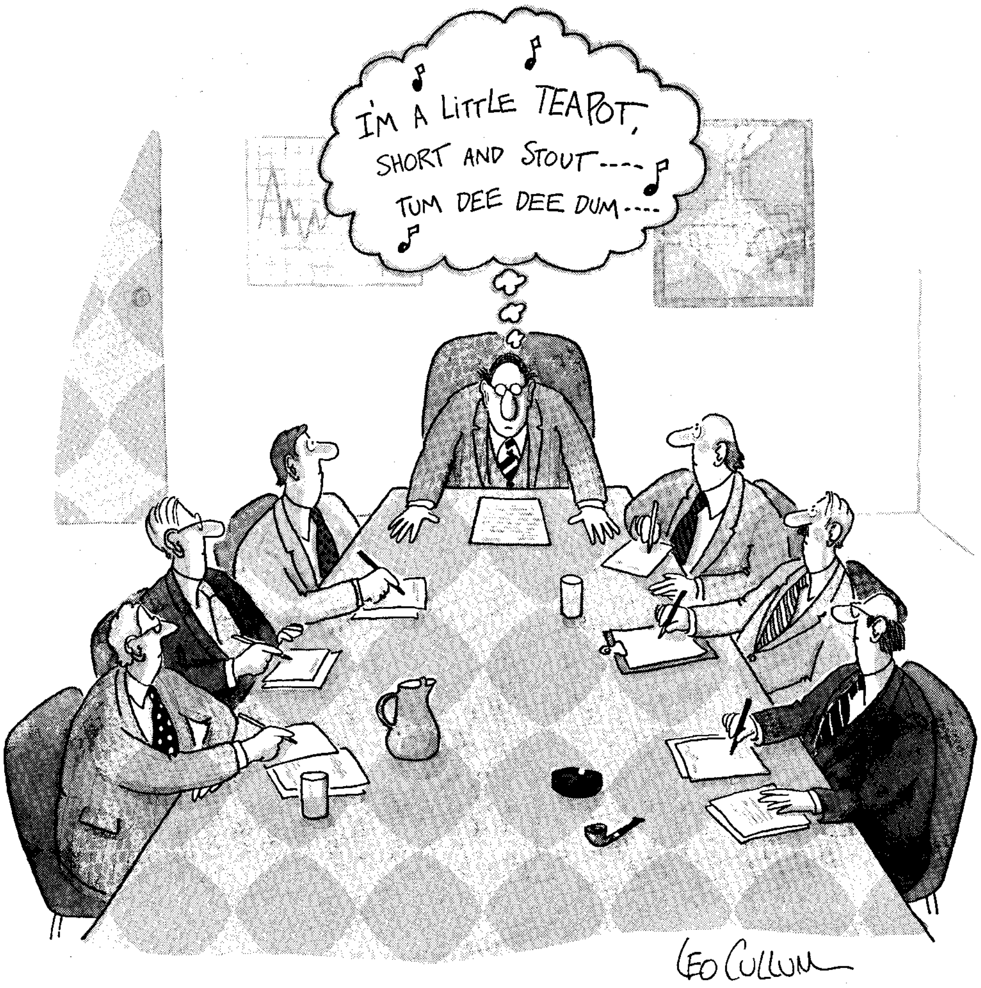
"What?"

As she studied the menu, she knew he watched her.

Approaching the car, parked under a large tree, Karen said, "Let's not go back to Louvain. Let's stay the night in Bruges."

It was raining, and they borrowed a large black umbrella from the hotel and walked the narrow, palely lit streets along the canals; but the air penetrated them like water, so they returned to the hotel, where they drank brandies in the cold lounge, and they talked.

When they went upstairs, Robert followed Karen into her room. He sat in the chair by the old, large radiator, took off his shoes, and put his stocking feet against the ribs. She sat on the edge of the bed. —DAVID PLANTE


I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT, SHORT AND STOUT---- TUM DEE DEE DUM....
Leo Cullum

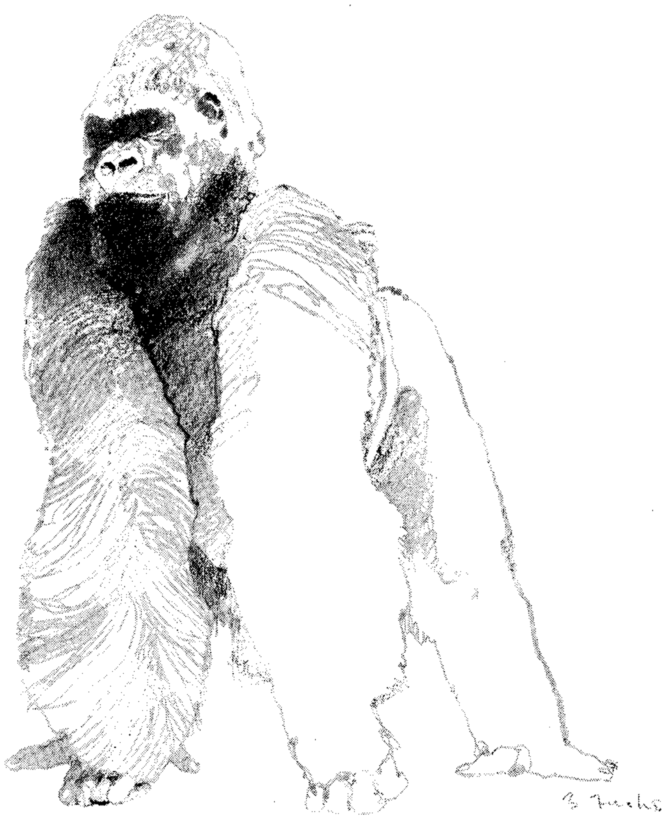
•

WASHINGTON—The Senate approved 49-41 legislation to extend the federal government's borrowing authority through Sept. 31.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Or indefinitely, whichever comes first.

ANNALS OF ZOOLOGY

A MOODY GIANT—I



MY search for knowledge of gorillas really started, I suppose, on an afternoon long ago when a friend who wanted to see some officials of the New York Zoological Park—better known as the Bronx Zoo—took me there. For some reason, we went to the zoo hospital, and there, while my friend conferred, I played with a charming little beast that I was told was a female gorilla. I still remember how surprisingly human she was in looks and behavior—except for one thing. Most children of four or so—the age I was given for her—do not roll in perfect somersaults, as she did, over and over, nor do they playfully bite just when one least expects it. The gorilla bit me, hard, with fine, big white teeth. I was surprised, but I wasn't much damaged, and didn't resent the biting. It was impossible to resent it, just as it is impossible to take umbrage at a puppy's nip.

When I next thought much about gorillas, some eight years later, there was little to remind me of the baby I had played with in the Bronx. This time, my curiosity was aroused by a newspaper photograph of a really big female gorilla sitting bolt upright and kept in that position, evidently, by human hands—those of the woman on whose lap she seemed, at first glance, to be sitting. In fact, "lap" turned out to be the wrong word; the woman was sitting on the ground, with her legs outstretched, and the gorilla was sitting comfortably on them, feet crossed. The woman interested me as much as the ape did. She was wearing glasses and could have been anybody's next-door neighbor—except, of course, for the gorilla. Though the animal's weight must have been considerable, the woman was obviously uncomplaining. Indeed, she was smiling fondly at her pet, whose expression was absent-minded. The gorilla's eyes were fixed on something or someone just off scene to the right. In time, I came to recognize that expression as typical of gorillas: Probably because they do not themselves like to be looked at head on, they usually avoid staring directly at other beings or at cameras. Anyway, this picture registered itself firmly in my consciousness. I had done some writing about primates, and had even owned some, and I began to think about gorillas. Also, I wondered who the woman was, and whether, with such dangerous habits, she was still alive. Ultimately, I was to have a pleasant encounter with her and also to meet the playful little biter—now middle-aged—again.

AT that point, I had little knowledge of gorillas. Like many people, I had read the works of the explorer Paul Du Chaillu (born in France; lived from 1835 to 1903), who was probably the first white man ever to see these great apes, and whose adventures in tracking and shooting them lost nothing in the telling. Some people defend Du Chaillu for his tales of gorillas' extreme ferocity, suggesting that his publishers made him step up the horror so that the books would sell. Certainly the mounted specimens of gorillas that Du Chaillu brought home did nothing to soften that impression of belligerence. People looked with awe at the great snarling heads, the enormous shaggy pelts. Nobody in America had ever seen animals that looked so nearly human and yet so huge and fierce. In the public mind, gorillas became the ogres of natural history. In Du Chaillu's first book, there is an engraving of him, in the mandatory pith helmet, aiming a rifle at a huge primate monster, which snarls to reveal long, pointed teeth. It is drumming on its chest truculently. For years, even after hunters began to bring gorillas back alive, people were influenced by the apprehensions that Du Chaillu exploited. In the early days, such animals were very young—mostly too young to survive more than a few weeks or months in the face of total ignorance concerning their care. Hunters did not attempt to capture full-grown animals, because it was felt that, even if by some superhuman feat of courage and cleverness a man got control of one of the great ogres, it would be an even more superhuman feat to escort it intact to Europe or America. It was easier simply to kill a gorilla mother, grab her infant, and hope that the infant would live until the hunter could collect his reward from a menagerie-keeper or zookeeper in Europe or America. According to the records, the first gorilla to make it was one named Jenny, otherwise known, after her importer, as Wombwell's gorilla; she was exhibited in 1855 at a travelling menagerie in England. Gorilla No. 2 was a male, weighing thirty pounds, that, in June, 1876, was sold by a Dr. Julius Falkenstein to the Berlin Aquarium; Falkenstein's gorilla survived for sixteen months. Gorilla No. 3 turned up in Paris in 1883 and was still alive the next year, when a French zoologist named Alphonse Milne-Edwards saw it there and reported on it—a male animal that he judged to be about three years old. Milne-Edwards described it as savage, morose, and brutal, which seem harsh words for so young a crea-

"We have different vacation goals. I've decided that I shall definitely try not to learn something about myself."

• •

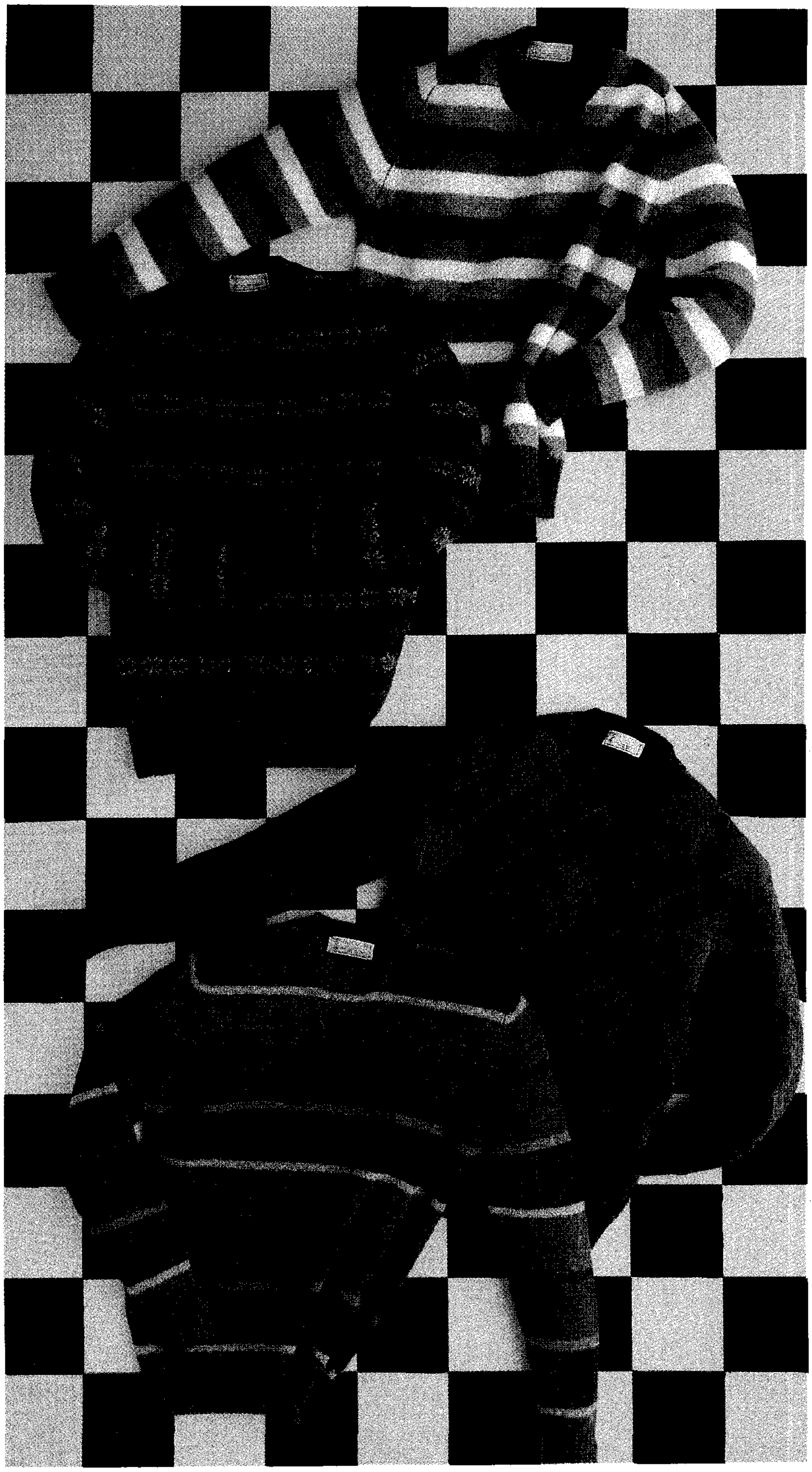
ture, and a moribund one at that. It died soon afterward. Robert Mearns Yerkes, American psychobiologist and primatologist extraordinary, attempted later to rebut the French scientist's description. In a landmark book called "The Great Apes," published in 1929, Yerkes and his wife, Ada, assert, "What is now labeled sullenness, moroseness, or hostility, may eventually turn out to be a mixture of timidity and self-protection." The book also says, with an exactitude customary in the Yerkeses' writings, "What we do not know about gorilla behavior is immense."

The first gorilla to be brought alive to America was a young female named Madame Ningo. She was handed over to the Bronx Zoo in September, 1911, by Richard L. Garner, a fascinating character who, as a collector and dealer, spent years studying primates in Africa and here. He had captured the little female in West Africa when she was, he thought, about two and a half years old. She was in very bad condition on arrival, weighing only twenty-five pounds, and she died twelve days later—according to the zoo's second director, W. Reid Blair—of "malnutrition and starvation." Garner soon brought home another female gorilla, Dinah, for the Bronx Zoo. She had lived a year in captivity in West Africa, in Garner's keeping. Dinah was in the zoo for nearly a year before she, too, died—a victim, said Blair, of "malnutrition and rickets."

By then, an increasing number of unfortunate gorilla infants had been taken to various other countries, only to meet early deaths. As the Yerkeses noted, "the literature contains references to a score or more" of them arriving in the West between 1860 and 1890. In 1897, the zoo in Breslau acquired a female, Pussi, who was about four years old and weighed thirty-one and a half pounds. She did not die until 1904—after a record seven years in captivity, during which she gained thirty-five pounds. Pondering her record, the Yerkeses decided that Pussi was probably older than her owners believed, since at the supposed age of five, at least two years earlier than is customary, she was exhibiting signs of sexual maturity. Then there was Empress, whom the Dublin Zoo kept for three years and four months; she died in 1917. Clearly, little by little, and at the cost of a lot of infant gorillas, the record was improving.

William Temple Hornaday, the Bronx Zoo's first director, even after the comparative success with Dinah, took a gloomy view of the situation. In his 1922 book, "The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals," he declared that gorillas could not be kept alive in zoo captivity, regrettable though this might be. In his regrets, he was fervently joined by a number of other zoo directors and circus proprietors, for in those days zoos, like circuses, were still largely considered nothing more than purveyors of amusement for the public. It was a pity, they agreed, because the male gorilla, which in maturity can attain a height of five or six feet and a weight of more than five hundred pounds, is a splendid animal, uniquely spectacular. The fearful fascination he exerts no doubt has something to do with the fact that the gorilla's face and limbs strongly resemble ours, on a more heroic scale, and that he moves and uses his body in a strikingly human way. A full-grown gorilla lounging on the ground with his back against a tree or a wall often crosses his legs exactly as a man would. Seated on a log or a zoo bench, he may prop chin on hand and elbow on thigh in a pose like that of Rodin's "The Thinker." Such a sight stirs in the human breast a number of warring emotions, and so does the gorilla's mournful, brown-eyed stare. When he stands up, however, the uncomfortable similarity to a human giant fades, for most full-grown gorillas are too top-heavy to maintain a bipedal position for very long. Save for exceptional moments when a gorilla stretches upright to look for danger, to drum on his chest, or to reach for fruit, he rests the knuckles of his hands on the ground. Walking in this position is easier for him than it is for us, because his legs are shorter in proportion to his

If you want a smoother vodka, ask for it in English.
RTED
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
ENGLISH VODKA
DISTILLERS SINCE 1820
LLED FROM GRAIN
LONDON
1873 - 1911 - 1924
JAMES BURROUGH LIMITED
LONDON ENGLAND
PROOF
750 ML.
U.S. IMPORTERS
BRAND CORPORATION N.Y., N.Y.
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.
Now the English have done for vodka what they've always done for gin.
Burrough's. The English word for vodka.



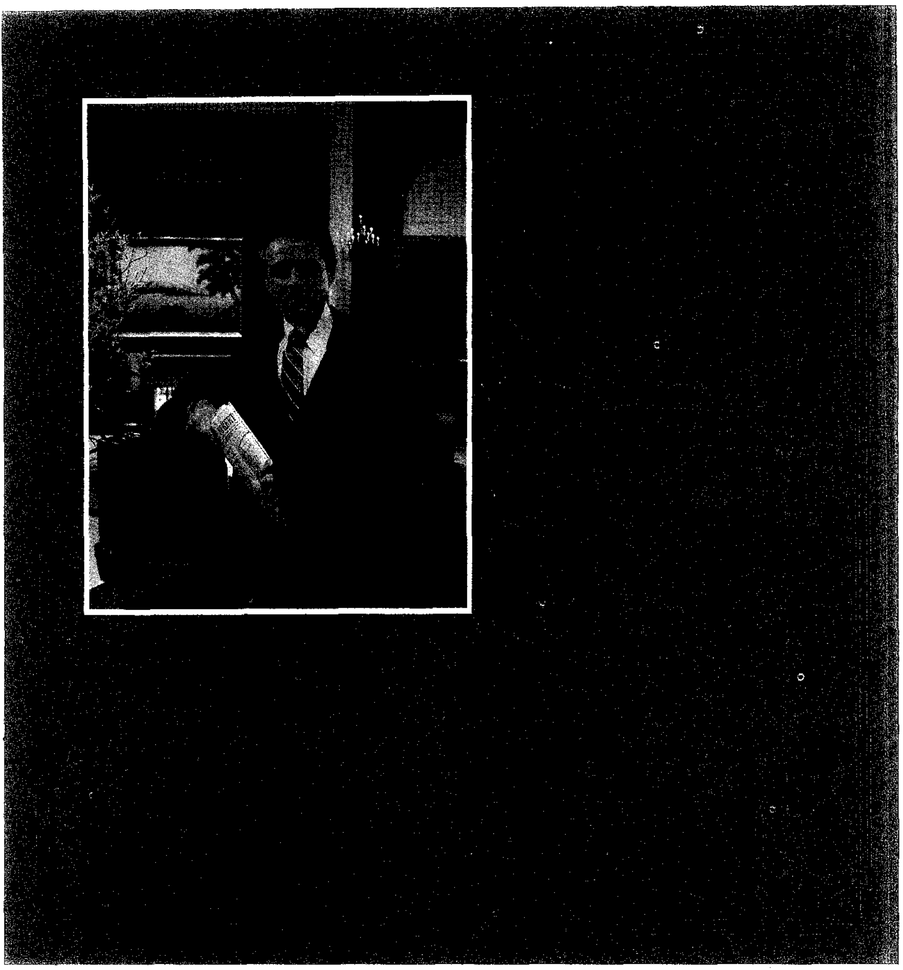
"Braemar's wool, cashmere, lambswool and Scottish shetland sweaters assure you of a warm reception. Our stripes, solids and patterns are available in a rainbow of colors. Our cardigans, v-necks, pullovers and crewnecks are all so special, you may have a hard time picking a favorite."

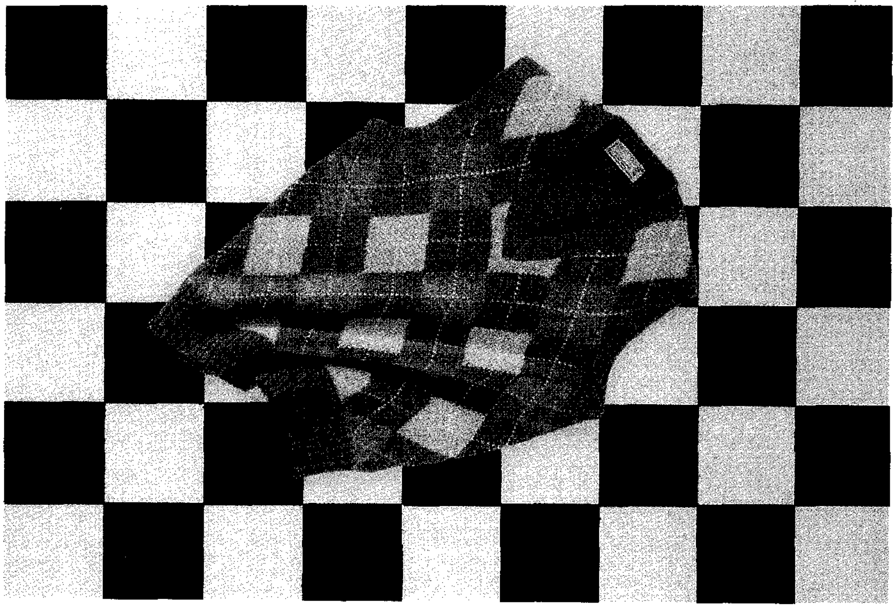
trunk. Young gorillas often scamper about upright, like human children, but an infant gorilla's face could never be mistaken for that of a human child, if only because the gorilla's flat nose spreads over a quite large area. Other differences become noticeable as the gorilla grows up. In both sexes, the shape of the head alters. Room must be made for jaw muscles, and it is found at the top of the head, where male gorillas, especially, develop a bony crest. Some mature gorillas look as if they were wearing high caps.

IT was an Englishwoman, Alyse Cunningham, who first proved that captive gorillas need not die in infancy—or, for that matter, be condemned as savage, morose, and brutal. In the fall of 1918, a nephew of hers, Major Rupert Penny, of the Royal Air Force, had spotted a young gorilla for sale in a London department store. The name of the store is not recorded, but it could have been Harrods, which has long maintained an outstanding pet department. Major Penny bought the animal forthwith and around Christmastime took it back to his family house, on Sloane Street, where he turned it over to his aunt, Miss Cunningham, to bring up. The gorilla, a male, christened John Daniel and estimated to be about three years old at the time, had rickets and was underweight until, under Miss Cunningham's intelligent management, he turned into a healthy, happy animal. Hornaday expresses the opinion that John Daniel—whose upbringing by Miss Cunningham he describes in his book—flourished as he did because he wasn't living in a zoo. Zoo life, Hornaday maintained, tends to suppress the true gorilla character. Chimps are fine in zoos or even on stages, he declared, but gorillas are different: they hate the limelight. "It is now definitely recognized by us, and also by our colleagues in the London Zoological Gardens, that gorillas cannot live long and thrive on public exhibition, before great crowds of people, and that it is folly to insist upon trying to compel them to do so," Hornaday wrote. Today, however, his own zoo in the Bronx has nine healthy gorilla specimens, including two born on the premises.

Hornaday went on to say that though he had no wish to detract from Miss Cunningham's performance, she undeniably had one great advantage, in that John Daniel was unusually intelligent. He was vastly superior in brainpower to, for instance, the Bronx's own late, lamented Dinah—"a stupid little thing" who, Hornaday pointed out huffily, would never taste strange food, even when she was very hungry. Any ape that doesn't know enough to eat a ripe banana, he went on, "is an unmitigated numbskull," but John Daniel ate bananas and other healthy foods, with the result that two and a quarter years after his arrival on Sloane Street he tipped the scale at a hundred and twelve pounds. There was another factor, however, to which Hornaday gave little attention. As John Daniel's upbringing is recounted by Miss Cunningham, in the September, 1921, *Zoological Society Bulletin* of the New York Zoological Society, she displayed, in her treatment of him, both an unusual grasp of psychology and considerable imagination. It soon turned out that John Daniel hated to be alone at night: when he was forced to sleep by himself in his cage he shrieked and cried and carried on for hours. Very well, said Miss Cunningham, if John Daniel was afraid to be alone at night, he shouldn't be. Her nephew the Major then had his bed made up in the room next to the gorilla's, so that the little ape would quiet down. Soon John Daniel stopped crying at night and began to put on weight. Miss Cunningham's intention was to make of him a true member of the family, living like those outside his cage. Twice a day, she fed him, washed his hands and face and feet, and brushed and combed his hair. John Daniel enjoyed these attentions, and was soon trying to hold the brush and comb and use them as she did. The next step in his education was toilet training, for which Miss Cunningham used exactly the same method that she would have used with a child. She reported, somewhat apologetically, that it took "quite six weeks," but once John Daniel had grasped the principle he never forgot; even at night, when it was necessary he would get out of bed, and, after he returned, pull up the blankets to his chin and go to sleep like a good little boy.

Gorillas were thought in those days to live exclusively on fruit and vegetables in the wild (they have since been discovered enjoying meat and eggs—in fact, practically anything we eat), and that is what John Daniel was initially given. Later, Miss Cunningham, who obviously thought for herself, added an occasional mouthful of chopped raw meat to his diet. He





"May the vest man win."

BRAEMAR INTERNATIONAL

Braemar has made a lasting impression since 1810.

It's the only Palace
in the world
where the Queen stands guard.

Peruvian lilies, freesia, and tulips—that's the order of the day.
And Leona Helmsley, proprietress of the Helmsley Palace,
sees that each petal is in place throughout exquisite 100-year-old lounges.
What better way to please her royal family. You. Her guests.

It's The Helmsley Palace

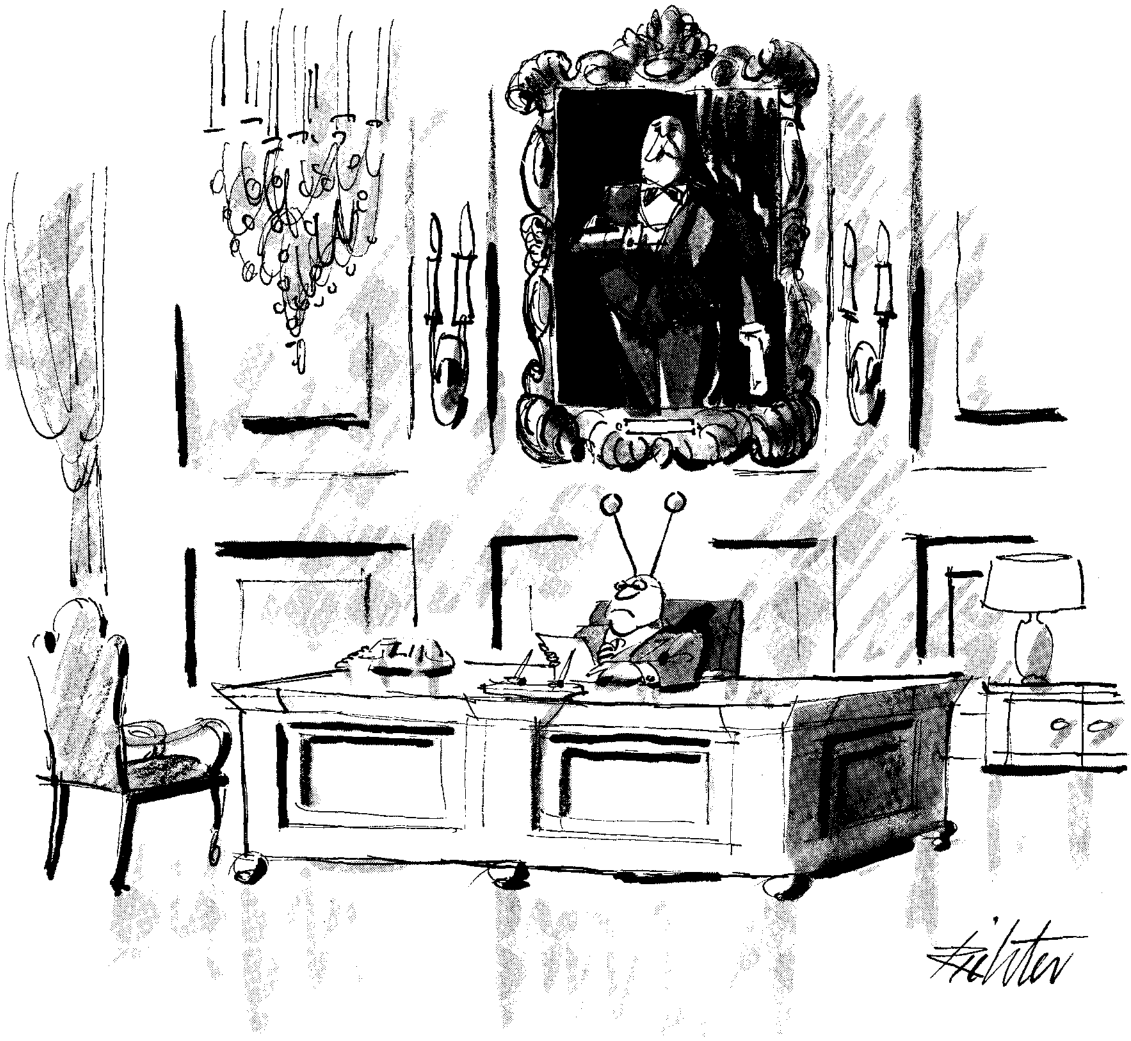
455 Madison Avenue (at 50th Street), New York, N.Y. 10022.
For reservations, call toll-free: 1-800/221-4982.
In New York, 212/888-1624. Or see your travel agent. TELEX 640-543.

The Leading Hotels of the World®

drank a lot of milk and ate a wide variety of what restaurants like to call "fruits in season." Miss Cunningham says she gave him bananas, oranges, apples, grapes, raisins, currants, dates, raspberries, and strawberries. In true English fashion, he preferred all of these—and his milk, too—slightly warmed. Also, he loved to eat roses—if they were fresh. He ignored faded blossoms.

Though John Daniel seemed to be particularly interested in watching people use hammers and chisels, he was not—"for obvious reasons," said Miss Cunningham—encouraged to take up carpentry. Instead, he invented games, and Miss Cunningham played them with him. For one thing, he liked to pretend he was stealing his food, so she obligingly started placing his meals on a high kitchen shelf, and letting him hunt them. "A game he was very fond of," she wrote, "was to pretend he was blind, shutting his eyes very tightly and running about the room knocking against tables and chairs." This fascinated me when I read it, because a young gibbon I once owned used to do the same thing: his arms out, his eyes squeezed tight shut, he would circle the room in a drunken stagger. Later, when I saw my own baby, Carola, playing the same game, it gave me something to think about—especially because, being able to talk, she could give a sort of explanation of her behavior. "There is no Carola," she said as she bumped into the dresser. Did John Daniel tell himself when he closed his eyes that there was no John Daniel?

Every day, Major Penny played games with him, usually hide-and-seek—"up and down stairs, in and out of all rooms," John Daniel's guardian reported. "He simply loved that game, and he would giggle and laugh while being chased." She also reported that "if he saw that a person was at all nervous about him, he loved running past them, and [giving] a smack on the leg—and you could see him grin as he did so." Also, "A thing he greatly enjoyed was to stand on the top rail of his bed and jump on the springs, head over heels, just like a child." When a meal was ready—and there wasn't time for a game of hide-the-meal—he pulled his chair up to the table, and his table manners were very good. He never snatched food, and ate very slowly. He drank a lot of water, fetching it for himself and turning the tap on and off. Whenever he got a



• •

chance, he opened a window and looked out at people on the street. People naturally looked back, and when a crowd collected John Daniel clapped his hands and beat his chest. (The latter activity, a favorite gorilla gesture, produces a noise that George Schaller, who observed the animals in the wild for two years, represented, in his book "The Year of the Gorilla," as "pok-pok-pok"—which from my experience I would say is accurate.) To punish the little gorilla for misdemeanors, his human supervisors at first put him in his cage, but they soon realized that this was a mistake, because afterward he screamed whenever he was locked in—even for his own safety, when the others went out. Instead, they found it an effective punishment to push him away and tell him he was very naughty. Then he would roll on the floor and cry, holding their ankles and putting his head down on their feet. One day when Miss Cunningham was going out, wearing a light-colored dress, John Daniel wanted to climb into her lap, and she wouldn't let him, pushing him off and saying "No!" He lay on the floor crying for a moment. Then he saw a newspaper across the room. He fetched it, came over and spread it on her lap, and climbed up. "This was quite the cleverest thing I ever saw him do," wrote Miss Cunningham.

This first detailed account of a domesticated gorilla stops soon afterward, because in 1921 Miss Cunningham contracted to sell John Daniel, "understanding he was to be placed in a private park in Florida and believing that these would be ideal conditions for him." He was indeed sent to America, but in fact wound up in a circus, where he soon died. Miss Cunningham's next gorilla was eventually sold to Ringling Brothers. She got rid of each animal before it grew up, for even that intelligent woman could hardly contemplate living in a house that contained a full-grown gorilla. No matter how confident she might be of her pet's love, there was no blinking the fact that gorillas are enormously strong, that they often do not seem to realize it, and that accidents are more likely than not.

By the time Yerkes made his first personal acquaintance with the biggest of all the apes, scientists knew, or believed, that there were at least two subspecies of gorilla—the lowland animal, with the scientific name *Gorilla gorilla gorilla*, and the mountain animal, named *Gorilla gorilla beringei*, after its discoverer, the German colonial officer, Captain Oscar von Beringe. Zoologists have since subdivided the lowland animal into western lowland, *G. gorilla gorilla*, and eastern lowland, *G. gorilla graueri*, though I have found it hard enough to pin down the exact difference between *G. gorilla gorilla* and *G. gorilla beringei*. Some experts have told me that they can tell the difference immediately, because the noses differ; but one individual's nose is apt to differ from another's anyway. Others argue that *G. gorilla beringei* grows larger than the lowland gorilla; but it does not necessarily follow that every huge gorilla is from the mountains, so this distinction, too, is questionable. Another theory is that one can tell the difference immediately—after long practice—by looking at one hair under the microscope. In "The Year of the Gorilla," Schaller mentions an anatomist's saying that the mountain gorilla has longer hair and a longer palate than its lowland cousin. I think I prefer above all these the definition given me years ago by a disillusioned zoo director, who said, "That animal over there has simply got to be a mountain gorilla, because he cost ten thousand dollars and everybody knows that a lowland gorilla costs only five thousand." (Today, a compatible pair of breeding-age lowland gorillas costs a hundred and fifty thousand. Nobody is willing to hazard a guess as to the cost of a mountain gorilla.)

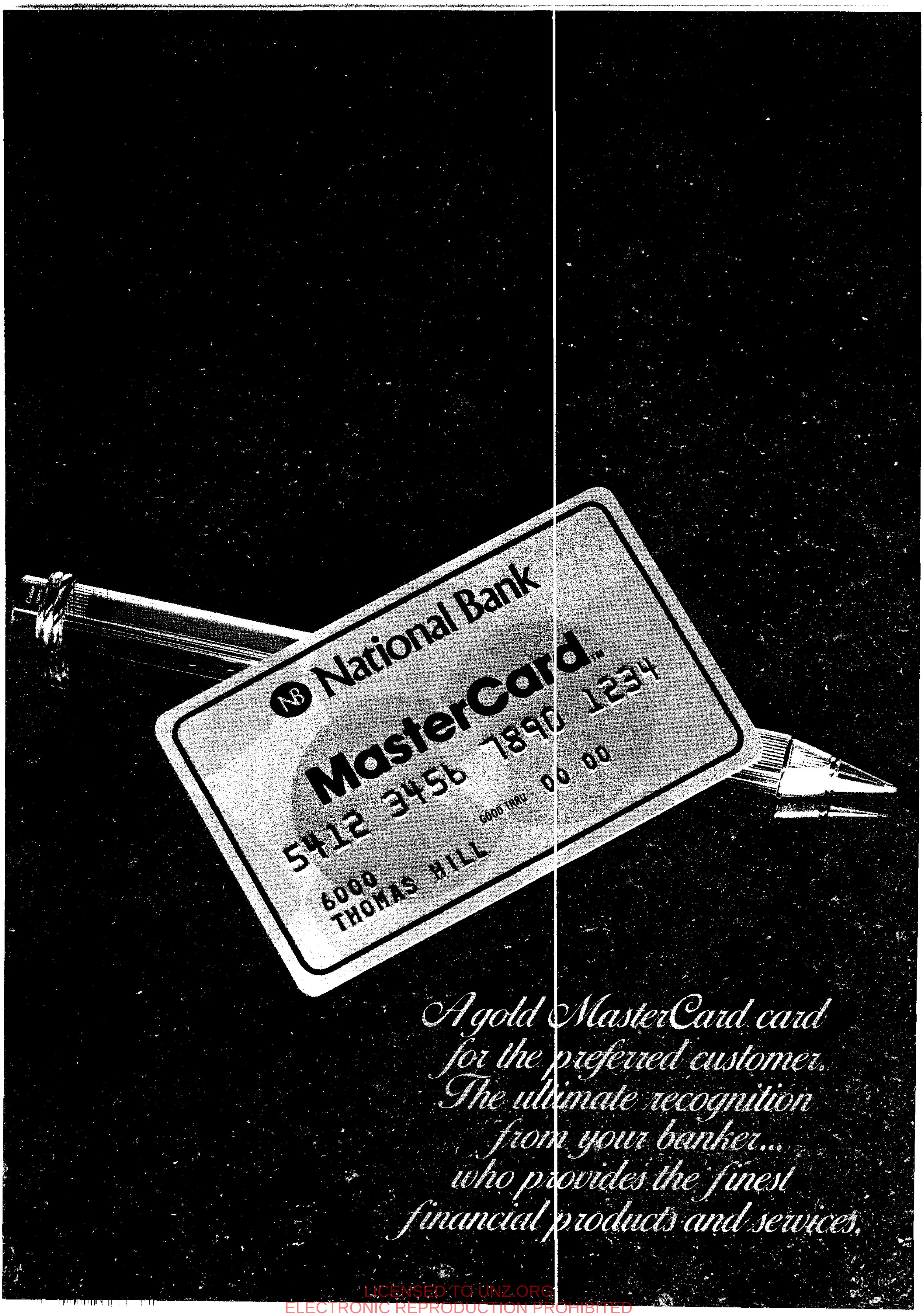
Though the mountain gorilla is currently regarded as more of a prize, the first white hunters who went to Africa in search of specimens found the mountain kind more easily than the lowland. One such man, Carl E. Akeley, in his book "In Brightest Africa," tells of his first gorilla-hunting expedition, in 1921, which was undertaken expressly to kill animals to be exhibited as mounted specimens at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. Akeley, an unusual specimen himself, had started life as a taxidermist but had eventually drifted into collecting animals for the museum, in order to preserve them for exhibition in the most lifelike way possible and set them up in family groups with appropriate backgrounds. He had already had some experience as a hunter in Africa, and was confident that the dangers of gorilla hunting had been much exaggerated. To prove it, he took along a party made up of a friend, H. E. Bradley, and Mrs. Bradley, the Bradleys' five-year-old daughter, and two young women. In preparation for the project, he read all the available literature on the subject (which did not take long), lingering a bit over a passage written by Du Chaillu: "I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they ran—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men: their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives."

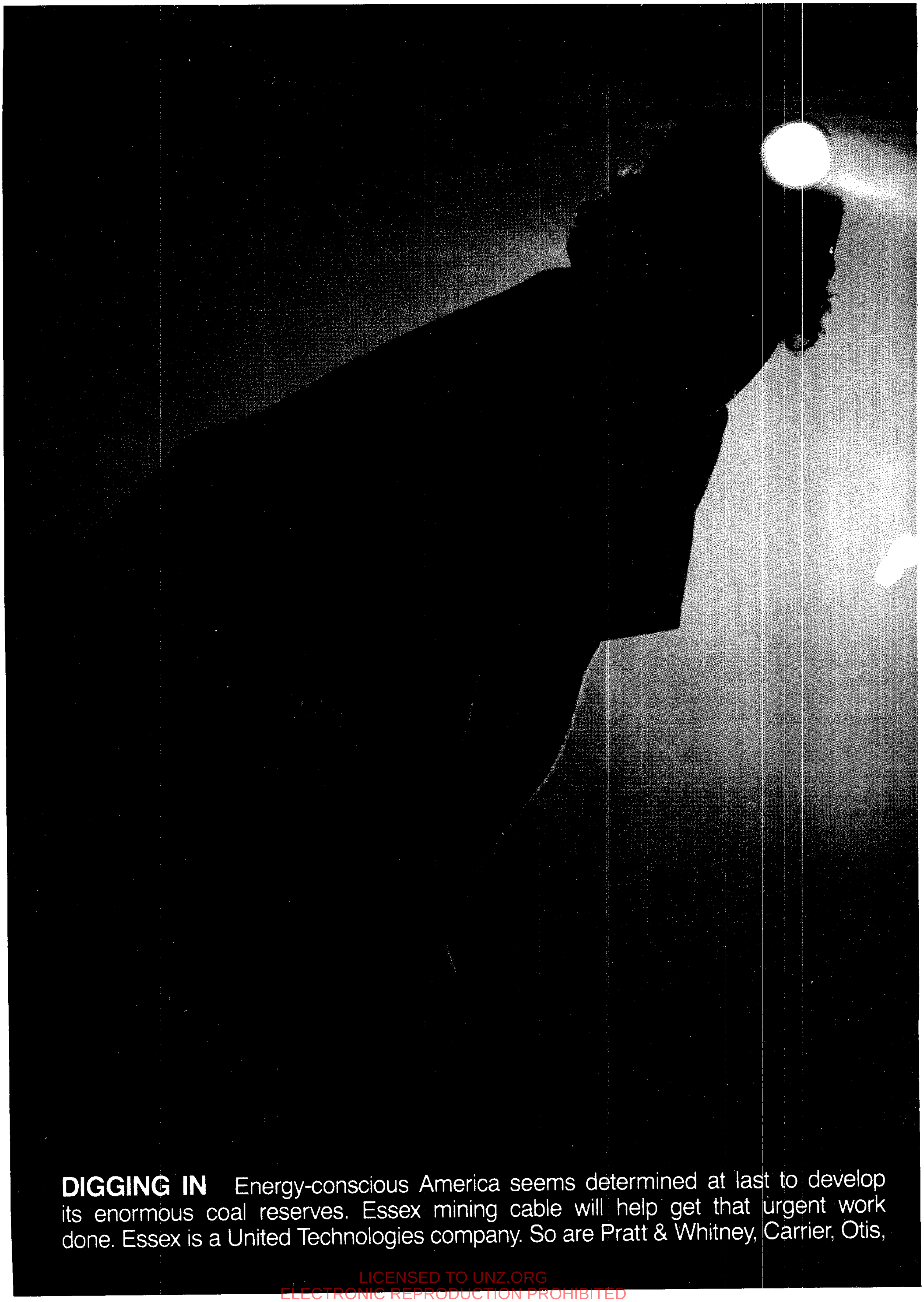
Akeley hoped, as a secondary object, to make moving pictures of gorillas in the wild, but first came the "collecting," or killing. In these conservation-minded days, his accounts of shooting appall us, but there seemed to be plenty of gorillas about in the Kivu country of what was then the Belgian Congo, the haunt of the mountain animal. He saw—and killed—his first gorilla on the steep slopes of Mt. Mikeno, one of three mountains enclosing the area. He describes those early moments: "A great black head slowly appeared above the green. . . . It has left an everlasting impression, for it was so totally different from anything I had expected. . . . I was actually seeing a live wild gorilla." His first act, of course, was to pick up his gun, but by the time he had done so the animal had lowered its head again and withdrawn. The party had to travel farther before Akeley got in a shot, upon which there was "a terrific crashing plunge of three or four hundred pounds of beast, [which] struck the trail eight feet from me [and] crashed on down over and over, almost straight downward toward the edge of [a] chasm." The dead body was caught in a tree, but Akeley and his helpers soon retrieved it and proceeded to reduce it to skin and skeleton for mounting. Two days later, Akeley shot a female. Her child, which he estimated to be about four years old, was speared half an hour later by one of the guides as it ran about. "I came up before he was dead," Akeley wrote. "There was a heartbreaking expression of piteous pleading on his face. He would have come to my arms for comfort." Clearly, misgivings were assailing the collector even at that early stage of the expedition. They increased as time went on. Toward the end, the party encountered an old, solitary male gorilla, and Bradley, almost by reflex action, shot and killed it. Again Akeley felt remorse. "As he lay at the base of the tree, it took all one's scientific ardour to keep from feeling like a murderer," he wrote. "He was a magnificent creature with the face of an amiable giant who would do no harm except perhaps in self-defense or in defense of his friends." At last, Akeley came to a decision: the killing had to stop—or, at least, slow down. "The gorilla is on his way to extinction," he wrote. "He is not particularly numerous. He is neither wary nor dangerous. He is an easy and highly prized prey to the 'sporting' instinct."

Laden though he himself was with gorilla relics—and though he assured himself more than once that his own killing was for a good cause, and was therefore different—he began to dream of a gorilla sanctuary. Such a place was essential if the animal was to survive at all. Akeley thought angrily of a Swedish prince who had recently been in the same area and was reported to have killed fourteen gorillas purely for sport. In any case, Akeley reasoned, a preserve would give scientists a little time in which to find out more about this close relative of man, and the district he had just left was an ideal place for such a sanctuary. No human beings ever used the land except for grazing their cattle, and all that the authorities needed to do was to declare it forbidden territory for hunting. A fence would not be necessary, since animals quickly learn where to stay in safety (as witness the bears of Yellowstone Park). Gorillas are naturally shy, in any case, and few venture into man's territory. The idea continued to haunt Akeley, and he followed it up when he reached America, urging influential friends to talk it over with the Belgians. Ultimately, the Belgians were convinced, and in 1925 the sanctuary became a fact. It also became Carl Akeley's memorial in more ways than one. He died the following year and is buried on Mt. Mikeno, not far from where he killed his first gorilla; it is perhaps not too fanciful to think of his simple tomb as a symbol of penance—a large flat stone inscribed "Carl Akeley, Nov. 17, 1926."

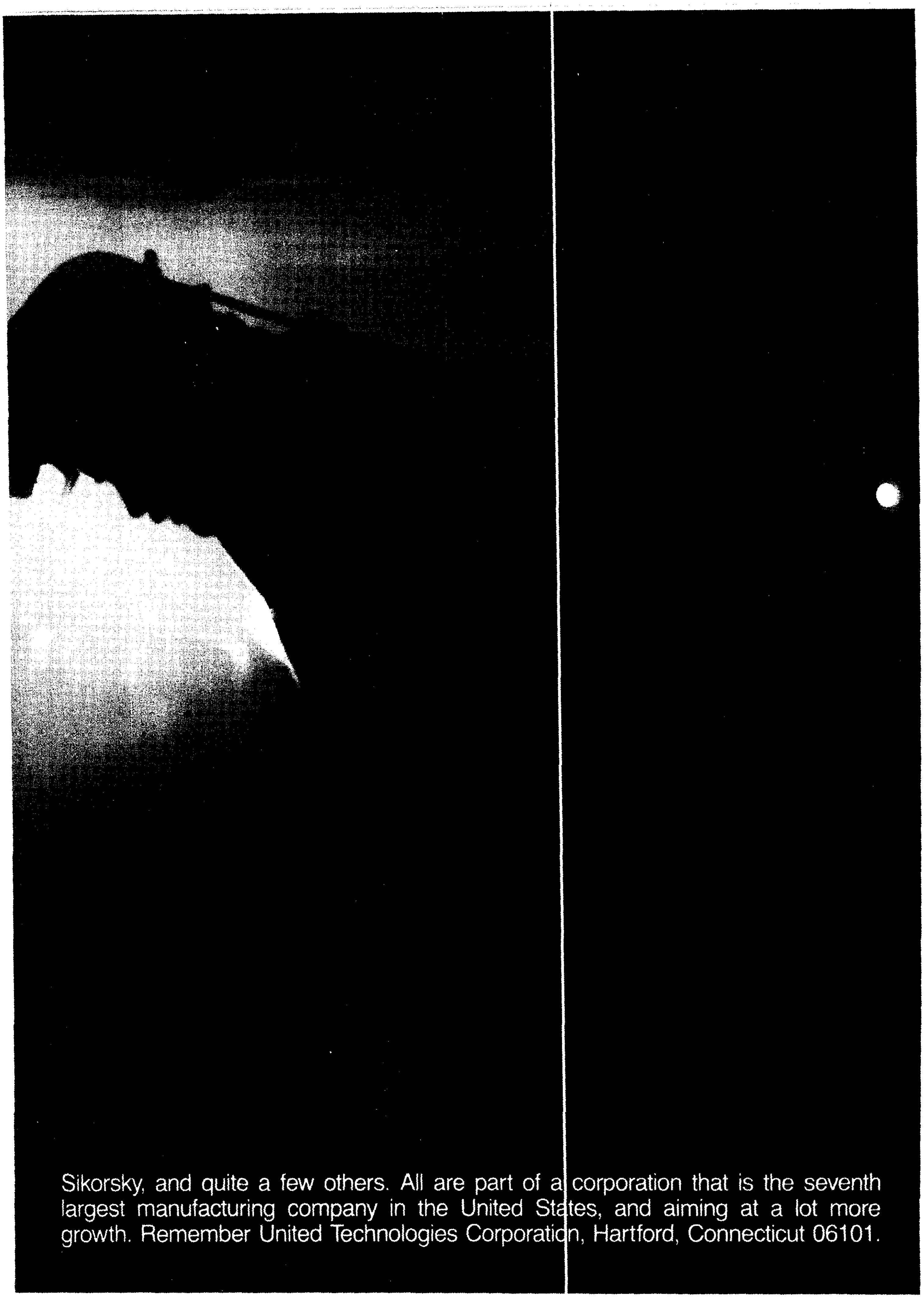
FLOWERS
For sale
2¢-5-10¢
each
Extra for Vase
Westman

IN the mid-twenties, an American big-game hunter named Ben Burbridge got permission to enter the sanctuary, Albert National Park, for some limited collecting. Under the terms of his arrangement with the Belgian government, he could take moving pictures of the gorillas and also, if possible, capture some; of these, one in every four was to be delivered live to the Antwerp Zoo. His movie cameras were of their time—clumsy affairs that had to be set up on tripods and worked with a crank. Burbridge achieved his greatest success in a large clearing he described as a kind of amphitheatre surrounded by trees, where a lot of gorillas spent much of their time eating, playing, and making nests—collections of leaves and vegetation that they scraped up from the ground or pulled from bushes, then twisted and bent into rough circles. Some females with young, he thought, made these nests in trees, but more often he found the nests on the ground. He also discovered that a gorilla never slept in a particular nest more than once but made a fresh one every night. Burbridge decided that the best place to set up his camera was


NB National Bank
MasterCard™
5412 3456 7890 1234
GOOD THRU 00 00
6000
THOMAS HILL
A gold MasterCard card
for the preferred customer.
The ultimate recognition
from your banker...
who provides the finest
financial products and services.



DIGGING IN Energy-conscious America seems determined at last to develop its enormous coal reserves. Essex mining cable will help get that urgent work done. Essex is a United Technologies company. So are Pratt & Whitney, Carrier, Otis,

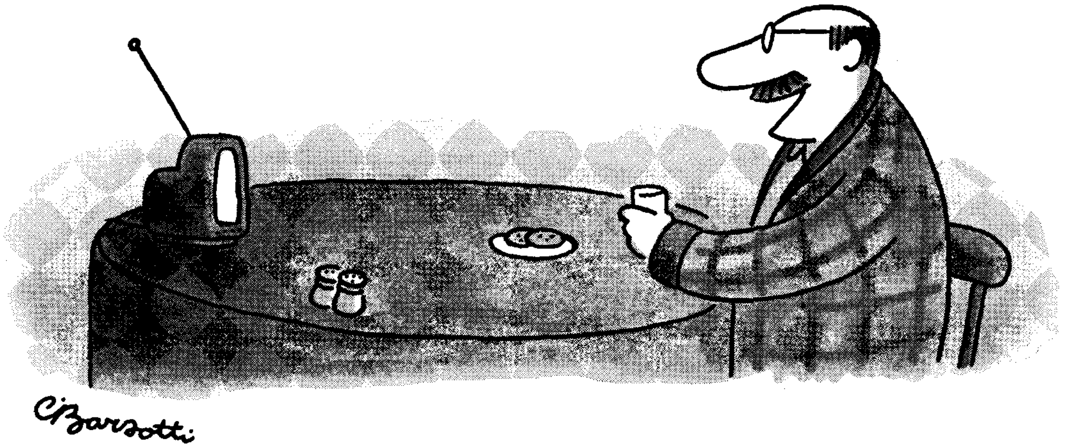


Sikorsky, and quite a few others. All are part of a corporation that is the seventh largest manufacturing company in the United States, and aiming at a lot more growth. Remember United Technologies Corporation, Hartford, Connecticut 06101.

SARONNO
SARONNO
The Taste of the Renaissance lives on
ILLVA
AMARETTO di SARONNO
ORIGINALE
A LIQUEUR PRODUCED BY
ILLVA SARONNO ITAL
56 PROOF
LIQUEUR 56 PROOF. SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTOR, FOREIGN VINTAGES, INC., JERICHO, N.Y. © 1981. A UNIQUE PRODUCT FROM ILLVA SARONNO, ITALY

·AMARETTO DI SARONNO·ORIGINALE·1525·

FOR FREE FOOD AND DRINK RECIPE BOOKS, WRITE BOOKLETS: P.O. BOX 5145, F.D.R. POST OFFICE, N.Y., N.Y. 10150.



"And a hell of a broadcast day it was!"

• •

within a bamboo copse, where he hoped that the animals would not see it, but it soon became clear that they knew of its presence and seemed to avoid the area. At length, Burbridge hit on a stratagem founded on the concept that gorillas could not count—or, at least, could not count above three or four. He would enter the copse with the camera and, say, seven other men, then send six men out and himself remain ready at the camera, with a "boy" in attendance. Evidently reassured, a few gorillas would come over to see what the men had been doing. Soon Burbridge got some rather fuzzy closeups of the apes peering around the bushes straight into the lens. At such close quarters, he probably detected their special odor—a strong, musky scent—and he also got a splendid view of some animals beating their chests or, in one case, pounding on the trunk of a tree, as if in an effort to make a similar noise. Then a young gorilla climbed a nearby clump of bamboo to get a really good look from above at what was going on in the copse. What he saw angered him, and he descended speedily, "biting at the bamboo branches in outraged fury and howling his disapproval at every step," Burbridge later wrote in a book called "Gorilla: Tracking and Capturing the Ape-Man of Africa." There followed "an outburst of thunderous roars," and then deep silence; Burbridge knew that the gorillas were waiting to see what effect their din had had on him. Finally, he heard the squeal of a baby and sudden crashing in the underbrush, then "a pandemonium of roars and chest beats" as a gorilla weighing several hundred pounds raged to and fro at a distance of about thirty feet, "smashing and tearing down everything in his path." Other gorillas, concealed in the bamboo, added their voices, shaking the stalks violently. Burbridge confessed that he had to summon all his equanimity to remain calm and wait to see what would happen next. Again, silence fell, broken only by the "click-click-click" of the camera. Burbridge heard "vague mutterings and chucklings and the shuffle of stealthy feet," and suddenly the forest sprang to life, with several gorillas showing themselves at once: a mother carrying an infant; half-grown gorillas; and one old male with what Burbridge later described as "inquisitive wives," who leaned on one another's shoulders and peered out. When Burbridge imitated the cry of a young gorilla in distress, and his attendant black "boy" snarled like a leopard, that brought on a great flurry, with a "screaming mob" tearing right and left, shaking young trees, and engaging in what looked like a "crazy war dance" of gorillas, "guileless as children, dangerous as maniacs." Ultimately, a big male bore down on Burbridge; as he came he played a tattoo on his chin and slapped his cheeks "rapidly with open palms"—a strange performance that made a loud noise. At a distance of thirty paces, he paused and seemed to hesitate, then charged. Burbridge seized his rifle and fired several shots above the gorilla's head. The animal turned and fled, followed by all the rest of the band. With this headlong flight, Burbridge, like Akeley and others before him, began to have doubts about the ferocity of gorillas, and he gained new confidence in his project of capturing some alive. Before long, he and his men came upon a laggard infant, a little male of twenty-two pounds; the baby put up a surprisingly strong fight when they grabbed him, wrestling and biting until they managed to get a sack over his head. Back at camp, he was put in a wooden case; he beat frantically on its walls. At first, he refused to eat, but finally he became tame enough to sit on Burbridge's knee and accept a drink from a cup. At that time, the hunter said proudly, this was the only captive gorilla in the world.

All together, Burbridge captured seven other young gorillas, but much of his effort turned out to be futile. Out of the first four animals taken, only one survived, and it, of course, had to be turned over to the Antwerp Zoo. On a second trip, Burbridge captured four more animals, two of which died and one of which duly went to Antwerp. The other, Miss Congo, was Burbridge's property, and he took her back to Jacksonville, Florida, where he gave her into the care of a sister-in-law, Mrs. James Burbridge; within eighteen months, Congo had grown from forty pounds, the size of a five-year-old child, to become a powerful and robust hundred and twenty pounds.

Yerkes studied Congo closely and published a series of monographs about her, called "The Mind of a Gorilla." In "The Great Apes," Yerkes and his wife also talked about Congo's mind. "Attention in Congo, as in the chimpanzee and orang-utan, is very definitely directed, concentrated, or intense, and can be observed to cover rather systematically the total experimental situation," they wrote. "It often makes the observer feel that the animal is calmly and deliberately, as well as thoroughly, taking in or sizing up the situation, and that in accordance with the result of this sensory examination, action will be directed or inhibited. It is this sort of examination or survey which leads sometimes to deliberate abandonment of the problem, and again to persistent effort. In the midst of such effort, and especially if success [seemed] not to be approaching, Congo occasionally would pause and seemingly meditate or reflect."

One of Congo's tests was to unwind a chain that had been wound in a complicated manner around a tree trunk. She showed a lively interest at first, but as time went on and the task seemed more difficult she paused more and more often to look the situation over. "Usually she saw what should be done, but often her movements tended to get ahead of her visual observation and she was compelled to retrace her steps and by actually pulling on the chain with her hand test its freedom of motion and discover anew the direction which she should take." In the end, she solved the problem, but often she seemed unable to apply her experience to general situations of the sort; that is, she solved the problem only for that particular chain on that particular tree.

Another test, in which she was supposed to use a stick to pull food within reach through a slot in a box, attracted her attention at first, but when her attempts didn't work she became not only discouraged but impatient. She stopped trying and beat her chest or tried otherwise to get away from the whole matter. During this period, Yerkes was teaching at Yale, but spent two months in three successive winters observing Congo. This meant that nearly a year intervened between sessions, and he wondered how much Congo would remember. One year, when he arrived and approached her cage she came to his side of it and stared at him "intently and steadily." This surprised him, especially because when he returned the stare she did not, as usual, look away. The next day, he began to remove a wooden shutter that had been nailed over one corner of the cage during his absence, and Congo eagerly helped from her side, pushing it out. A moment later, she ran and got a stick, brought it over, and tried to push things through the bars with it, in obvious memory of former food experiments. The most remarkable thing was that she seemed to have thought things out since Yerkes had last worked with her, for she was now able to do tasks she had failed at before. For instance, she had previously been tested on using a box to stand on in order to reach bananas that were suspended from the ceiling. It was an oblong box, and to reach the food Congo should have set it up on its small end, but she had not figured that out. Now she quickly set the box up properly.

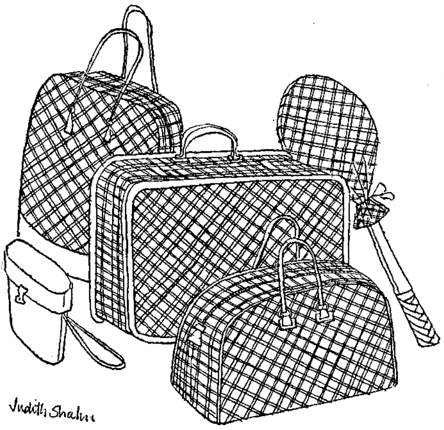
In comparison with a chimpanzee, Yerkes said, Congo appeared to have little manual dexterity, and she also failed—or, anyway, refused—to imitate his actions, as a chimpanzee would have done. For example, she never tried to brush her own hair (though John Daniel, as we know, did this). Yerkes wondered what would be an apt description of the temperament of this particular gorilla. He was accustomed to chimpanzees—animals of exceedingly different temperament—and in a passage in "The Great Apes" he and his wife said:

> It is far from easy to decide whether the animal is naturally cruel or kindly, sympathetic or unfeeling, selfish or altruistic, so great are the variations observed. Reason does not appear for assertion that gorilla is less kindly disposed toward other creatures, less sympathetic and less altruistic, than are other anthropoid apes. Certainly it is not by nature cruel, vindictive, and conspicuously selfish. Of man and of other unfamiliar creatures and environmental situations it is naturally suspicious and distrustful. In temperament it tends to be sullen and moody rather than gay and cheerful. The term phlegmatic seems highly appropriate, whereas sanguine is as obviously inappropriate. But choice between melancholic and choleric is difficult; perhaps they are equally applicable. Our personal bias, however, is in favor of melancholic.

In "The Mind of a Gorilla," Yerkes said of Congo:

> I came more and more to feel that hers is a markedly shut-in or introverted personality. Frequently in my notes I used the words reserved, repressed, inhibited. Whether this characteristic attitude is one of shyness, timidity, or superiority I could never be certain, but gradually I eliminated the former and became increasingly confident that self-dependence and a certain superior aloofness best describe her affective attitude.

Later, he decided that often when he least suspected it Congo was profoundly stirred, but just didn't show her feelings in face, voice, or physical attitude. Instead, she responded "internally or implicitly." He had his first experience of this response one day when he wanted to weigh her and she resisted stepping onto the scale. He forced her to do so by positioning her bodily; he recorded the weight, and—ignoring the fact that she did not seem happy—then made her step on the scale again, so he could check the first reading. This time, she resisted more strongly. When he tried to put her on a third time, she threatened to bite him—something she had never done before—and also tried to run away. Yerkes admitted that he should have realized from all this that Congo was profoundly disturbed, but he was absorbed in the job of getting her weight, and because she didn't make any noise or show "other usual anthropoid signs of strong emotion" he misunderstood. He realized the nature of her reaction only after she had been put back in her cage. She had temporary diarrhea—a symptom common in chimps when they are upset but one he had seldom before observed in Congo. "I know now that Congo's emotional life works itself out internally to a far greater extent than externally," wrote Yerkes, "and that the term introvert is not inappropriate."

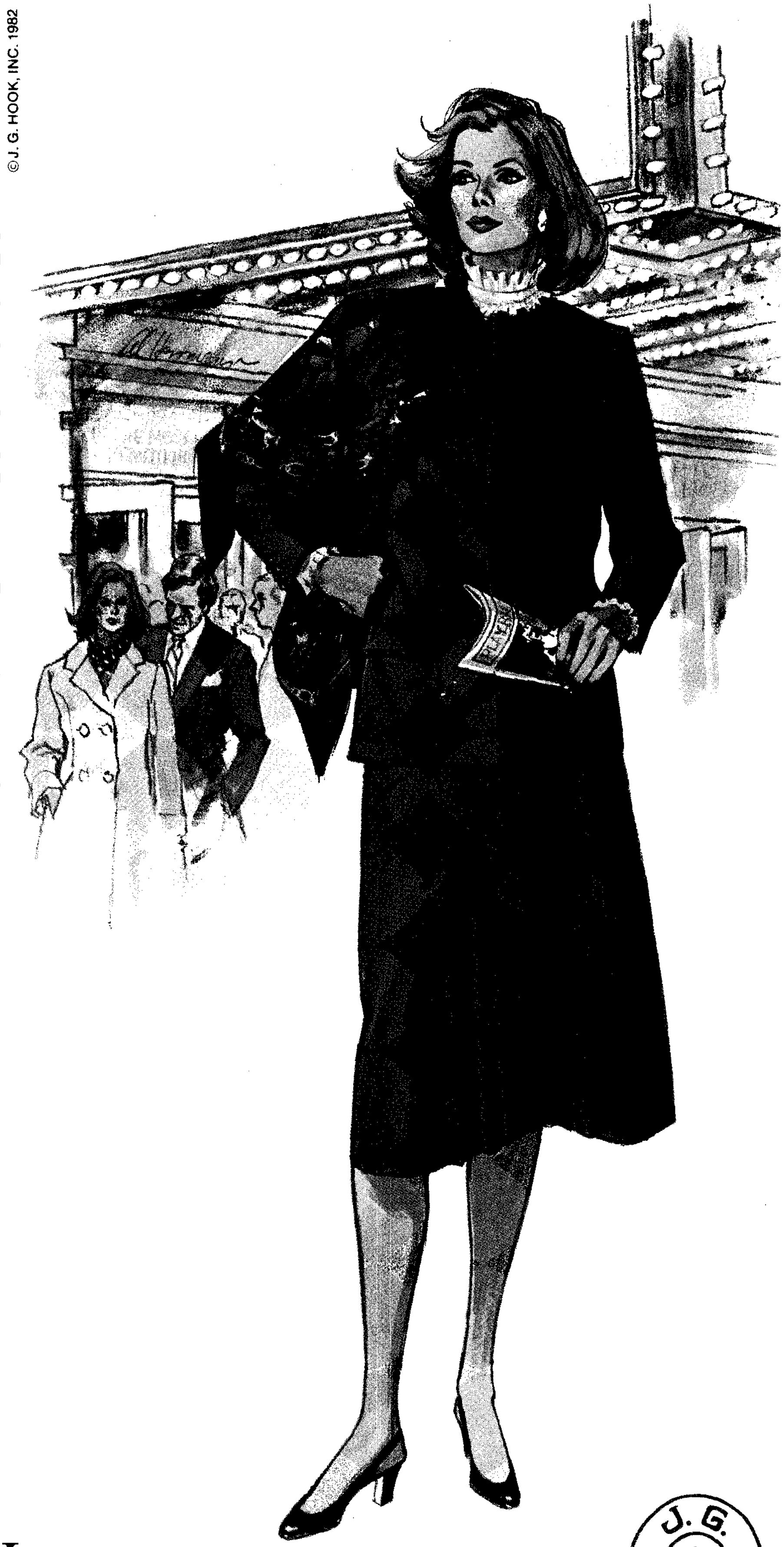


After reading this, I turned back to Burbridge's description of the death of his largest captive gorilla, Bula Matadi, who was perhaps five years old, and who never allowed himself to become tame. He was stung to death by driver ants that invaded his cage in camp about a month after he had been caught. As most travellers in Africa know, these multitudinous insects are not easily deflected from their course once they are set upon it, and sting and voraciously eat whatever edible flesh cannot flee from them. "Such was his hardihood, that he died silently with his teeth fast locked, unrelenting in his hostility to the end," wrote Burbridge.

In all these accounts, it is impossible not to notice that, without exception, all of the people who write from experience about gorillas seem to slip into a way of speaking of them as if the animals were human beings. Robert Yerkes was the outstanding example. He was a scientist through and through, the last man one would accuse of permitting emotional involvement with his subjects to affect his work. He wasn't even fond of Congo, as he had been of a certain chimp named Chim. Congo's personality was too forbidding for that. But, clearly, he was impressed by her.

THEN I acquired another book, "Toto and I: A Gorilla in the Family," by A. Maria Hoyt, and here I stepped into a truly personal involvement with a gorilla. The book is an account, published in 1941, of how a female lowland gorilla came into the possession of Mrs. Hoyt and her husband, Edward Kenneth Hoyt (Yale, '08), and changed their lives. The Hoyts married in 1926. From the fact that Mrs. Hoyt's name at the time of that marriage was Mme. Augusta Maria Daurer DeWust, I presume that she had been married before, but she says nothing of this. In fact, about all that she says of her past is that she was born in Argentina. Otherwise, she relates these pertinent facts: that her husband retired from business at the time of their marriage and, until Toto changed everything, devoted himself to his favorite pursuit, big-game hunting trips, on which Mrs. Hoyt always accompanied him. Yale alumni records show that in 1930, for example, the couple went on a four-month expedition in Kenya, Uganda, the Congo, and the Sudan, and that their bag included elephants, two hippo bulls shot from a canoe on the Nile, and other game. Hoyt gave a number of specimens to the American Museum of Natural History and to the National Museum of Natural History, in Paris.

In 1931, they went to French Equatorial Africa for more shooting, specifically of gorillas, of which Hoyt wanted a really big specimen for the American Museum of Natural History. The morning the involvement with Toto began, Hoyt went out with guides to pot his big ape from a group that African guides had told him was some distance away by foot and canoe. Some of the Africans had already made a clearing all the way around the group of trees where the gorillas were sheltering, and everything was apparently ready. The "boys" described the group as a family, with one large male in charge and a number of females and young. Mrs. Hoyt went along, simply because she always did, but she stayed a short distance from the field of battle. Kenneth Hoyt shot the big male and with Mrs. Hoyt started measuring it, assuming that the rest of the group had escaped. He was wrong. The Africans, who loved to eat gorilla meat, had left vine nets all around the copse, and once the gorillas got tangled up they speared them all, with the exception of one female, too small to make good eating. As the Hoyts stood looking in horror at the carnage, one of the guides, a village chief, brought the baby gorilla, struggling and biting, to Mrs. Hoyt, who put out her arms to it. At that moment, the little creature's behavior abruptly changed; she cud-



©J. G. HOOK, INC. 1982

Important clothing and accessories . . . for memorable entrances. *At fine stores nationwide.*

Send for "The J. G. Hook Woman," an informative brochure.

J. G. HOOK®

1410 Broadway • New York • 10018

dled down in the woman's arms and clutched her. That was that. Like the dead gorillas, the Hoyts were hopelessly entangled in a mesh. Admittedly, at the time Mtoto (Swahili for "child") seemed to become just another pet among various pets that the Hoyts had accumulated—a young leopard, a chimpanzee, an African eagle, five or six monkeys, and a pair of vulturine guinea fowl—but from the start she was not treated quite like the others. They lived in a "menagerie" compound at camp, whereas Toto slept in Mrs. Hoyt's tent. Her adopted mother hastily got busy cutting up her husband's flannel shirts and making them into bellybands like those worn by Argentine infants. Toto wore bellybands for months, and whether because of this or in spite of it she survived the rest of the trip, though two gorilla babies subsequently acquired by the Hoyts on the safari did not.

Back in Europe, the Hoyts and Toto roosted briefly in Paris in a hotel on the Rue de Rivoli with Mrs. Hoyt's mother, her two Pomeranians, Mrs. Hoyt's personal maid, and Toto's personal attendant, Abdullah, who had come with her from Africa. Toto's every wish was granted, Mrs. Hoyt recorded, and she grew spoiled. "Have you ever seen a sickly child whose parents spent all the years of his early life fighting for his existence, who showed the signs of discipline which mark the training of a normal child?" Mrs. Hoyt wrote. This referred to many bouts with dysentery and one really serious attack of pneumonia suffered by Toto, during which the best pediatricians in Paris had interesting experiences treating her. She was under an oxygen tent for a while. Irritation, anger, and the like shown by the people around her "tended to upset the delicate balance" of "the baby's" nerves, Mrs. Hoyt wrote, so emotional outbursts were avoided as much as possible. After the pneumonia, Mrs. Hoyt took "the baby" to the French seashore for convalescence, and the book contains a photograph of the two on the beach—Mrs. Hoyt very fetching in a big hat and a flowing white dress, and Toto very small, black, and appealing in her arms. Toto may have been wearing jewelry at the time, though one cannot see it. She was fond of bracelets and necklaces; a later picture, taken when she was much bigger and very much fatter, shows her with a favorite bracelet on her hairy arm. While his wife and baby gorilla frolicked on the French sands, Kenneth

Classic Comfort

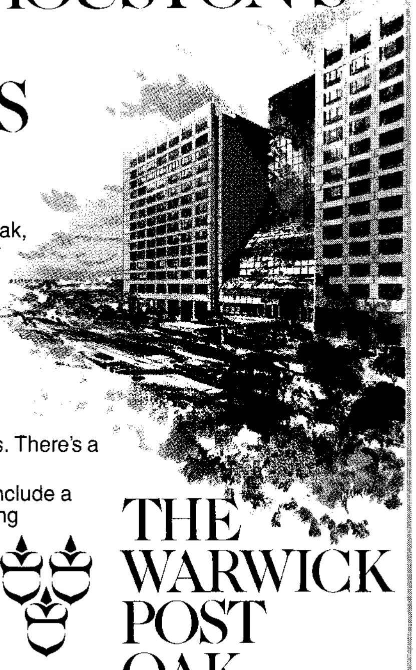
Dalvay

Prince Edward Island

See a different side of Canada. Enjoy a stay at a traditional seashore lodge. Take long strolls along fabulous beaches. Experience the serenity. Restore your inner peace. We'd love to welcome you, up here, in Canada.

Canada

For toll free information on Prince Edward Island, call 1-800-343-0812; Maine residents call 1-800-322-7004.



IF HOUSTON'S IN YOUR WORLD, YOU'LL LOVE HOUSTON'S NEW WORLD-CLASS HOTEL.

Globe-trotters, rejoice. The new Warwick Post Oak, opening August 16, matches your taste and your style. Superbly.

Designed by internationally famous I. M. Pei, it features 455 rooms, suites and junior suites in a setting of contemporary drama, in the Galleria area.

From the lobby, a balcony-lined atrium soars six floors.

Great pride has been lavished on the restaurants. There's a pool, a pool deck, a sauna.

Houston meeting? Our self-contained facilities include a Ballroom for 1100, and a tiered, permanent-seating auditorium.

The new Warwick Post Oak. Include it in your world. Ask your travel consultant, or for reservations call (713) 961-9300.

OPENING AUGUST 16

A PREFERRED HOTEL

THE WARWICK POST OAK

2001 Post Oak Boulevard
Houston, Texas 77056

Hoyt was in the United States looking for a place where they could all live, in a climate suitable for gorillas. In the end, the couple decided upon Cuba, where the climate resembled that of French Equatorial Africa, and where there was a kind of tradition about apes. Mme. Rosalia Abreu, a well-to-do lady who became famous among primatologists, had maintained a colony of monkeys and apes near Havana, and there, in 1915, a female chimp had given birth to a baby—one of the world's first recorded for chimpanzees in captivity. Mme. Abreu had died in 1930, and her son had dissolved the primate colony then, but Havana remembered it well.

The Hoyts rented a spacious house in Havana, with gardens and a swimming pool, and moved in. Toto was ten months old and weighed twenty pounds. Soon she was beginning to walk upright and cutting her baby teeth. Mrs. Hoyt made a fuss about the first tooth, and thereafter Toto was often to be seen studying it in the mirror. One day, she fell and broke off a bit of the tooth—a mishap that upset her very much. She ran to Mrs. Hoyt, mouth open, finger pointing to the damage. She grew and grew. She outgrew her first playroom, and the Hoyts built another, equipped with ladders, swings, and bars. After eight months, the Hoyts decided that Havana did agree with them (and with Toto, too), and they bought the place they had been renting. Toto learned to draw with chalk on the flagstone walk—producing strange hieroglyphics that Mrs. Hoyt professed to find meaning in. Then came a problem: Abdullah had to go home. The Hoyts, like most affluent parents, had never coped with the real job of taking care of the baby. It was Abdullah who had fed and washed her and slept with her each night. Five keepers came and went during the three weeks that followed Abdullah's departure, and life at the villa was hell. Then Mrs. Hoyt heard that the late Mme. Abreu's head keeper, a Spanish-born man named José Tomas, was at liberty—after all, jobs looking after apes were few in Cuba—and she sent for him. Toto tried once, but only once, to scratch him. Tomas, Mrs. Hoyt wrote, held her "little hands" and scolded her until she was abashed. After that, he almost always had her under control, and he remained with her for the rest of her life. There are many photographs of Tomas and his ward, in which the gorilla appears larger and

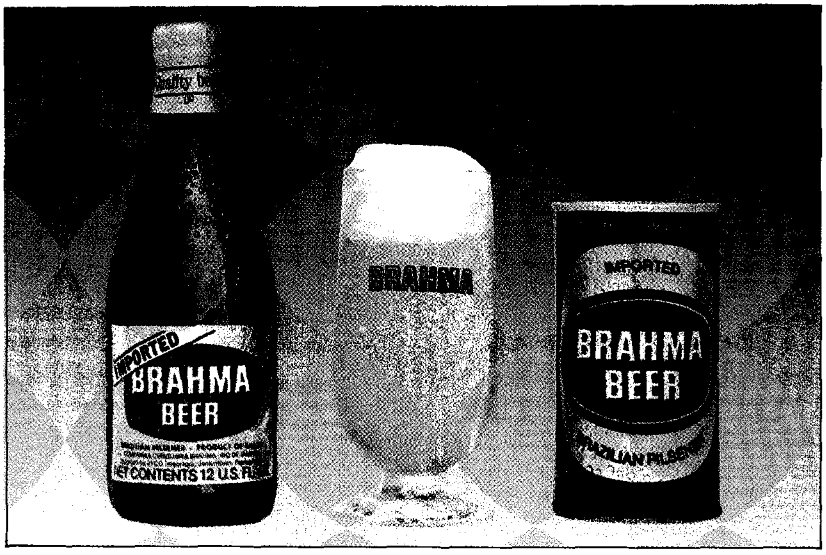
Autumn Magic

Agawa Canyon Ontario

Blazing colours revealed in a glorious train journey through the north. People who've seen it, say it's unforgettable. So come on up, to Canada in autumn.

Canada

For toll free information on Ontario, call 1-800-828-8585; New York residents call 1-800-462-8404.


Taste the real taste of beer.

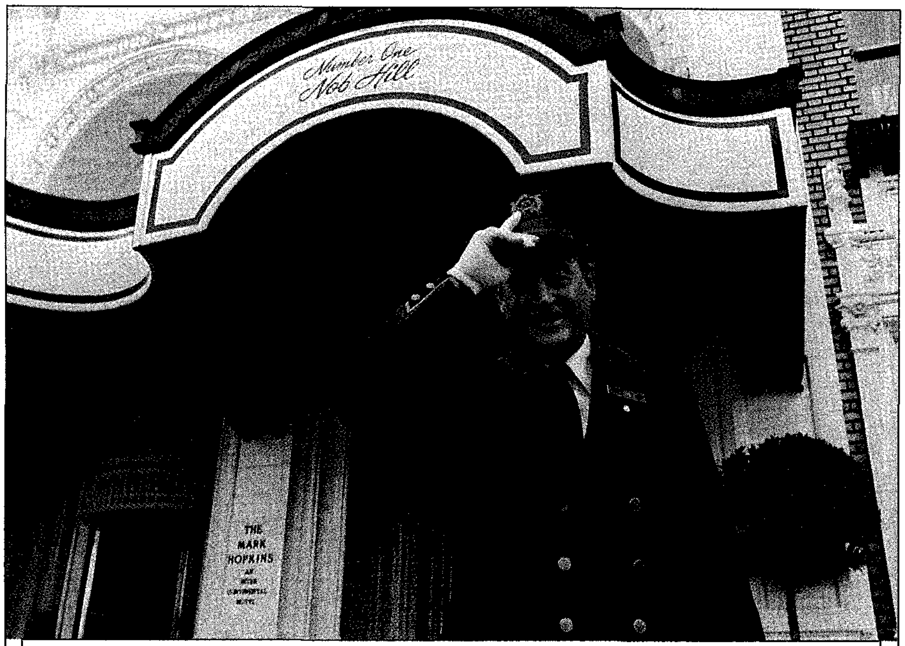
Brahma Beer

Ask for it! There's nothing like it! Brahma is Pilsener beer, brewed in Brazil, land of the tropical thirsts.

Let Latin America's No. 1 seller satisfy you perfectly, too! Great with meals. Brahma's made for you!

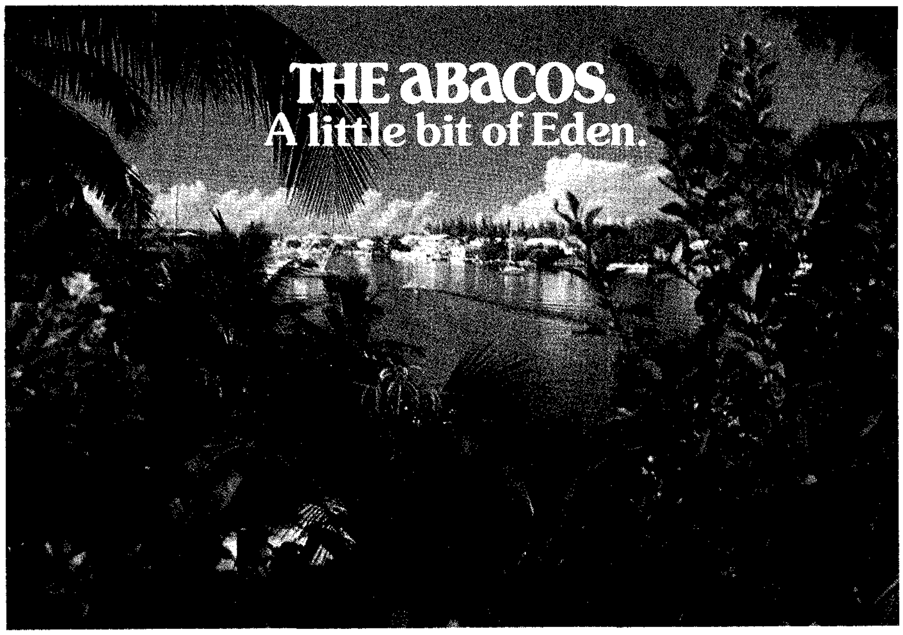
Imported by:
EFCO Importers
Benjamin Fox Pavilion - suite 723 A
P.O. Box 741, Jenkintown
Pennsylvania 19046
or TEL 215-885-8597

BRAHMA
Quality Products



IN SAN FRANCISCO,
THE MOST DEMANDING TRAVELLERS
STAY WITH INTER·CONTINENTAL.

THE Mark Hopkins
AN INTER·CONTINENTAL HOTEL
Number One Nob Hill.
Reservations: 800-327-0200. (In Florida: 800-432-2673.)



The Abacos are a garden primeval where orchids grow in profusion and wild boar roam the bush. Here the temptations are a turquoise sea, powdery beaches, isles just big enough for two, superb sailing, fishing, diving, good food, and utter tranquility. Come to The Abacos. They're easy to get to from Miami or Nassau by convenient air service.

See your travel agent for reservations, or call toll free 800-327-0787. In Florida, 800-432-5594. In Dade County, 443-3821.

For a free brochure on The Abacos and other Family Islands, write to Bahamas, P.O. Box 523850, Miami, FL 33152.

Name
Address
City
State/Zip U8X3

The Abacos. Some of the islands that make It Better In The Bahamas.

larger. Inevitably, in one of these Toto is standing on Tomas's back. I say "inevitably" because, as I have found out, gorillas, for some mysterious reason, like to stand on people; I intend to discuss this phenomenon later. For the moment, let me say that to me the most remarkable thing about the photographs is that Tomas, though he is usually in shirtsleeves, is almost never without a tie. Few men would dare to wear a tie when they are close to a full-grown gorilla; the likelihood of a casual garroting is difficult to ignore.

Toto grew so rambunctious, even with Tomas in attendance, that the Hoyts at last built her a new, reinforced house, which was, to be honest, very much like a cage. She did not spend all her time there, but the place became more and more necessary in times of stress. To judge from the pictorial record (though no one would ever have dared to say so to Mrs. Hoyt), the baby was growing obese, and no wonder when we consider her daily intake:

7:30 A.M. Culture bacillus in sugar water
8:15 A.M. One and a half quarts of milk with tapioca
10 A.M. Large mug of orange juice, carefully strained (she wouldn't drink it otherwise)
11:30 A.M. Eight bananas with cream cheese
1 P.M. Lunch, with either steak or chicken
4 P.M. One and a half quarts of milk with oatmeal or Pablum or Cocomalt
6 P.M. Two baked apples and a mug of milk.

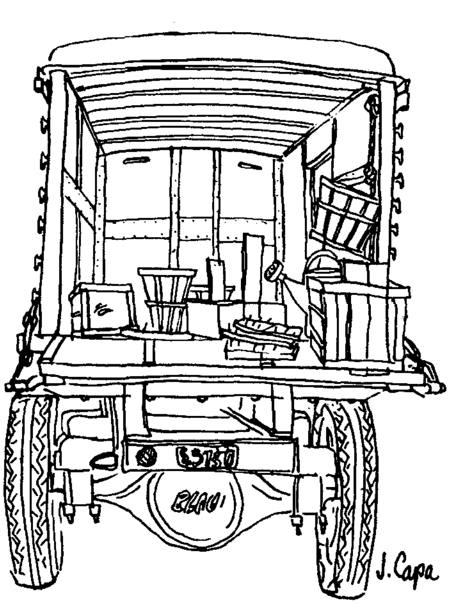
So the baby continued to grow. Whenever she escaped the surveillance of Tomas now, he would blow a whistle to warn the household, and everybody would run for cover. Toto's first act in these situations was usually to rush for the main house and try to get in through a door or a window. If she got in, she particularly liked to mess up the laundry, tearing up sheets and soiling things. Mrs. Hoyt learned from experience the point at which to stop playing with her; when Toto got really excited she was apt to pull Mrs. Hoyt's clothes off. Spare costumes for Mrs. Hoyt were always kept in a closet in Toto's playroom, just in case.

At the age of four or five, Toto made a pet of one of the household kittens and carried it with her everywhere. A photograph shows her with the cat sitting on her head. In another, she sits on a garden chair too small for her, clutching the cat. In this picture, Toto's body is enormous in both directions, and her face, which seems unusually round, is surrounded by a fine set of muttonchop whiskers. The baby was obviously growing up. In fact, even Mrs. Hoyt could see that Toto's character was changing. Her behavior pattern followed a definite rhythm. Every month, Mrs. Hoyt wrote, for two or three days during the new moon, she was unruly, hiding in the hedges and refusing to be caught, even by Tomas. The Hoyts devised an electric prod that would give her a shock, and after one experience with it Toto obeyed at the mere sight of it. But the need to use it was, as Mrs. Hoyt noted, a warning of "stormy times ahead." (Tomas also took to carrying a live snake—Toto, like most gorillas, was terrified of snakes—around with him.) Tomas was just in time one afternoon to prevent Toto from braining one of the Pomeranians with a large rock. Toto did not care for the Pomeranians.

It is not hard to fill in the gaps in Mrs. Hoyt's narrative. She tells us that her husband, after Toto had thrown him down several times within a short period by yanking his necktie, brought up again the "sad necessity" they would someday have to face, of finding somewhere else for Toto to live. Mrs. Hoyt refused to think about it, even after Toto sportively grabbed one of the Hoyts' employees one day and carried him toward the top of her cage, obviously intending to drop him from the highest possible point. Fortunately, she more or less lost interest and dropped him from a mere five feet. He did not bring suit against the Hoyts, but he might have; worse, he might have been killed. Mrs. Hoyt insisted that Toto merely loved to make people run, "like a healthy puppy, charging into a flock of chickens just for the fun of hearing them squawk and seeing them scamper." Her husband was not convinced. In 1937, Mrs. Hoyt was still going out to Toto's house every afternoon to play with her. One afternoon, in the middle of a frolic, Toto jumped onto her swing and pushed herself with all her strength at her "mother," who, being knocked backward onto the flagstones, broke both wrists. She never dared tell her husband exactly how it had happened. She concocted some story, but he was not deceived, and worry over Toto continued.

In the summer of 1938, Kenneth Hoyt died in a New York hospital, leaving his grief-stricken wife to return alone to Havana and "the baby." Toto made her feel worse, she wrote, by looking everywhere for Kenneth. Yet Toto was a comfort, too; they would walk and walk together in the gardens, with Mrs. Hoyt talking to the gorilla, confiding in her. Photographs in the book show dramatically how heavy, literally, Mrs. Hoyt's responsibility had become. In one, we see Toto sitting at a lace-covered table in the garden sucking Coca-Cola through a straw—a hulking figure, thickly furred, with a muscular chest, a fat belly, and a thick, short neck. In another, Mrs. Hoyt, standing, pours tea, with a smile, while Toto, balancing on a little ladder, holds out her great, hairy hand for a cup. Pretty Mrs. Hoyt looks fragile and tiny and thoroughly incongruous near the gorilla, whose head in profile looks about three times the size of hers. On another page, we see the two strolling in the garden, Toto's huge body on all fours. Her enormous face looks grave, and so human, though outsize, that the whole thing appears wrong—as if some person were imitating a gorilla and not doing it very well. Mrs. Hoyt smiles down maternally at her companion; this is the most natural thing in the world, she seems to insist.

By this time, all of Mrs. Hoyt's friends were urging her to get rid of Toto, and before long a representative of the Cuban government came to her with a similar message and a threat: if she didn't get rid of Toto soon, the animal would be confiscated. To all this, Mrs. Hoyt turned a deaf ear, though the new-moon periods were getting so difficult that she scarcely dared leave the house. On one occasion, Toto was angered because the household station wagon was blocking her way. She picked up the rear end of it and—though the brakes were on—pushed the car violently into the rear wall of the garage, shattering the headlights. Even between new moons, if her meals were as much as two minutes late she would get away from Tomas and rush up to the servants' dining terrace, to throw plates, cutlery, and food against the door of the kitchen, into which the help had fled. Occasionally, she threw the table, too. "It had become practically impossible for me to have guests at tea," Mrs. Hoyt reported, and the grocery boys would no longer deliver to the door: they threw the grocery packages over the wall and ran for their lives. The breaking point was reached one night when Mrs. Hoyt, who had gone out for the afternoon, stayed away and went to the movies with a friend. She came home in pelting rain, after dark, to find Toto careering all over the garden, ignoring Tomas, and thoroughly drenched. To make Toto pay attention to her, Mrs. Hoyt had to get one of the servants to pretend he was attacking her in Toto's room. Toto came at them like a locomotive, and the servant got out of the way just in time, slamming the door as he escaped, and all was well—for the moment, though Toto shook the bars in rage. This time, Mrs. Hoyt had to confess that she was beaten: Toto had to go or be confined permanently. And this brings us to the story of another gorilla brought up by a woman—a gorilla with whom Toto's life was soon to be joined, at least in a manner of speaking.

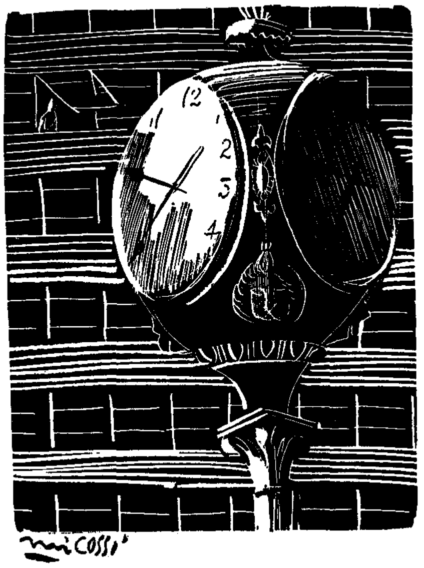


THE other gorilla, a male, came to be known to the world as Gargantua the Great, but in infancy his name was Buddha. Gertrude Davies Lintz, the English-born wife of William Lintz, a Brooklyn physician, was a typical Englishwoman in at least one way: she loved animals. She bred St. Bernards and showed them professionally, but she liked primates, too—especially the anthropoids. A sea-captain friend of the Lintzes' named Arthur Phillips made a regular run to Africa several times a year in his ship, the West Key Bar, and he usually brought back a few exotic animals to sell. In 1928, he sold three chimpanzees to Mrs. Lintz, and three years later, when he came back with a sickly little lowland gorilla, she bought that as well. Soon she had nursed it to health and named it Massa. Massa was wrongly thought to be a female—it is very hard to determine the sex of young gorillas. Much later, Mrs.

Lintz sold him to the Philadelphia Zoo, and he is still there—one of its most famous animals, because he has set a record for longevity for captive gorillas. He is now fifty-one. (In his infancy, thanks to Mrs. Lintz, he survived both pneumonia and a disease that resembled polio.) Late in 1931, Captain Phillips put more chimps and another little gorilla aboard his vessel for Mrs. Lintz. But when he returned to the United States he had a sad story to tell about the new gorilla. Until the ship sailed into Boston harbor, the gorilla was in the best of condition. At that point, a sailor who had just been sacked by the captain revenged himself by squirting a fire extinguisher full of nitric acid at the animal, grievously hurting him. The gorilla's skin was badly burned, and so were the muscles around his face.

Mrs. Lintz took the situation as a challenge, and, with the help of an assistant named Richard Kroener, went to work to save the gorilla, who, among other things, couldn't close his eyes. Buddha, called Buddy, was characteristically stoical about the treatment she gave him, and his eyelids soon healed. He was to carry other signs of his ordeal for the rest of his life, though: the left side of his mouth was fixed in a fierce grimace that exposed the teeth and gave him an appearance of ferocity. This was completely deceptive; he was an unusually sweet-tempered creature. He played, ate, and slept with Massa in separate parts of a room in the Lintz house in Brooklyn, gaining a hundred pounds during his first year there. Sometimes, Mrs. Lintz took both gorillas with her in her car, and during these rides she discovered that Buddy was afraid of large trucks, buses, streetcars, and horses. Whenever one of these drew up next to them in traffic, Buddy hid his face in his mistress's dress or covered his eyes with his hand. Mrs. Lintz has written in a memoir that she rated gorillas superior to chimpanzees. She liked their dignity, reserve, and independence. She may have changed her mind—temporarily, at least—after bringing her animals home from the Chicago World's Fair, in 1934. Massa had learned to scrub the Lintzes' kitchen floor, and while he was doing this one morning Mrs. Lintz, entering, slipped and fell, knocking over on him a pail filled with water. The gorilla, who, at five, weighed a hundred and forty pounds, was startled and bit her severely; a woman friend who was visiting the Lintzes ran into the kitchen and beat him with an iron skillet to make him let go. Mrs. Lintz was laid up for months, but, even so, she held on to Massa, hoping the gorilla would quiet down. Finally, at the end of December, 1935, she loaded Massa into her car and took him to Philadelphia, where the zoo, still believing him to be a female, had bought him as a mate for its male lowland gorilla, Bamboo. The error was discovered some months later.

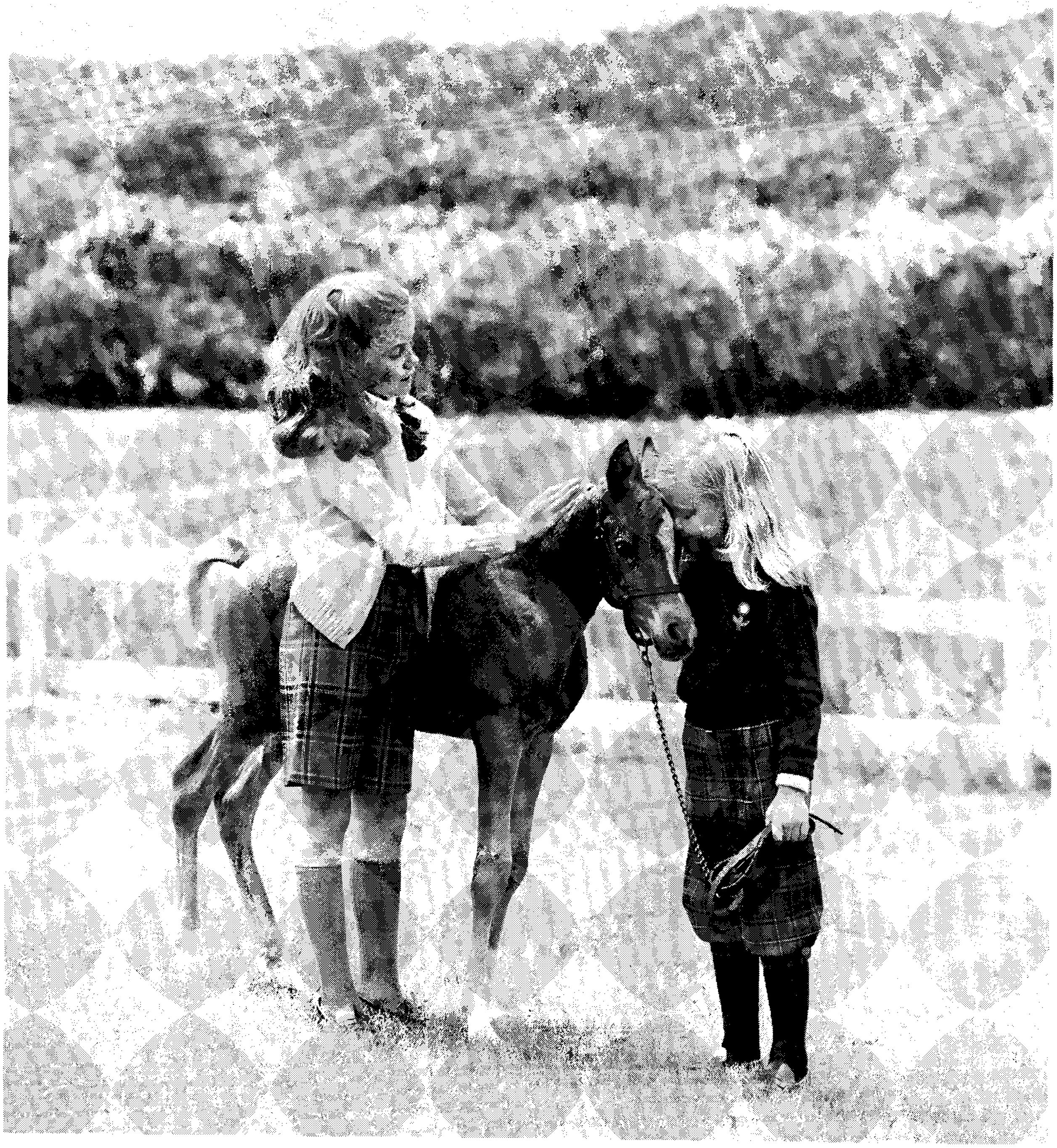
Buddy, however, remained tractable, and Mrs. Lintz carted him around to shows for two more years. Then she began to wonder whether he might not turn on her one day in the same way Massa had. The attitude of her helpers may have influenced her; as Buddy grew bigger and stronger, they lost their insouciance in dealing with him, and these things are catching. One night, a bad thunderstorm swept over the city. Buddy was at home in Brooklyn in his cage in the Lintz basement and the Lintzes were asleep upstairs. Though Buddy now weighed four hundred pounds, he was still afraid of things, and the thunder scared him. He wanted his "mother." He got out of the cage (someone had forgot to lock it fully), tiptoed upstairs, and crawled onto the foot of the bed Mrs. Lintz was in, pinning her down. She got a horrid start when she became aware of Buddy huddled there, sobbing. But she kept her head. Talking to him softly and soothingly, she led him by the hand down the stairs, through the basement hall—where she grabbed a pear for him from the sideboard—and on to his cage. She tossed the pear into the cage, Buddy rushed in after it, and she closed and locked the door. Not long afterward, she got in touch with the ever-receptive management of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus and arranged to sell them Buddy and two chimpanzees for ten thousand dollars. Massa had gone for a mere six thousand, but he had been younger and smaller. Besides, Buddy had that ferocious expression, which was a great asset for a circus animal.



As soon as he was the Ringling Brothers' property, the circus changed his name to Gargantua. His transfer to the circus was probably not a tremendous shock to him, because Richard Kroener, who was also part of the deal, went with him. All through the annals of gorilla-keeping, we come across close relationships between the apes and their keepers, and most knowledgeable zoo directors and circus people believe it important to observe such preferences if it is at all possible. But such softer aspects of Gargantua's personality were not permitted to leak out to the public. It was the head press agent of the circus, Roland Butler, who coined the appellation Gargantua the Great, and—because people who go to circuses want to be scared—started spreading stories of his fiendish temper and incredible strength. Photographs were circulated of Gargantua apparently snarling—the poor beast's permanent expression—and colored posters were prepared to demonstrate how dangerous he was. I have a replica of one of these, showing Gargantua as big as King Kong and flourishing in one mighty fist an African native, whom he is using rather like a golf club. On the poster, in red, blue, and black print, is the legend:

RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY
COMBINED SHOWS
THE LARGEST GORILLA EVER
EXHIBITED—
THE WORLD'S MOST TERRIFYING
LIVING
CREATURE!
GARGANTUA THE GREAT

What with all this change and excitement, it is hardly surprising that Gargantua's temper actually did deteriorate. Not long after joining the circus, he attacked Kroener, but the keeper managed to get away. After that, the circus people began to treat Gargantua with respect—especially when he was measured and the statistics made public. This had to be done at long distance, of course, while he remained in his air-conditioned, glassed-in house. He was five feet seven and a half inches tall and had an arm reach of nine feet. Actually, many gorillas are bigger, but they weren't in the circus. Years later, when he had



Little creature, formed of joy and mirth... — *William Blake*

From the Florence Eiseman Fall collection.
Available at Marjorie Speakman, Greenville, DE; J.P. Allen, Atlanta;
Main Street Kids, Minneapolis; Mignon, New Orleans;
Kate Langford, Oklahoma City; The Rocking Horse, Fort Worth;
The Walnuts, Walnut Creek, CA; and other fine stores.

A beautiful 16 x 20 poster of the above thought and illustration is available for
$1.00 from Florence Eiseman, 301 N. Water St., Milwaukee, WI 53202

Florence Eiseman®

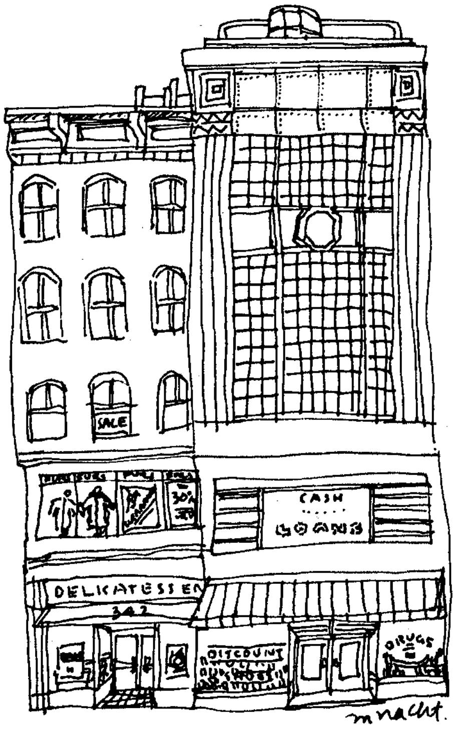
died, it was announced that he would have taken a size-11 glove if he had ever worn gloves, and his shoes would have been 12-DDDD.

Gargantua was a tremendous attraction. According to Gene Plowden, an editor-reporter who has written a biography of him, the beast practically saved the Ringlings' financial neck in 1939 and 1940. Then the management, fearing that the novelty might fade and the receipts drop off, began thinking of what novelty it could devise for 1941—and this brings us back to Toto in Havana. It seemed obvious that a bride for Gargantua would be an asset. For years, along with other circus proprietors, Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey had tried to persuade Mrs. Hoyt to let them have Toto, but she had steadfastly refused even to talk the matter over. Now, however, just at the right psychological moment, she received a telegram from John Ringling North, then the president of Ringling Brothers. He said that he was coming to Havana and would like to talk about Toto. Naturally, Mrs. Hoyt had heard of Gargantua, and knew what must be in North's mind. She agreed to a meeting, and North came to the house. Almost at once, Toto scared him nearly to death by climbing up and peering at him through a window. "Mr. North was somewhat apprehensive," Mrs. Hoyt wrote of this encounter. "But he appreciated her beauty as she hung there silently." Mrs. Hoyt reluctantly sold her baby, but on the understanding that Tomas would remain with her and that Toto would live in the same kind of luxurious surroundings that housed Gargantua. If the two gorillas didn't hit it off and if Toto was unhappy, Mrs. Hoyt would take her back to Cuba.

During the weeks that followed, while the press agents jubilantly announced the gorillas' engagement, Mrs. Hoyt kept busy preparing a trousseau—a pastime that, she wrote, saved her from "many a spell of weeping." She prepared a wardrobe of shirts, sweaters, and socks, as well as blankets, sheets, and mattress covers embroidered with the name Totito. There were plenty of bedclothes, because Toto's bedding had always been changed every day. There were also Toto's special cooking utensils and a mass of food, including Cuban black beans, of which she was especially fond, and there were manicuring implements and a travelling medicine chest. At the last minute, Toto, as if to show her adoptive mother how right she was to be nervous about the departure, kicked up one final magnificent shindy. It was raining hard that day, and Toto had to be locked into her playroom. In Mrs. Hoyt's words, "the baby was not in a very amiable mood." To be explicit, Toto found that one of her doors did not fit quite right, picked up a heavy mahogany sofa, and used it as a stepladder on which she could stand and batter the weak door, using her powerful shoulders. Mrs. Hoyt, fearing, as usual, that the baby would catch pneumonia in the rain, called on the whole household to help hold the door in place. It stayed shut—barely.

Mrs. Hoyt had long since decided that she would follow Toto and Tomas to America. Who else besides Tomas could make sure that the baby was getting the right food and treatment? So she flew over to Miami, and was at the pier when the ship carrying Toto and Tomas docked. Toto had been awfully seasick on the way, and was delighted to see her. Mrs. Hoyt then followed by car when a train carried the gorilla on to Tampa and then to Sarasota, where Gargantua was. She noted with disapproval that the newspapers carried a lot of stories about "the future Mrs. Gargantua" and that sort of thing. "It was all a little silly when the baby was actually still a nine-year-old child and Gargantua himself, after all, only an eleven- or twelve-year-old boy," she wrote.

She was there, along with about a hundred newspapermen, when the gorillas first saw each other. Toto's air-conditioned wagon was moved up close to Gargantua's, with steel doors separating the two wagons; then the doors were opened, and the two saw each other, still separated by bars and a safe distance. For a moment, they stared. Then Toto barked angrily. Gargantua behaved much as one would expect an animal whose nickname is Buddy to behave: he reached out between the bars in what looked like a friendly overture. Toto stamped and barked again. He tossed her a stalk of celery; she hurled it back in his face. Gargantua retired to sit moodily in a corner, and the steel doors were shut.



In Chicago, another attempt was made to let the gorillas see one another. "This time she tried to throw her bed at Gargantua," Mrs. Hoyt reported sadly. Further attempts were made now and then to acquaint the animals, but Toto was never receptive. Perhaps things would have been different if Mrs. Hoyt had left her alone, but Mrs. Hoyt didn't. For a long time, she couldn't. She followed the circus wherever it went, often sitting in the cage with the baby, and sometimes getting her clothes torn off in the dear old way. People loved to watch them together, and no wonder; one could never be sure what might happen. Once, Mrs. Hoyt tried to leave Toto to her fate, returning alone to Havana. She couldn't bear it, and soon she was back on the circuit, following Toto around. Finally, she moved to Sarasota.

Gargantua died near the end of 1949, of double pneumonia, and in a way he must have been glad to go, because his teeth were in rotten shape. In her book, Mrs. Lintz told a pathetic story about one of the last times she saw him. Unlike Mrs. Hoyt, she seldom paid her old pet a visit, but on one such occasion she found him asleep. When he woke up, he recognized her. He got to his feet and beat his breast in delight. Then "he crouched down again, as close to me as he could get, and with one finger pulled up his scarred lip," Mrs. Lintz wrote. "He had a gumboil over one of his last baby teeth, and he had confided his trouble to none of his keepers. But he knew I wouldn't let him have an ache in his mouth, or anywhere in his great body, if I could help it." She concluded, "Now all I could do was to report the sore tooth, and go home."

The harsh fact is that nobody dared to go into the cage to take care of Gargantua. Toto wasn't allowed to go in. Tomas later insisted that after Gargantua's death she grieved for him. If she did, her native stoicism concealed her feelings from everyone but Tomas, though she could hardly have failed to notice that he was no longer there in the cage next door.

Toto herself survived nearly two more decades. She died in 1968, at thirty-six, which was a good age to have been achieved by an obese old lady of a gorilla who, shortly before she passed on, weighed in at five hundred and seventy-five pounds. Mrs. Hoyt had her buried at Sarasota and saw to it that the grave was decorated daily with fresh flowers. Then the sorrowful woman went travelling on the Continent, as she had not dared to do since she had become a widow. She was killed in Vienna in an auto accident in 1969, a scant year after the death of her baby.

In retrospect, it seems possible that Gargantua and Toto might have managed to build a life together if only someone in authority had dared to take a chance and put them in the same cage. After one big scene and a lot of action, all might have gone well. But nobody did dare. For one thing, the animals were worth a lot of money. Besides, there was Maria Hoyt to reckon with.

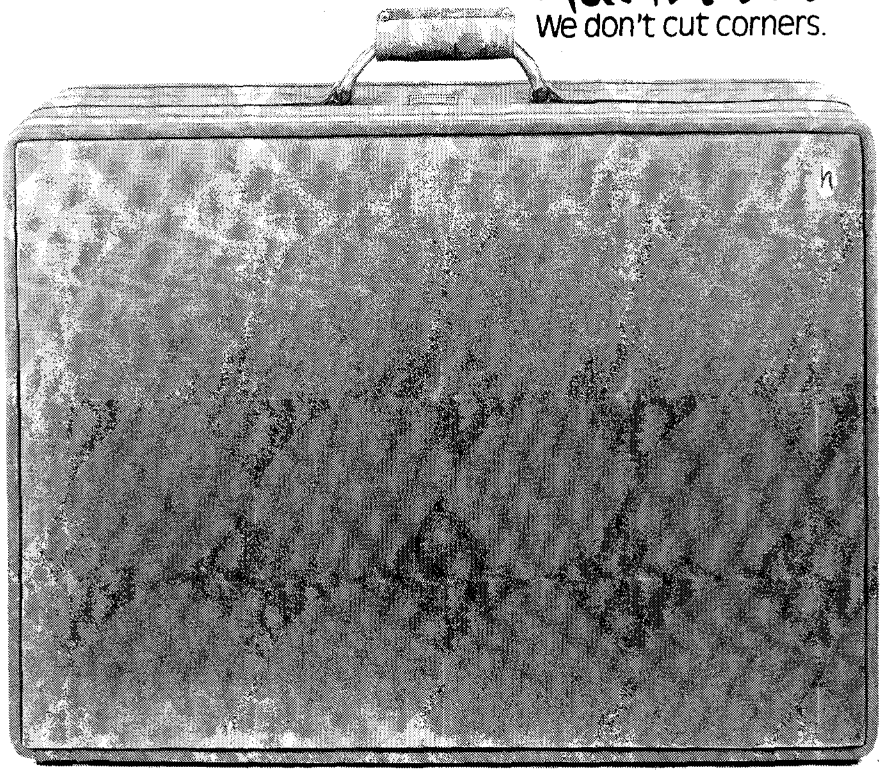
SOONER or later, one who observes captive gorillas and their guardians is bound to come up against moral questions posed by members of the public. For instance, a large number of people were deeply outraged by the behavior of Mrs. Hoyt in regard to Toto. Here was this stupid rich woman, they said, satisfying her warped maternal instinct by keeping an animal in expensive luxury, instead of giving her excess money to needy human beings. Then, when Toto grew big enough to be a nuisance, the woman handed her over to a circus, there to be exposed to vulgar publicity and the endlessly gaping crowd. I am not quite sure what I think of the morality of *l'affaire Toto*, though there is no doubt that it provided fascinating information about the species *G. gorilla gorilla*. What is beyond doubt is the sincerity of Mrs. Hoyt's *apologia pro vita sua* at the close of her book. Inundated with letters of criticism, she asked the world what else she might have been expected to do in the circumstances. She said, in effect, that there she and her husband were in the forest in French Equatorial Africa, staring with horror at

If this bag looks like a box, there's a good reason.

You can pack much more, much more neatly into the square corners of a box. Which is why Hartmann is designed like a box. Except much better looking.

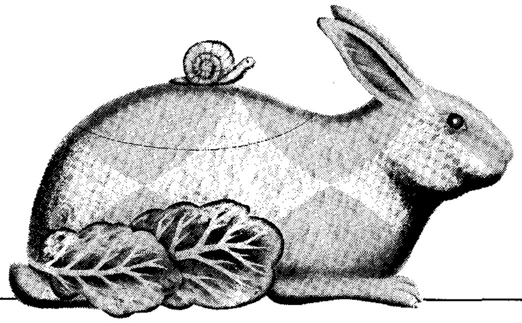
hartmann

We don't cut corners.



© 1980 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

Du Pont TEFLON® soil & stain repeller



Guests will see you're one jump ahead.

Trifles holds a delightful collection of fancies for friends to flip over. Wishes. What-ifs and why-nots. Wine glasses. Daydreams. Lollipops and lace. Temptations. Silver and silk. Baubles. Pinafores and pajamas. Bangles. Baby needs. And bright, shiny beads. To receive a series of enchanting catalogues, beginning with our Christmas issue, just fill in this coupon and mail, along with $2, to the address listed below.

NAME ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Box 344432
Dept. NB082

TRIFLES

Dallas, Texas
75234

SHOP SMART THIS FALL

One morning soon, there'll be a snap in the air, vivid colors all around, and you'll be thinking of Fall clothing. Shop smart this season by requesting The Talbots new Fall Catalog now.

With an eye for good taste and lasting value, we offer clothes, shoes and accessories that you'll wear, and feel good about wearing, for seasons to come.

You'll also enjoy The Talbots famous personal service and attention to detail, which we've offered for over 35 years—and always will.

Shop smart and enjoy the Fall in style.

For your free subscription to The Talbots Catalog,
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-225-8200
(IN MASS. 1-800-232-8181) or write
The Talbots, Dept. YN, Hingham, MA 02043

Name__________

Address__________

City______ State______ Zip______

The Talbots
Since 1947

Omaha Steaks International®

Try a little tenderness

Now there's an easy way to make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness.

Candlelight . . . soft music . . . and . . . magnificent, aged Omaha Steaks. Tender, luscious, corn-fed beef with extraordinary flavor. Perfect.

Experts prepare each filet from the finest tenderloins. Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of the utmost in enjoyment.

Your steaks will arrive frozen in a reusable picnic cooler. We guarantee your complete satisfaction. Order today!

Six 6 oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $47.50) . . $32.50
(plus $3.00 shipping/handling)

Save $15.00! Limit 2 per customer. Valid in 48 states until Aug. 31, 1982.

James Beard, noted food authority, says: "Omaha Steaks are everything I expect a good steak to be."

FREE WITH YOUR ORDER . . . The Omaha Steaks Cookbook, filled with easy-to-follow cooking instruction, helpful storing and serving hints, and recipes by James Beard, World Famous Food Authority. Also, a colorful catalog of gourmet treats with a 10% discount on your first catalog order. **Write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon only.**

Omaha Steaks International®
Use major credit card and
Call Free 1-800-228-9055
In Nebraska phone 1-402-391-3660 collect.
or write to: Dept. 1743, 4400 South 96th Street • Omaha, Nebraska 68127

"that terrible heap of dead gorillas," who looked even more human in death than they had in life. There was Toto in an African's grasp, kicking and biting and scratching, "her baby eyes wide with terror," and she seemed even more human than her dead relatives. And then, placed in Mrs. Hoyt's arms, "she became suddenly quiet" and nestled her head against the new warmth, clinging to the new arms, begging for protection, and trusting the woman to give it. Mrs. Hoyt adds, revealingly, that she gave no thought to the future at that moment, because she was too filled with guilt. That it was her husband's finger, and not hers, that had pulled the trigger for the first shot did not matter, she felt; it was *her* guilt. That was why all the rest of it happened.

Over the years, Mrs. Hoyt had often remembered the words of a Paris pediatrician she had called in to attend Toto: "You have here a charming fool. She will never be anything else." In sum, the trouble was that Toto could not be treated, however kindly, as one treats a dog, yet she was not quite human, either. Mrs. Hoyt reflected that it was probably like bringing up a mentally retarded child, though Toto's enormous strength rendered the analogy faulty. If I can see any moral to the Hoyt story, it is that women should not pick up baby gorillas.

—EMILY HAHN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

●

COROLLARIES WE NEVER GOT AROUND TO READING

[*From "Prolegomenon to a Theory of Religion," by Gerald James Larson, in the Journal of the American Academy of Religion*]

(3.1) *The Definition.* Within the context of these considerations, let me now proceed to suggest a definition of Religion and to offer as well two corollary definitions that grow out of the basic definition. I suggest the following: *Religion* is a "complete system of human communication" (or a "form of life") showing in primarily "commissive," "behabitive," and "exercitive" modes how a community comports itself when it encounters an "untranscendable negation of . . . possibilities."

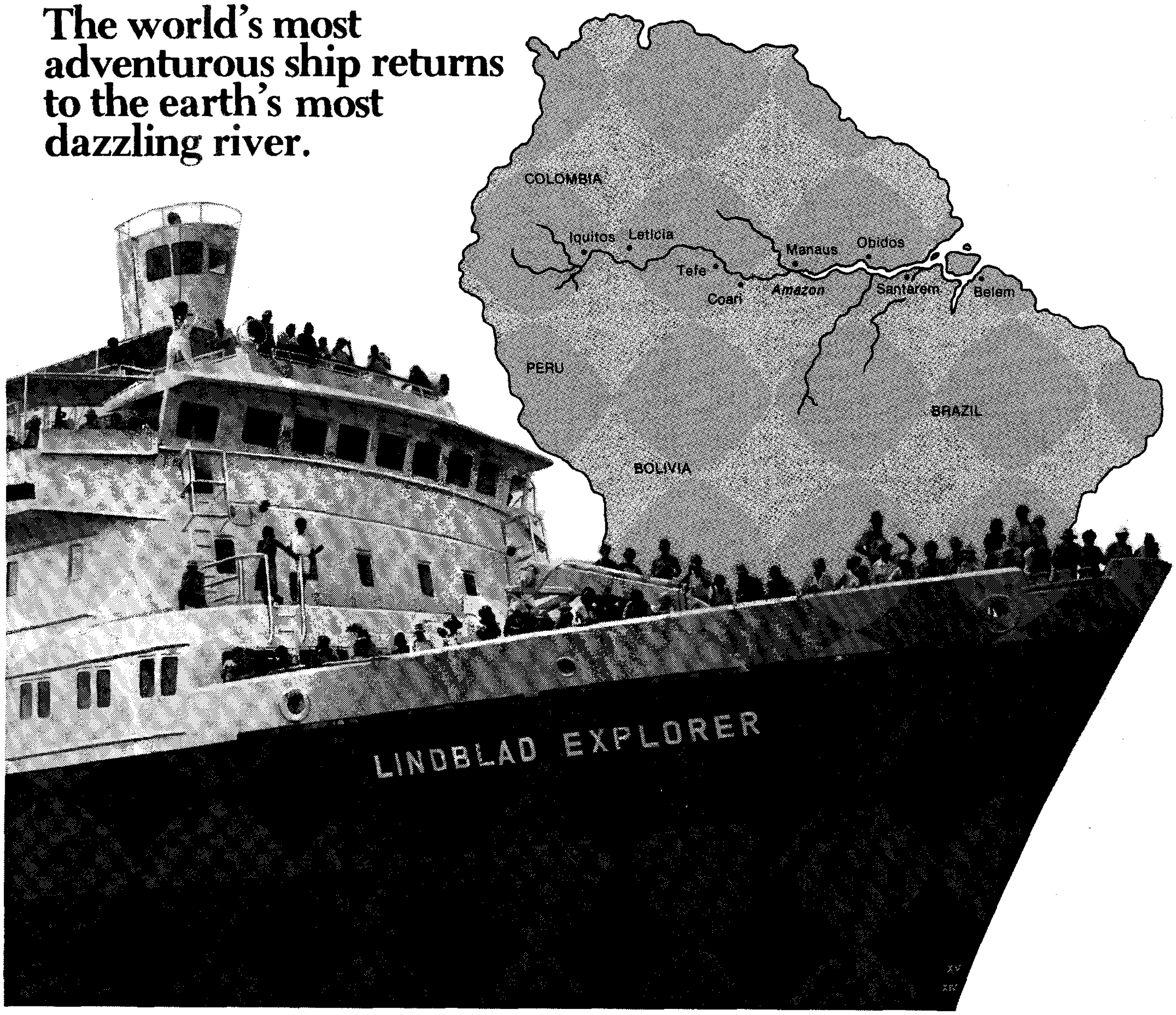
The two related corollary definitions are . . .

●

For a free phamphelt on the effects and treatment of carbon monoxide poisoning, write to the Phamphlet Library, Pennsylvania Department of Health, P.O. Box 90, Harrisburg, Pa. 17108.—*Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Times Leader.*

Too bad. One more shot and you'd have got it.

The world's most adventurous ship returns to the earth's most dazzling river.



Join the M.S. LINDBLAD EXPLORER on an incredible journey to Amazonia.

The Amazon River has its source in the Andes, and its delta on the Atlantic. It is the longest river in the world and the LINDBLAD EXPLORER will sail from Belem on the shores of Brazil to Iquitos in far off Peru—more than 2,000 miles away.

The Amazon basin contains one-third of the world's tropical rain forest and is the richest and oldest ecosystem on earth. Its wildlife statistics are staggering —14,000 species of mammals and 2,000 different fish. Electric fish, fish that walk, talk, fly, and fish that breathe air. Also, 2,500 different birds, including over 300 species of hummingbirds. The Amazon is a wonderland, but one so fragile it could die in a single generation.

The expedition will be led by Dr. Lyall Watson, eminent naturalist and anthropologist, and best-selling author of *Supernature* and other books. Other lecturers and naturalists include Dr. Richard Schultes, Director of Harvard's Botanical Museum, and Dr. Anne LaBastille, world authority on wildlife ecology.

The Amazon is still one of the most spectacular places on earth. On our exciting voyage the LINDBLAD EXPLORER will travel near the banks and investigate unexpected islands. Her fleet of zodiacs allow even closer observation. We'll visit the colorful markets of Indian river villages and discover splendid architecture of busy river ports. No ship is better equipped and more experienced for this adventure than the LINDBLAD EXPLORER.

Departures September 24 and October 17, 1982.

Salén Lindblad Cruising, Inc. Dept NY 809
133 E. 55th Street, New York, NY 10022 (212) 751-2300
Please send your AMAZON brochure to:

Name ______________________________
Address ____________________________
City _______________________________
State ____________________ Zip ____________

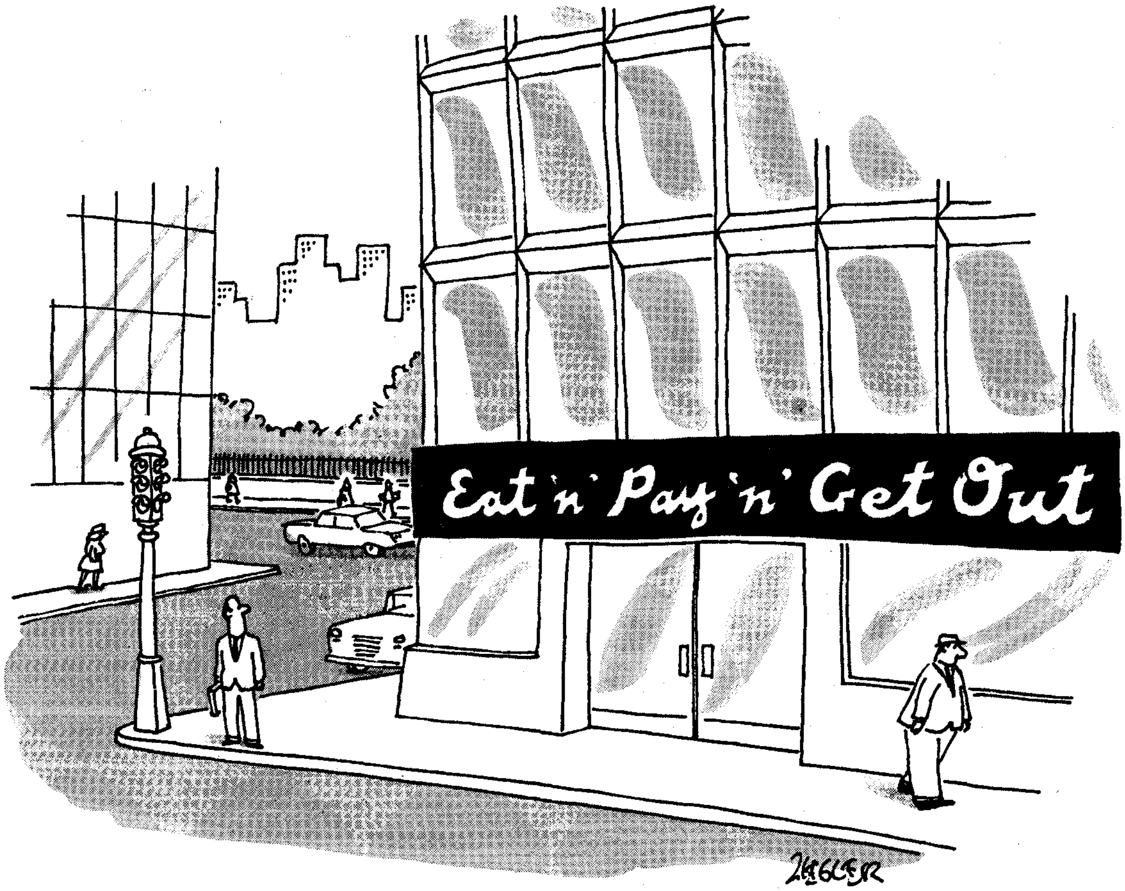
SALÉN LINDBLAD CRUISING, INC.

AROUND CITY HALL

Figuring

ONE morning early last month, the managing editor at Channel 5, a local independent television station, learned that at about noon that day Mayor Edward Koch was going to hold a City Hall press conference at which he would announce that in the first four months of 1982 the general crime rate here was down 5.1 per cent over the same period in 1981. The television editor, whose name is John Parsons, decided to keep track of some of the crimes that were committed in one small area of the city during the period between twelve and one o'clock, when the Mayor was holding his press conference. Getting word out that day about the drop in local crime was especially important to Mayor Koch for a couple of reasons. The following morning, at a hotel breakfast gathering of some five hundred political and civic leaders and members of the press, he was scheduled to meet Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, his only rival for the Democratic nomination for Governor, in the first formal debate of the Democratic primary campaign. Cuomo would almost certainly find a way to mention the city's high crime rate—there have been more than eighteen hundred murders here in each of the last two years—since Koch makes a point of being a strong law-and-order man and argues that he is ideally suited to taking over the direction of the state because of his success in bringing the major problems of the city under control. Also scheduled for the following day, soon after the end of the campaign debate, was a City Hall rally called by the Uniformed Forces Coalition, an alliance of unions representing members of the Police Department, the Housing Authority police, and the city's firemen and correction officers. The rally had been called to protest the fact that the union members—thirty-five thousand of them—were working without contracts, their former contracts with the city having expired on June 30th. Prospects for reaching new agreements in the near future seemed dim, because the Koch administration was offering four-per-cent a year increases, while the unions were demanding fourteen-per-cent annual raises and also ten-per-cent hazardous-duty bonuses. During the City Hall demonstration, Philip Caruso, the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and the most vocal of the Uniformed Coalition's spokesmen, would surely refer to the high local crime rate and attribute it to the low morale of the police, which he would in turn attribute to their distress over the low monetary value the city put on their services. If the Mayor could spread the word about the fall in the crime figures, it would be a big plus for his side—particularly if the editors of the *Times* were to demonstrate their gratification over good news from the Koch City Hall, as they often do, by featuring the good news on the *Times* front page the next morning.

By contrast, Parsons, the man at Channel 5, where the proportion of crime stories on the nightly-news agenda is high, took the more skeptical view that, from bitter personal experience, many New Yorkers would find it hard to credit reports of a drop in felonies here. He assigned the station's crime reporter, John Miller, and a camera crew to follow the police in two of the city's seventy-three precincts—Midtown North and Midtown South, in central Manhattan—as they responded to calls reporting crimes that were going on while the Mayor was meeting with City Hall reporters. During the press conference, in which he was joined by his police commissioner, Robert McGuire, Koch announced that from January through April of 1982, compared with the same period last year, not only was the general crime rate down 5.1 per cent but violent crime was down 8.2 per cent. Soon after the press conference ended, Miller and his team returned to the station with taped reports of crimes committed—all of them, of course, in broadest daylight—at four addresses. A jewelry store at 106 West Forty-seventh Street had lost a little over five thousand dollars in jewelry and cash in a holdup. In a warehouse loft on West Thirty-seventh Street, thirty-seven hundred dollars had been taken at gunpoint by two men wearing animal masks; the owner was too dis-


Eat 'n' Pay 'n' Get Out
ZIEGLER

"Estate planning? Why me? Everything's in Harry's name."

The new estate tax law could work against you if you don't watch out.

Even if your name isn't on a single piece of the family's property, your estate could end up being the one forced to pay all the death taxes.

That's why, as a New York Life Agent, I'd like to talk to both you and your husband about estate planning.

You see, if he dies before you, you can now inherit everything without paying one penny of federal estate taxes.

But all the family's property then ends up in your estate. And, unlike you, your heirs can't get off scot free. They'll have to pay the taxes when you die. Every cent.

New York Life insurance, though, can guarantee all the funds they need. When they need them, for just pennies on the dollar.

So ask me, your New York Life Agent. I'll help you and your husband make sure the new estate tax law works for, not against, both of you.

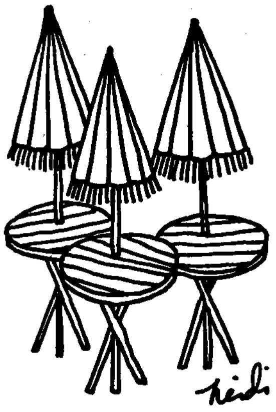
NEW YORK LIFE

"Ask me."

New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Life, Group and Health Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans.

traught to say what animals. At Forty-second Street and Broadway, the Ninth Federal Savings & Loan Association had been relieved of a sum rumored to be in five figures; in accordance with the current policy of local bankers, the specific loss was not made public, because, as the bank officials told Miller, "it would only encourage them to come back tomorrow." And at 227 West Twenty-ninth Street the police had responded to a burglary report at Elegant Merchandising, Inc., another jewelry firm. They found that the place had been looted but that there was no sign of the proprietors, and it turned out later that there was a good explanation for this. The owners had been locked in the company vault by two armed men posing as customers, who had then made off with between two and a half million and three million dollars' worth of gold bars, gold chains, and other jewelry. This was the only one of the four crimes which was considered worth a story in the next day's papers; the *Times*, for example, gave it two paragraphs in its second section.

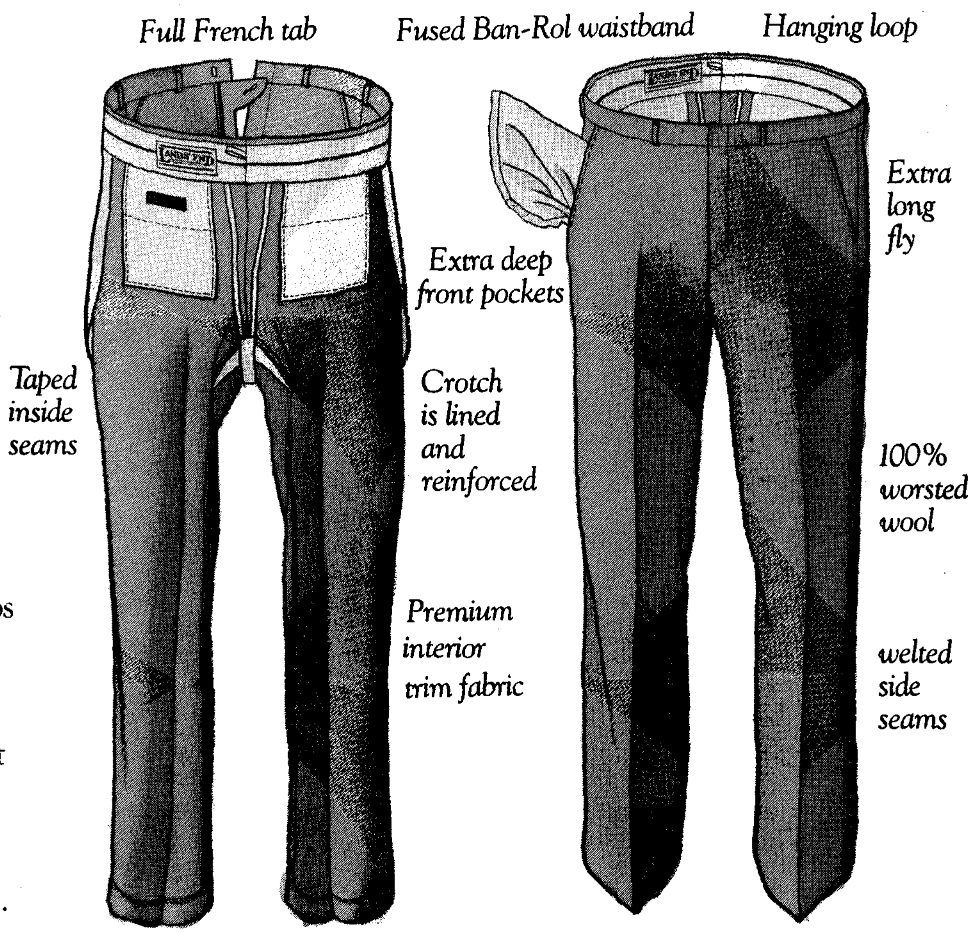
That night's Channel 5 news broadcast showed the Mayor at his press conference saying that he was pleased and encouraged by the decrease in crime in the city. This report was followed by scenes from the various stops made by Miller and his crew on their noonday tour. The crime victims, caught by the camera in the first few minutes after the police arrived, looked shaken and in some cases bruised, and kept asking what the city was coming to. The proprietors of Elegant Merchandising, Inc., the big losers, had not been available until later that day. They had not been released until about four o'clock in the afternoon, after they managed to shove the combination of the vault under the door to rescuers. One of the proprietors was taken to the hospital with a possible heart attack. Returning to the scene, John Miller asked the other survivor of the hours in the vault how he felt about the reports from City Hall that local crime was down. "Not so good," he said. Word that this revisionist version of New York City crime conditions had gone out over Channel 5 was especially unwelcome to the directors of the Mayor's gubernatorial campaign. Unlike the local-news reports of the major networks, those of the three independent stations, including Channel 5, are carried on cable to many upstate areas, and thus reach voters from outside the city. During Koch's future campaign stops in their neighborhoods, such voters might respond with mixed feelings to his standard campaign vow that, as Governor, he will bring to the state as a whole the benefits that, as Mayor, he has brought to the people of this city.



The following morning, the headline "VIOLENT CRIMES IN NEW YORK FELL 8.2%" appeared on the *Times*' front page—and above the fold at that. (The *News* gave the story a small box on page 18.) The civic satisfaction reflected in the *Times* headline was somewhat belied in the accompanying article, in which the paper's City Hall bureau chief, Michael Goodwin, quoted a specialist in criminal statistics at the Carnegie-Mellon University as saying that the reported decrease "could be a fluke," and that "no one should have terribly much faith in one four-month period or see that as a turnaround." The major element in the reported crime drop was a 14.4-per-cent decrease in murder and non-negligent homicide, which Commissioner McGuire said he could not really explain. "We do not in any sense take credit for the homicide decline," he said, adding that such developments "seem to have a life of their own." Reporters at the press conference reminded the Mayor that in the past he had refused to take the blame for soaring city crime rates and had said that criminal activity was on the increase all over the nation. The Mayor told them that his actions were not contradictory, since he wasn't taking *all* the credit for the current decrease, and that he would naturally put out good news and let others handle the bad news from City Hall. Goodwin noted in his story that more typically the Koch administration had publicized local crime figures by stuffing them unannounced in reporters' mailboxes at Police Headquarters. This was the way the administration had handled the statistics for the first three months of the year, which were released in May, though they had also been encouraging; indeed, they had been almost the same as the ones for the first four months of the year, which were now being released with such fanfare. In May, however, the Mayor's campaign for Governor had not really got under way. When a reporter asked him if the release of the latest figures in a full-scale press conference had anything to do with his campaign to move to Albany, Koch asked, "What's wrong with that?"—one more indication that 1982 will be more of a pre-gubernatorial than a mayoral year at City Hall.

THE next morning, at the debate of the Democratic candidates for Governor, which was sponsored by the *Post*, Cuomo, Koch's opponent, mentioned the encouraging statistics reported in the *Times* but maintained that the question was not how much local crime had decreased since early 1981, when Koch was in his fourth year as Mayor, but how much it had decreased since 1977, the year before he took office. In 1977, according to Cuomo, there were a hundred and twenty-four thousand fewer crimes in the city than there were last year. (Lewis Lehrman, who is considered the front-runner of the Republican candidates for Governor, preferred the line that crime was down in Koch's fifth year at City Hall because there was nothing left in the city to steal.) To general surprise, the first Koch-Cuomo debate was not one more triumph for the Mayor, who has a well-deserved reputation as New York's great communicator. For the first time anyone could remember, most of the reporters present did not crowd around Koch after a public performance but around his opponent. The Mayor had seemed poorly prepared and ill at ease. Possibly reflecting Cuomo's campaign song, which is the theme from "Rocky," the headline on *Newsday's* story the following day was "THE 'NEW' CUOMO COMES OUT FIGHTING," and that in the *News* was "MARIO BY TKO IN ROUND 1." On February 24th, two days after Koch announced that he had decided to make the race for Albany, and promised to be the Governor of all the people of the state, the celebrated *Playboy* interview had hit the stands, quoting him as he scornfully put down the life led by residents of rural areas, by suburbanites—indeed, by anyone who had chosen to live outside New York City. Commenting that February night on the storm of criticism directed at the Mayor, Koch's media adviser,

We turned a lot of pants inside out before specifying the trousers in the Lands' End Charter Collection



INSIDE BACK VIEW

OUTSIDE FRONT VIEW

Before electing to get into traditional clothing, we asked ourselves some hard questions, the kind you owe it to yourself to ask, next time you shop for a pair of slacks...

What should a really good trouser have? How should it be made?

Our findings and what we did about them.

- ☐ We found most front pockets are too shallow at 12 inches. (Ours are now 13.)
- ☐ Most watch pockets with flaps are too bulky. (Lands' End watch pockets have no flaps.)
- ☐ A quality pocket fabric prolongs trouser life. (We don't cut corners here.)
- ☐ Trousers tend to sag in the center of the back. (We've added an extra center belt loop. Plus a "locker loop" for noontime racquetball players.)
- ☐ Expensive pants shouldn't have ragged interior seams. (We tape ours, and reinforce the crotch seam while we're at it.)
- ☐ A curled waistband looks sloppy. (Ours has Ban-Rol and, because neatness counts, our trousers have ¼-inch welted side seams.)

A kind of breakthrough.

None of the above items in itself is a major improvement, but to put them all into one pair of pants is some sort of breakthrough—even if we priced them at $70 to $80.

Yet these features are yours in the Lands' End Charter Collection priced from $39.50 to $49.50. If you take the time to comparison shop, you'll find that's a little astonishing.

Not one fabric, but four.

We offer three 100% worsted wool fabrics—flannel, gabardine and tartan plaid. Plus: a 65/35 tropical worsted.

As always, our objective has been a simple one. To be sure we're offering *quality*, at a reasonable *price*, that we can support with proper *service*. Backed by an unconditional *guarantee*.

Try us. Send for a catalog. Better still, call our 24-hour toll-free number: 800-356-4444.

You'll find that, along with our trousers, we'll turn ourselves inside out to serve you.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford button-down shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

☐ **Please send free 92-page catalog.**
Lands' End Dept. G-10
Dodgeville, WI. 53533

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________ Zip ________

Or call Toll-free
800-356-4444
(Except Wisconsin, call 608-935-2788)

Festival of Festivals

Toronto, Sept. 9-18, 1982

It's the world's largest public celebration of the cinema. It's seven years old this year and going for glory. It's a nine-day marathon of screenings, gala affairs, presentations, tributes and your best chance to meet the stars, directors and glitterati who make your favourite films.

This year's festival presents a special tribute to 20th Century-Fox Studios, spanning the years 1935-1982 with a selection of over 40 classic pictures.

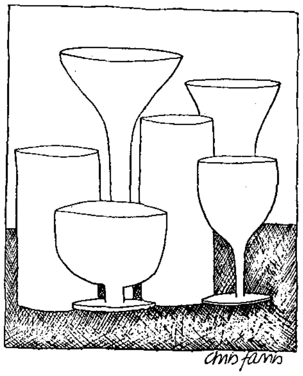
A gala presentation will be made to a member of the international film community, and important new films will be premiered.

It's a chance to see and meet the people behind the pictures and discover some rising new faces. Get in on the lights, the cameras and the action.

For more information call TOLL FREE, **1-800-828-8585**, or **1-800-462-8404** in N.Y. State.

ONTARIO yours to discover!®

David Garth, said, "Some days you eat the bear. Some days the bear eats you." Koch insists that the *Playboy* remarks are now a forgotten issue, though in trying to counter them he has gone as far as to be photographed milking a cow in a campaign visit to Chautauqua County. His opponents, of course, have not forgotten. Lehrman used the *Playboy* comments to advantage last month when he, Koch, Cuomo, and Lehrman's Republican primary opponent, former United States Attorney Paul Curran, made a joint appearance before the New York Farm Bureau Public Policy Conference in Liverpool, New York. Asked why he was running for Governor, Lehrman, who lives on Park Avenue and formerly had an apartment at 810 Fifth Avenue, where—as Curran keeps pointing out—"the Rockefellers live," said, "I looked at my wife, Louise, in her gingham dress and then I jumped into my pickup truck . . ." The rest of his answer was drowned out by the farmers' laughter, in which Koch did not join. The subject even came up when the Mayor made a brief appearance in late June at the mid-term Democratic conference in Philadelphia, happening to arrive—and creating a small commotion—while former Vice-President Walter Mondale was addressing the conference's agricultural seminar. Interrupting himself, Mondale said, "Here comes one of the great farmers of our time," which also got a good laugh. After last month's first debate with Cuomo, Koch conceded, philosophically, that some days the bear eats you. In two subsequent debates between the two Democrats, observers generally agreed that the political chewing up had been on a more even basis.



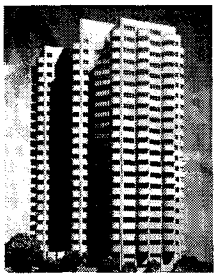
When the Mayor got back to City Hall after his first debate with Cuomo, members of the Uniformed Coalition were already gathering there. By shortly after noon, according to some estimates, the demonstrators, who had marched down Broadway from Union Square, the traditional rallying point of the labor movement, numbered as many as ten thousand. Six hundred and twenty-five on-duty police, many of them collecting overtime, were on hand to keep their off-duty colleagues and other members of the coalition in line. Koch did not try to meet with the leaders of the protest; instead, he left to have lunch with friends. It was doubtless especially distressing to the Mayor to be the target of a demonstration by the uniformed employees, who—though he has often engaged in pitched battles with the leaders of other municipal employees' unions—had nearly always been his allies. Now members of his former cheering section were circling City Hall chanting, "We don't want no four per cent/Four per cent won't pay the rent," and waving signs that read "Koch Supports Banks Before People." One sign said, "Mayor Koch. I am a police officer. In the event of my death, my family bitterly opposes your presence at my funeral." (In his years as Mayor, Koch has almost never missed the funeral of a fireman or a policeman killed in the line of duty.) Caruso, as he spoke to the demonstrators through a bullhorn, held up a bulletproof vest marked with ersatz bloodstains that read "4%." Nearby, an off-duty police officer was distributing printed maps that showed the number of murders committed last year in each of the city's seventy-three precincts. Above the map was a message: "While the slaughter of citizens continues in the city and people are afraid to walk in the streets, our mayor is running all over the state seeking votes. Can you imagine how many more people will be murdered in New York State if the Mayor becomes Governor? Oh God; Please Not." Of City Hall's refusal to agree to fourteen-per-cent annual raises, Caruso said the next day, "This is not the Mayor Koch we know, nor is it the Mayor Koch we endorsed," and he suggested that the uniformed services might withdraw their support for the Mayor in the Governor's race.

THE thirty-five thousand men and women represented by the Uniformed Forces Coalition are not the only municipal employees who have been working without a contract this summer. Most of the city's two hundred thousand other employees—hospital workers, clerks, librarians, and so on—have also been without a contract since midnight June 30th, although no members of the larger group, whose leaders have been bargaining with the city separately from those of the uniformed forces, have so far marched on City Hall. Trying to remember what some advance man just said about defecting district leaders in Buffalo and Watertown while demonstrators just outside your window accuse you of accelerating the local murder rate by running all over the state looking for votes is the kind of challenge that faces someone who, like Koch, must perform the duties of one office while he is seeking another. This used to be accepted political routine. The old precept was that a politician who was out of office was in a poor position to run for anything—he would have no platform to speak from. Nowadays, of course, a candidate with money in the bank can hire himself a platform in the form of television time. Picking and choosing among issues, he can expound his theories on how to solve problems that worry the voters without the responsibility of having to solve them in real life and at close quarters, as he would have to if he were holding some political post. In December of 1973, when Nelson Rockefeller decided to make one final, all-out pursuit of the Presidency, he resigned as Governor of New York. And the last two Presidential campaigns were won by former Governors, some years out of office, who were free to travel about, take stands, and track down voters, and were also free of an officeholder's pesky and unpredictable day-to-day chores.

Koch's decision to do things the old-fashioned way—to pursue the Governorship while earning his pay as Mayor—has had some consequences for the city. There is a pattern to municipal events. For example, every two years, in the late spring, shortly before the contracts of most city employees come up for renewal, there is a prolonged dustup. Wildly contrasting numbers representing what the workers won't settle for a penny less than and what the city won't give a penny more than are flung back and forth like weapons. There are public exchanges of insults, and cries of "Never!" At all-night meetings, there are threats of political reprisal, of strikes, and of "diminished dedication"—that is, rule-book slowdowns, which the uniformed forces engaged in briefly last month. Then, suddenly, often at almost literally the eleventh hour on the night of June 30th, the numbers begin to come together, irreconcilable

It may not please you to learn that the world's best address is now Ten Five Sixty.

The grand opening of Ten Five Sixty challenges the position and prestige of every other residential address. This news may not comfort those complacent souls who have stopped making an effort to acquire the best of everything. But it should certainly stimulate the imaginations of those who are always ready to discover new horizons, entertain new ideas and welcome new friends. This unique twenty-two story condominium tower now welcomes you to a collection of highly important single level, townhome and penthouse residences. Featuring extraordinary security and life safety systems. Valet parking, concierge and other services. Maids' quarters. Social and physical fitness facilities. With every possible amenity and panoramic views. From one-half million dollars, the best address on Wilshire speaks for itself.



By appointment only. Telephone (213) 859-0606.
Ten Five Sixty Wilshire Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California 90024.

Agent: Merrill Lynch Realty/Sandler-Adler
Offer void in states where prohibited by law.

TEN
FIVE
SIXTY
The Address on
Wilshire Boulevard

Your Garden Is Our World

Horticulture is a magazine about plants: how to find them, grow them, use them, and enjoy them. It deals with practically every aspect of gardening from tropicals to vegetables, soil improvement to garden design. More important, each topic is covered thoroughly and accurately, with illustrations that are both informative and handsome. The writing is lively and intelligent, providing advice without preaching. It is, in short, a magazine not only for gardeners who like to read, but also for readers who like to garden.

A subscription to *Horticulture, The Magazine of American Gardening,* is $18 for 12 monthly issues, $30 for 24 issues.

Horticulture
The Magazine of American Gardening
3300 Walnut St., Boulder, CO 80323

Start my subscription

☐ 1 year — $18 (12 Issues) ☐ 2 years — $30 (24 Issues)
Foreign postage: $6 per year

Name
Address
City State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me
Charge my: ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AmEx

Account # Exp. Date

Signature 5NY55

conflicts are reconciled, things somehow fall into place, and everyone calls it a settlement. Some observers believe that the Mayor's plans to move to Albany have something to do with the fact that the pattern has been disrupted this year. There is a great variation in the wages of municipal employees—those of the members of the uniformed forces are for the most part much higher—but the annual percentages of increase are, by tradition, closely related. In his campaign speeches, Koch frequently presents himself as the Mayor who talked tough with the municipal unions and held them in line after decades of City Hall indulgence. His standard example of such hard-lining is what followed the settlement with the Transport Workers Union—who are technically employees of a state agency—in April of 1980. Koch denounced the terms on which Governor Carey decided to end an eleven-day transit strike that month as an example of "caving in" to the labor unions, and insisted that the terms his administration later worked out with the municipal employees were far less generous. This spring, the transit workers allowed their contract demands to be settled by a panel of arbitrators, who awarded them increases amounting to twenty per cent over three years. Koch's determination to maintain his boasted-about record and bring in the 1982 settlement with city workers at a lower figure is generally thought to be among the principal factors holding up negotiations. There is some nervousness that this point may loom so large with the Mayor that he wouldn't at all mind having a settlement delayed—leaving the restive workers and their volatile leaders slowly twisting without a contract—until after the primary, or even after the general election.

The failure to reach agreement with the unions has had a consequence of its own. By custom, there is another familiar late-June local crisis involving all-night meetings and exchanges of threats and insults. An annual affair in this case, it, too, customarily subsides at the eleventh hour—when the various elements of city government finally reach agreement on a budget in time for the beginning of the new fiscal year. This year, a budget was duly passed, and was certified as being in balance by the State Financial Control Board, which by law oversees the city's financial condition. In his campaign speeches, the Mayor can now mention that his administration has achieved a balanced budget for a third straight year. But while this line may play in Utica, using it on the local scene is a somewhat risky affair—as is the budget itself. The Control Board found the city's estimates of costs and revenues so fraught with uncertainties that it was willing to give the budget only an interim—that is, temporary—certification. The uncertainties included funds from the state and federal governments which might not be available and—what the Board identified as most disturbing of all—provision for only three-per-cent annual raises for municipal workers, although there was never a chance that the contracts would come in at such a figure, and every additional point of increase will cost the city fifty-five million dollars. The Control Board will reëxamine the budget's state of balance after a settlement with the unions is reached.

The Control Board's failure to certify the budget on anything but an interim basis may affect the city in various ways. In his first debate with Cuomo, the Mayor noted that before he took office the city, still suffering from the effects of the fiscal crisis, did not have an investment-grade rating for its bonds. Standard & Poor's has since given them a rating at its lowest investment-grade level. Moody's Investors Service still declines to give them any investment-grade rating. The fact that the Control Board was willing to pronounce the budget balanced only on an interim basis might force the city to delay the bond issue it had scheduled to go to the market with this fall—a development that could have serious consequences for New Yorkers in and out of City Hall, no matter who is elected Governor.

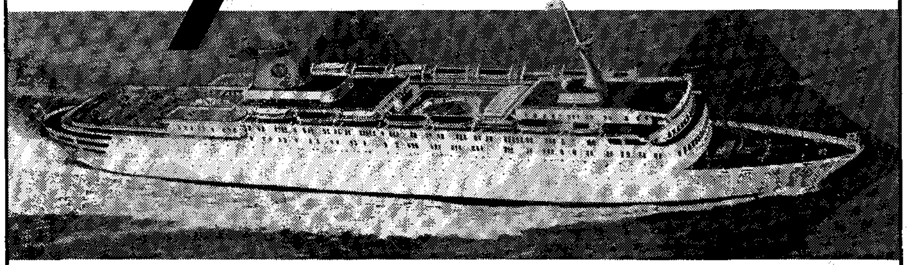
THERE are other reasons that a sense of dislocation prevails at City Hall just now. According to the standard political calendar, after long months of campaigning the winners of elections are sworn in on January 1st, and everybody can then get down to—or back to—confronting the critical problems of government that they were elected to deal with and have been bragging about dealing with all through the campaign. This year, three weeks after Koch was sworn in for a second term as Mayor, he told reporters that he was considering running for Governor. Four weeks after that, he announced that he would be a candidate, and so insured that, for the second year in a row, a large share of the time and energy he might otherwise devote to resolving the numerous crises that face the city would be taken up by the preoccupations of campaigning for office.

The Mayor's end of City Hall isn't the only place where the usual routine has been disrupted. Like the Mayor, the forty-three members of the City Council were up for reëlection last year, and they worked their way through the campaign process until just before the scheduled primary, in September. The process had been complicated by the requirement that, to accommodate the results of the latest census, new lines be drawn for the thirty-three Council members who are elected by district. Two days before the primary, a panel of federal judges held that in redrawing the district lines local authorities had failed to comply with the provisions of the 1965 Voting Rights Act, and the primary was cancelled. The Justice Department ruled soon afterward that the reapportionment had discriminated against minority voters. It was not until early June that newly drawn Council districts were ruled acceptable by the Justice Department, and the Council members' campaigns, begun in the spring of 1981, finally got under way again. The election of the ten Council members-at-large—two from each of the five boroughs—was also called off last year. A federal district court held last fall that the at-large posts violated the one-man, one-vote rule, because, for example, the votes of the two members from Staten Island (pop. 350,000) had the same weight as those of the two from Brooklyn (pop. 2,230,000). By court order, the members-at-large have been allowed to continue in office until a special commission comes up, sometime next year, with a proposal to resolve the problem of the at-large seats, which may involve abolishing them. Among the aspects of the current political scene which some people find unsettling is the fact that all forty-three members of the Council are continuing in office although the terms to which they were

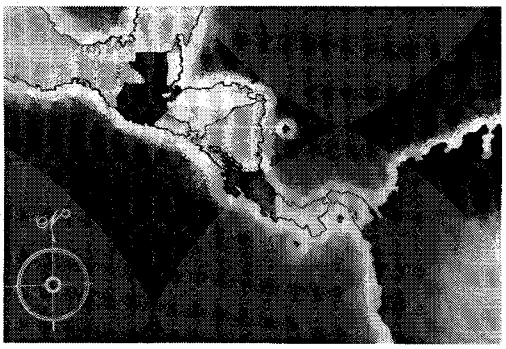
Next Winter's
Most Exciting Cruises

The All-New

M/V ATLANTIC
33,800 tons



Meets
THE PACIFIC



17-Day Panama Canal Cruises

Sail in wonder through a man-made 50-mile passageway cut thru jungles and mountains, with colossal locks lifting and lowering your ship from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Choose from 2 varied 17-day itineraries that include the Mexican Riviera, South America and exciting Caribbean ports. Or combine both for a 35-day cruise with the ship as your hotel for 2 days and 1 night in Los Angeles.

The new ATLANTIC is outstanding, too. The largest Lido Deck afloat with an outdoor pool and an all-weather Magrodome pool with retractable roof. 23 beautiful public rooms. Fully a third of the accommodations are Cabins Deluxe with sitting room and bedroom. Liberian Registry.

Feb. 12, 1983 - 17 Days - Florida to California
Mar. 2, 1983 - 17 Days - California to Florida

Feb. 12 to Mar. 19, 1983 - 35 Days - Florida to California and return

Florida departure from Fort Lauderdale/Port Everglades
California departure from Los Angeles

And You Fly Free Both Ways Too!

HOME LINES

Book Through Your Travel Agent

Home Lines Cruises Inc. One World Trade Center. Suite 3969. N.Y. 10048
Please send your free Panama Canal Cruise Brochure
Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____
My Travel Agent is ____

Unrivalled for Quality Service... Home Lines Famous Italian Personnel N

Lilies for Naturalizing

Gardeners with a bit of open ground have long delighted in naturalizing bulbs for an early spring display that repeats itself annually. It is now possible to extend that display into mid-summer with a collection of Lilies especially selected for naturalizing. The bulbs are seedlings from crosses made by a fine hybridizer in an effort to develop better varieties for forcing, and the parents include some of the most elegant flowers ever seen, with heights generally in the 2-foot range—short enough, that is, not to need staking.

The mixture is blended to emphasize the paler tones most appropriate to a natural setting. The composition is approximately 40% deep red, light red, and orange; 40% yellow, pale yellow, and white; 20% rose, pink, and pale pink. The effect is marvelous and the price, $75 per hundred, $40 for 50 bulbs, is laughably low by today's standards. Yes, it's more than Daffodils, but not a lot more.

Please order Lily Naturalizing Collection, 84200, by 50s or 100s and add 10% for delivery east of the Mississippi, 15% west. (CT residents add sales tax.) Phone orders to MasterCard and Visa accounts are welcome weekdays at 203-567-0801. Bulbs will be dispatched in good time for planting and, of course, all shipments will be accompanied by complete cultural instructions.

—Amos Pettingill

White Flower Farm
Plantsmen
Litchfield 9037, Connecticut 06759-0050

elected expired last December 31st.

There were members of the audience at Koch's first debate with Cuomo who got the impression that the Mayor might have had some second thoughts about the decision to run for Governor. After all, in an era of rising unemployment he already had a job, and one that he had often said he enjoyed more than anything else he could possibly do. The *News* columnist Beth Fallon, who awarded the match to the challenger ("CUOMO, 10 ROUNDS, KOCH ZERO, OR POSSIBLY ONE"), noted that the Mayor didn't seem to be having any fun. "He spoke angrily for the entire seventy minutes. . . . He was just nasty, like a guest who has been dragooned into attending a party he'd rather skip and is determined to show just how irritated he is to be there." There was speculation that one source of his irritation might have been a poll released that morning by the Gannett News Service. A *Post* poll in June had put Koch sixteen points ahead. The one passed around at the breakfast showed Cuomo only eight points behind Koch in the primary. In the category of "Democrats most likely to vote," Cuomo was ahead forty-three points to forty.

When the Mayor announced his decision to run, in February, his resounding seventy-five-per-cent victory on both the Republican and the Democratic tickets in the mayoral election was still fresh in everyone's mind here. Like the majority of his political advisers, Koch's experience in New York politics had been almost entirely in the five boroughs. In mid-May, after he made a campaign speech in Cooperstown, a reporter asked him if he knew what county he was in. "Oneonta?" Koch tried, gamely. He was told that Oneonta and Cooperstown were both in Otsego County. "How did I do otherwise?" the Mayor asked. He may have been persuaded that his proven vote-getting ability and brilliance as a campaigner on the local scene meant that winning the Governor's race would be relatively easy, especially since his only probable Democratic opponent would be Cuomo, whom he had beaten in the 1977 mayoral race. Despite last month's Gannett poll, most students of the situation continue to give Koch an edge in the primary. However, if the Mayor wins in September, Cuomo will still be in the race against him in the general election, running on the Liberal Party line.

Nor does the race look like a breeze on the Republican side. In February, Lewis Lehrman, the major stockholder in the Rite Aid drugstore chain, who is said to have a personal fortune of thirty million dollars, was being treated only as a rich, eccentric political outsider. Now he has the formal Republican Party designation and has said of his pursuit of the Governorship, "We'll spend what we have to to win."

A CHANGE at City Hall that some regulars there are only beginning to get used to is the new amity between the Mayor and City Council President Carol Bellamy. In the past, Koch has often complained of what he has characterized as her negative attitude—particularly her public statements implying that he does not think in long-range terms about such matters as foster care, tax abatements, and health care for city employees. A Bellamy communication on this last subject was what preceded the interviews last winter in which he described her as an overrated incompetent and a "horror show." Nowadays, the Mayor speaks well of her at every opportunity. For her part, she has endorsed him, and she even stood in for him on one occasion, at a meeting where Cuomo also appeared. She explains her new air of accommodation as reflecting satisfaction in the Mayor's recent willingness to follow up on some of her proposals. She concedes that it is also self-serving; after all, according to the provisions of the City Charter, if Koch's campaign for the Governorship succeeds she will become Mayor—the city's first woman Mayor. Meanwhile, the would-be Governor's good will and gallantry could well have something to do with a desire to ward off charges that he was laying plans to move on to Albany in spite of the fact that it would mean leaving the city in the hands of someone he held in the lowest regard. During the *Post*-sponsored debate with Cuomo, the Lieutenant Governor tried to make this point. Whenever Koch left the country during his term as Mayor, Cuomo noted, he had designated not Miss

Bellamy but a Deputy Mayor to act for him in his absence, and so had shown a lack of faith in her abilities. "It is not appropriate for you to attack or defame Carol Bellamy," the Mayor said, and he seemed taken aback by the shouts of laughter that followed.

Although Miss Bellamy will succeed Koch if he is elected Governor, the City Charter requires that an election for Mayor be held in November of 1983. The state legislators set the primary date, and could schedule it as early as next June—which, of course, would give Miss Bellamy almost no time to establish herself as Mayor before the start of the election campaign. While she is trying to demonstrate her mayoral abilities, eight or ten other local officeholders with their eyes on the mayoralty will be trying to prove their own qualifications—an endeavor that may encourage them to make life as rough as possible for the person they will no doubt treat as the temporary incumbent. The only clear prospect is that, if Koch is elected Governor, 1983 will be a stormy and probably ugly political time here and that New Yorkers, who had a municipal election last year and face a City Council election this year, will be going to the polls again in November of 1983. The proposal of the special commission charged with devising a plan to resolve the Council member-at-large problem will also be put to the voters that month if the plan recommends that the at-large posts be kept on some basis. If the legislation passes, elections for those offices will be held in 1984, when all state legislators and New York members of the House of Representatives will also be running, as they are this year. Then, in 1985, the time will have rolled around for the regular, quadrennial city elections. Taking the most grisly view of things, what could lie ahead until the dust finally settles, in January of 1986, is a period of several years when you can hardly see the government here for the politics and when the most familiar chant on the City Hall scene will be "Hey, we could never do that. It's an election year." —ANDY LOGAN

◆

"I'm not the prettiest girl you've ever seen or the best singer you've ever heard or the best actress you've ever seen, but with a soupspoon of courage and a dash of discipline you can make a small bit of talent go a long way," she said.—*Sarasota Herald-Tribune.*

A dab of French's mustard behind each ear helps, too.

PURE WOOL
Lambswool—
merino extrafine
Consummately soft, an extraordinary wool in a superlative sweater set.
JACQUES deLOUX
Bucks County, PA
1410 Broadway, New York, NY 10018

Hers: Lambswool, Merino Extrafine cable front sweater with three button placket.
His: Lambswool, Merino Extrafine cardigan.
MADE IN USA

OUR MERRY CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE IS COMING!

Not to be missed — the 1982 Lord & Taylor Christmas Book, our annual celebration of gifts, fashion, decoration and every amenity for holiday entertaining, selected just for your own merry American Christmas. Send 3.00 and this coupon today to reserve your copy.

Please send me the Lord & Taylor 1982 Christmas Catalogue by return mail.
Enclosed is 3.00

Mail Order Department • Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10018

Name ____________________
Address ____________________ Apt. ______
City ______________ State ______ Zip ______
☐ Please include an application for a Lord & Taylor charge account. NYM-2

MUSICAL EVENTS

Marriages

SANTA FE has been for many years a private haven for writers and artists. Now it has a flourishing public artistic life, and this summer it is the host of an unusually wide range of events. The Santa Fe Opera, the best-established of the local ventures, is in its twenty-sixth season. It is presenting one world première, George Rochberg's "The Confidence Man;" two rarities, Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon" and Richard Strauss's "Die Liebe der Danae;" and two standard repertory works, Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" and Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus." The Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival is celebrating its tenth anniversary, and has organized a National Symposium of Critics and Composers, which has drawn many musicians and writers on music to the city; the festival's concert programs are given over in part to "A Celebration of American Music," which includes recent works by Mr. Rochberg, Ned Rorem, John Harbison, and others. These events seem to have acted as a magnet to other companies. The Dallas Ballet is visiting Santa Fe to present the American première of Flemming Flindt's "Salome," to a score by Peter Maxwell Davies. Members of the National Theatre of Great Britain are in residence at the Greer Garson Theatre Center, giving lectures and demonstrations, and presenting plays by Shaw, Michael Frayn, and Brian Friel. There are orchestral concerts in nearby Taos, a free concert by local musicians in St. Francis Cathedral, and more.

On some of these musical events, including Mr. Rochberg's new opera, Andrew Porter will report here. The opening productions of the opera season have set enviably high standards, and the first concerts of the Chamber Music Festival have offered some fine pieces. The "Figaro," conducted by Edo de Waart and directed by Rhoda Levine, is distinguished: both musically and dramatically it is well thought out, and it is played with a rare sense of ensemble—of characters and emotions carefully interwoven. From the deliciously detailed behavior of Miss Levine's chorus, one can conclude that this Count Almaviva has a trace of Don Giovanni about him. He has exercised his droit du seigneur indiscriminately, to the evident delight of his wide-eyed, brainless female servants; their male companions are a crowd of surly, discontented Masettos, who are pleased to abet the Count's downfall. Barbarina (Monique Phinney), unusually prominent in the action, is a snuffle-nosed, dim-witted teen-ager who accompanies Antonio on his visit to the Countess's bedroom and marvels at what she finds. At the start of Act III, she mingles with the servants and provides a good cue for the Count's line "Oh! what has human weakness done to my honor!" (The opera is given in Ruth and Thomas Martin's translation.) At the end of that act, in a superbly staged fandango scene, the Count entrusts the pin to her visibly and prominently, and so makes her aria at the beginning of Act IV for once intelligible. Miss Levine directs all the small parts with precise observation. Richard Best's blustery Bartolo is an amusing creation: he uses a filthy handkerchief to dust a dirty chest; he revels in his heavy legal tomes; but he produces a soft-hearted twinkle at the news of his paternity. Ragnar Ulfung's Basilio is a repulsive creation: he is a reptilian, dark-spectacled spy, always lurking on the sidelines with a notebook at the ready. The

"Mr. Pudney says Irma can soak that old chair he found, reshape it, weave in some new wicker, replace the seat, paint it, and—bingo! She'll have herself a hundred-and-fifty-dollar chair!"

chorus members are continually active. A pair of servants accompany the Count with his tool kit to the Countess's bedroom (the ridiculous tools illustrate Miss Levine's knack for using absurdity to highlight seriousness); the floor-scrubbers edge close to hear the Count's scene with Susanna, until they are shooed away. For this household, privacy is an impossibility; the problem of private lives in a public glare becomes the opera's subtheme. The main theme, that of ordered class relationships and disordered emotional relationships, is also tellingly explored. The Countess (Ellen Shade) is a regal figure, but in her scene with Cherubino she reveals a suppressed hysteria: she sends Susanna out of the room with unusual haste, and her relationship with the young page is absolutely serious. Susanna (Sheri Greenawald) is a determined and impatient character, tense and edgy, prepared to fight the Count where her fellow-servants have happily succumbed. She never quite melts convincingly, even in "Deh vieni," and one feels that Malcolm King's rather withdrawn Figaro is in for a rough marriage. His less intelligent side is exaggerated here—the ladies' promptings in his scene with the Count are very explicit—and his forceful emotions in his last-act aria seem to have little effect on his servant colleagues, who rather irrelevantly pass by and listen. The linchpin of Miss Levine's production should be Michael Devlin's Count, but he seems too smooth and statuesque a figure ever to have inspired the passions that here swirl around him.

Mr. de Waart draws some fine singing and some excellent ensemble work from the cast. For my taste, his rhythmic pacing is somewhat stolid, and the recitatives—especially in the Martins' translation—drag heavily, with drawn-out cadences. But the orchestra plays beautifully, with precise tuning and phrasing. Mr. Devlin, though dramatically unimpressive, takes many of the vocal honors, with an incisive, well-focussed delivery of the Count's music. Both Miss Shade and Miss Greenawald, however, are real singing actresses, molding their lines in a manner that derives from their stage personalities. Their Act II ensembles with the Count are electrifying. Mr. King's vocally authoritative Figaro is concerned to accent every note rather than to build a phrase; he suffers most from Mr. de Waart's sluggish tempi. And Judith Forst's Cherubino, a lik-

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

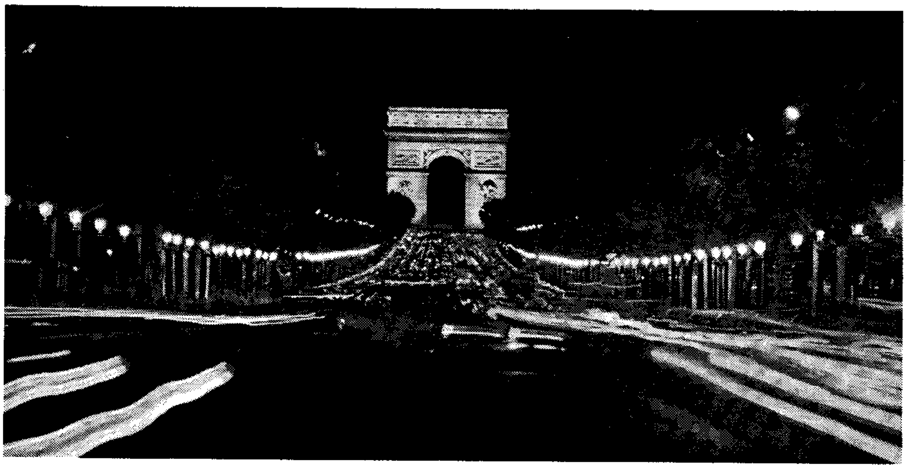
THE DRESSMAKER SWEATER
Autumn leaves in an intricate intarsia design drift across our sweater blouse. A happy blend of acrylic and nylon that looks and feels just like a furblend with its fluffy texture and swansdown softness. "Pearl buttons" over the shoulder continue up the side of the "could be" turtleneck. Below-the-elbow sleeves have fullness at the shoulder. Sudsable. Taupe/mocha/ivory. S(4-6-8), M(10-12), L(14-16), XL(18-20). $58.00. Coordinated wool flannel Wilroy pants are lined fly fronts with soft trouser pleating. Silvery taupe. 4-20. $92.00
Add $1.25 per item shipping. In N.Y. State add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, Diners Club, Visa/BankAmericard, Master Card.

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique
1 East 43rd Street, Dept. N1,
New York, N.Y. 10175

Write or call for our
FREE FALL BROCHURE

Call 'Round-the-Clock Toll-Free
800-221-2468
In N.Y. State call Toll-Free
1-800-442-8422
In New York City call 883-1990

L'Hotel Meridien. Paris.



More of the Good Life in France.

Minutes from the Champs Elysées, near the Arc de Triomphe and the Défense Business Center, and not far from the Air France terminal, is the luxurious Hotel Meridien. With our fine rooms and meeting facilities (with built-in translation systems), the Hotel Meridien in Paris is the perfect place to stay for business or pleasure. We have two bars for you to meet in, four fine restaurants for you to dine in, and a disco for you to dance in. Next time you're in Paris, do as the French do. Meet at the Hotel Meridien. Call us at 800-223-9918 (USA), 800-442-5917 (NY State), or 212-265-4494 (NYC). And get more of the Good Life next time you're in France.

MERIDIEN
LES HOTELS D'AIR FRANCE

FREE
Christmas catalogue...
PRESENTS
FOR CHILDREN
from The Metropolitan
Museum of Art

More than 100 presents—books, games, kits, handicrafts, records, and more.
To receive your copy of the full-color 32-page "Presents for Children" catalogue, send this coupon with your name, address, and zip code to the Museum address given below.
Mailing date September 15. CN 12
Name ____
Address ____

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028

"THE HOTEL
OF THE YEAR"
Los Angeles Times

L'ERMITAGE
hôtel de grande classe
Beverly Hills, California

If you can't be
a house guest
in Bucks County,
be ours.
The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.
Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.
We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.
1740
HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

able, flurried character, does not capture either the intensity of "Non so più" (in which there is some irritating business for Susanna) or the sudden, balanced beauty of "Voi che sapete." But this is a "Figaro" that will remain in the mind—one that illuminates many corners of the comedy. It manages for the most part to add new detail without being distracting, to be funny without contradicting the seriousness of the opera.

MOZART'S "Figaro" illustrates one brief swing in the seesaw marital life of the Almavivas; Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus" does the same, more crudely, for the marital life of the Eisensteins. In place of the human values that dominate the end of "Figaro," drink seems to be the key to "Fledermaus." Eisenstein—in Lou Galterio's new dialogue for the opera—simply blames his infidelities on champagne, and all sing to its glory in the rousing final number. It is unwise, I suppose, to take anything that happens seriously, for the conclusions would be too painful; the stuttering lawyer and alcoholic jailers and posing socialites are funny only on the level of caricature. And that, wisely, is where Mr. Galterio's direction leaves them. He makes the opera funny and energetic in a distinctively American twentieth-century manner. The typical portrayal is the Adele of Gianna Rolandi—brilliantly sung in a hard-edged, showy way—who has severed all her links with nineteenth-century Vienna and has drawn her supremely vulgar impersonation from the world of Dolly Parton. It works, but only superficially: the warmth of Adele's music is nowhere to be heard. Mary Jane Johnson's Rosalinda is a more believable figure, and Alan Titus's Eisenstein gets by with some gentle clowning that does not interfere with his mellifluous, suave singing. But the difficulties of playing unrelieved comedy are highlighted by the contrast between the dreadful hash that Edgar Daniels makes of his scene as Frosch and the quite superb sense of wit and timing shown by Claude Corbeil as the prison governor. (His impersonation fails only when he is required to be as drunk as his subordinate.) Richard Stilwell's Dr. Falke is given an extra appearance at the beginning of the opera in order to plant the letter to Adele from her sister; he is a lively, cynical character who sings crisply. Barry McCauley's Alfred is wearyingly overdone. Victoria Vergara's diminutive Orlovsky sometimes struggles to be heard but is nicely stylish; in one of the comparatively restrained musical interpolations in the opera she is introduced by Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." John Crosby conducts with energy and enthusiasm, though without the precise flair that the score merits. The chorus sings very well, and its movements and character have been arranged with care; once again, the ensemble aspect of the production, so refreshingly different from that of star-studded metropolitan productions, is notable. Zack Brown's scenery, with its light wooden tracery and elegant lines, is delightful, and it is sensitively lit by Craig Miller.

AARON COPLAND has been in Santa Fe recently, to introduce a performance of his Piano Quartet of 1950 at the Chamber Music Festival and to participate in the Festival's "Celebration of American Music." At an open rehearsal of the quartet, in the St. Francis Auditorium of the Museum of Fine Arts, which was packed to the doors, Mr. Copland remarked engagingly on his flirtation with serial techniques in this work: he said that in chamber music he felt able to explore a more esoteric idiom, and that composing with all twelve notes of the chromatic scale gave him a new feeling of freedom in the formulation of melodic and harmonic ideas. In fact, his Piano Quartet rarely strays from some feeling of tonality or tonal center. The unaccompanied twelve-note line of the violin at the start and its subsequent imitative treatment in inversion and retrograde are the most ascetic moments of the piece; elsewhere he uses the equality of the semitones to provide thrusting, perky material that only he could have composed. The extended central movement is a syncopated scherzo that dances in a Haydnesque manner while hinting at various keys; the eloquent, slow final movement has a key signature and almost contrives to end on a major triad.

In the rehearsal (which, since Mr. Copland did not choose to illustrate his remarks with extracts, consisted of a single run-through of the piece), the players—Ursula Oppens, piano; Rose Mary Harbison, violin; Geraldine Walther, viola; and Carter Brey, cello—gave a careful, tentative account. The following evening, in concert, their interpretation had solidified. Though Miss Oppens never played with quite the pungent drive that the piano part requires, she was more incisive, and Miss Harbison had more success in tuning sweetly the higher reaches of the violin part. In some passages, the players captured the essence of the work: the witty evaporation of the scherzo, flitting into the distance with harmonics and pizzicati; the serene song of the final bars, rocking quietly over major-seventh intervals in violin and piano. Other sections were more clumsily done, without agreement on speed or balance. But the performance argued well for the stature of the music.

Mozart's Divertimento for String Trio in E-Flat followed the intermission. This absurdly misnamed work is one of Mozart's least diverting and most serious compositions: only its extended form—with two minuets interleaving a four-movement structure, of Allegro, Adagio, Variations, and Finale—places it in the Austrian tradition of the divertimento. It is very rarely heard in the concert hall; our established string quartets seem bound by a repertory that involves all their players, and few ad-hoc groups could muster the quicksilver matching of feeling and phrasing which the piece requires. (There is a seductively attractive, un-Mozartian reading on record by Jascha Heifetz, William Primrose, and Emanuel Feuermann, for RCA.) It is ideal material for a chamber-music festival, where rehearsal time can be plentiful. Ani Kavafian, Geraldine Walther, and Timothy Eddy, playing in sweltering heat, under the glare of television lights, gave a performance of great intensity and strength. But Miss Kavafian's steely violin playing, which is always admirably firm and reliable, has a relentless, heavy quality that ill suits Mozart's slow movements. Miss Walther's playing, flexible and gentle, was prone to slight accidents of intonation but made a more attractive sound. Mr. Eddy was solidly accurate on the bass line, and both energetic and eloquent in the glorious variation movement. —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Fayetteville (Ark.) Northwest Arkansas Times*]

LITTLE ROCK (AP)—Gov. Frank White says he's not the one with ties to utilities; his opponent Bill Clinton is.

In a speech to a Little Rock civic club Tuesday, White said Clinton is lying about White's relationship with utility companies. He said Clinton is guilty of "the most malicious statements of truth ever said about me."

The very first African arts to attract the attention of travelers and historians were music and dance. A shield from ancient Greece depicts an African trumpet player. African sculpture was not appreciated until the end of the 19th century.

Bargain for a beautiful Dan mask in the morning and enjoy a delicious martini in the evening. The excitement and sophistication of West Africa is waiting for you.

Part of the fun of West Africa is bargaining. The rules for success: 1. Start at half the price you're willing to pay. 2. Never hurry. 3. Always keep your sense of humor.

Masks & martinis.

The great wealth of West African art is just seven hours away on a luxurious, non-stop Air Afrique jet from JFK. For more information call your Travel Agent or your nearest Air Afrique/Air France ticket office.

Much of the great African art comes from West Africa, and the best way to get there is Air Afrique. We have the most complete schedule of flights between West African cities, New York, Europe and the rest of Africa.

If you like hotels with air conditioning and swimming pools, you will find a hotel to your liking in virtually every West African capital city.

AIR AFRIQUE

Africa begins with Air Afrique.
And it's just seven hours to the New Sun...
West Africa.

Les Hotels Meridien. Rio. Bahia.

More of the Good Life from France.

In Rio de Janeiro we're right on the fabulous, famous Copacabana Beach. In Bahia we're high on a rocky pike, overlooking the sea. Each Hotel Meridien is only minutes from an international airport, has hundreds of luxurious rooms and your choice of fine French restaurants and beautiful bars. If you're in Brazil on business, it's our pleasure to accommodate you with our modern meeting facilities. And, just for fun, we have swimming pools, saunas and shopping arcades. For reservations in Rio or Bahia, call us at 800-223-9918 (USA), 800-442-5917 (NY State), or 212-265-4494 (NYC). And make sure you get more of the Good Life from France next time you're in beautiful Brazil.

MERIDIEN
LES HOTELS D'AIR FRANCE

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Texans

As a title for a Western epic, "Barbarosa" is probably meant to strike a chord in our memories. The twelfth-century German King Frederick I, known as Barbarossa, became a symbol of unity to his people, and for centuries after his death it was said that he was alive, sitting in a cave, and would return. The new film is about a late-nineteenth-century American who serves his people, too, or at least his family (though neither the family nor he quite recognizes it), and he returns from the grave more than once. Barbarosa means Red Beard, and in the movie it's the name given a legendary outlaw because of the blood—said to be that of his victims but more likely his own—that dripped onto his beard. The part is played by the legendary red-haired—and, some would say, outlaw—Willie Nelson, whose beard is now gray, with just a few remnants of red. A studio executive once told me that moviegoers would never accept Willie Nelson as a hero, because he was too much like Gabby Hayes. And you can't deny it, he *is* grizzled, and from a distance he does look like a toothless, tobacco-chewing desert rat. Yet up close Willie Nelson has an aura—he's majestic. He is probably the most acceptable noble American in modern movies, and in "Barbarosa," the first movie to be made in this country by the Australian Fred Schepisi, he has a role that brings out his weathered self-sufficiency and his humor.

TAYLOR I STA
OVES TA DEVEL

In worn fringed buckskins, and with long pigtails hanging down under a sombrero (with a bullet hole) that he wears straight-brimmed across his forehead, Barbarosa is a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him. They have reason to be afraid: for thirty years, Don Braulio (Gilbert Roland), the patriarch of a Mexican clan, has been telling the young boys about their hereditary enemy and sending the bravest young men out, one at a time, to search the Texas border area to find the gringo outcast Barbarosa and kill him. And for thirty years Barbarosa has had to slaughter one young man after another. He's like the dragon in the fairy tale who threatens the community: Without this external menace, how would the clan be kept strong?

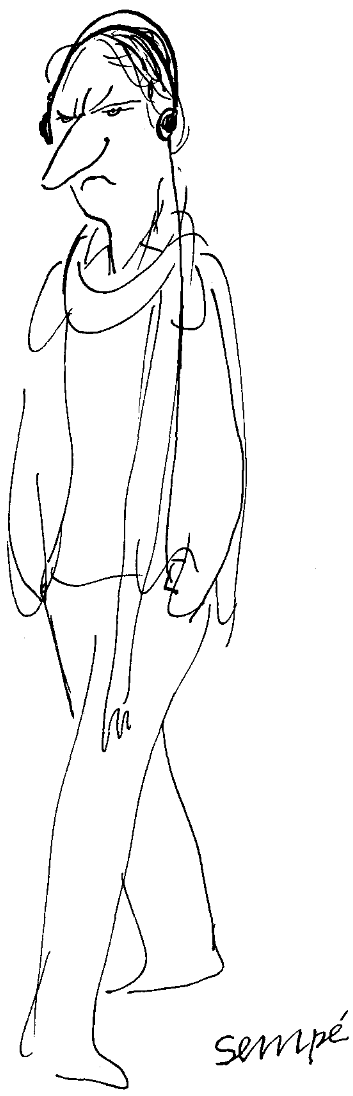
When you see the immense cruel terrain, you get a sense of what it must have been like to be cast out into it. Schepisi is a master of the very wide screen, and he's working with the same cinematographer, Ian Baker, who shot his Australian films ("The Devil's Playground" and "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith"). The vistas are overwhelming—the landscapes have a near-hallucinatory, unspoiled dignity. Shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either steep Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert, "Barbarosa" has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone's spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. But Leone's films are almost abstract; his characters act out the rituals of the Western in a hyper, mock-American setting—a hot, dusty nowhere land. Leone's people aren't rooted in a specific moment of the American past; they aren't rooted in anything but movies. Schepisi takes Willie Nelson, with his frontiersman-Indian-hippie look, and puts him back in the period that that look was derived from. The other gringo characters are also authentic to the West we've seen in old photographs—especially Gary Busey as Karl, a lumpy, raw farm boy, and the families that he's part of by blood or by his sister's marriage. They're of Germanic stock, and some of the elders still have the Old World in their bones and speak with heavy accents. They're duty-bound, hardworking people; dressed up in their Sunday clothes for the funeral of Karl's sister's husband, they're as stiff as the corpse, upright in his coffin, standing among them while an itinerant photographer records the event.

Karl doesn't know his own strength; he hit his brother-in-law with a stick, and, having killed him without meaning to, he has to run off to escape reprisals from the dead boy's father. (George Voskovec may have put a shade too much of Job into the father's Biblical grief and anger.) While hiding out, Karl encounters Barbarosa and—again without intending to—becomes an apprentice desperado. Busey is a magical shambles: he makes a certain kind of American huskiness and uncouthness seem the best part of the national character. His Karl is an outlaw-galoot—Mark Twain might have dreamt him up. The ham-handed boy in torn, sweaty overalls—Busey wears them the way country boys used to, like sacking around beef—learns how to live in the wilds and how to rob canteens, when to shoot interlopers and when to let them pass. His teacher, it turns out, is also an outlaw because of a family feud: the reason Barbarosa stays near the border, despite the fact that this makes it easier for the young Mexicans to find him, is that he has a wife and a daughter in Don Braulio's hacienda. Barbarosa and Karl are both outcasts from their families—it's their in-laws who drove them off. The movie is a comedy about the tragic accidents and the primal, irrational hatreds that unite families in opposition to homesick loners like these two. Barbarosa has triumphed over his family by wrapping himself in his own myth, but that's all he's got until Karl hooks up with him. Then, after all the years alone, Barbarosa once again experiences the wonders of simple fellow feeling. And the blundering, rock-ribbed Karl comes to see the beauty in the myth of Barbarosa the fiery fighter, and he helps to perpetuate it.

The picture may seem a little loose at first, but it gets better and better as it goes along and you get the fresh, crazy hang of it. The script is by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, who also wrote last year's "Raggedy Man" and was a co-writer of "The Black Stallion" and of the only other film starring Willie Nelson, "Honeysuckle Rose." In "Raggedy Man," Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts and the two boys who played her children had surprising, evocative, believable dialogue, and their vocal inflections and rhythms were lovely, but the story took a literary, gothic turn that seemed to negate the film's best qualities. Wittliff's script for "Barbarosa" is sustained; it doesn't go fancy on us, and it doesn't repeat the ideas of earlier epics. Wittliff must have sat down and thought out for himself (in ironic terms) how outlaw legends started, and what functions they served for the communities where children grew up with a whole folklore about outlaw-monsters. The dialogue that Wittliff then wrote for these men has the feeling of the period—the eighteen-eighties—yet is profane, living language. I don't mean that the two desperadoes use a lot of four-letter words—I can't recall that they use any—but that they never say too much, and each word counts. The characters have their own tang or, at least, Barbarosa and all the Germanic Americans do. (At times the Mexicans sound like stage Mexicans, and Don Braulio's dialogue is no more than functional, but it's a deep pleasure to see that Gilbert Roland's handsome profile, which he first presented to Hollywood cameras in 1925, is as firm as ever.)

Although this film is very different from Schepisi's Australian movies, it's similar in its feeling for landscape and its affection for the characters' individual, screwy ways of reasoning, and it shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking. All the elements are in balance. The music permeates the images—it's by Bruce Smeaton, one of the few genuinely lyrical composers working in movies. (He scored Schepisi's earlier films, too.) And there isn't a shot that stays on the screen a hairbreadth too long. Schepisi has a total vision of what he wants a film to be. Willie Nelson doesn't need to sing here—the whole picture is a ballad. The latter part of the film isn't quite rounded—a few too many things seem to happen offscreen—and I could have used more footage of Karl and his family (in particular, his father, Emil, who is marvellously well played by Howland Chamberlin). But this is the most spirited and satisfying new Western I've seen in several years, and the only one that achieves a real epic feeling about its hero. I think that probably "Barbarosa" could not have been an epic without Willie Nelson. The qualities that differentiate him from the traditional Western heroes are the qualities that make this movie work. He brings a film gravity. If a big, stalwart actor said, "I don't kill for amusement," you'd probably think, Here it goes—into the morality that divides the good guys from the bad guys and psychopaths. But when Willie Nelson says it, you think, Of course, taking a life is a serious matter to him. Nelson's scruffiness is part of his grace. He knows how to hold the screen by absolute stillness, and he speaks his lines so plainly that you listen for the subtlest nuances and watch for the small, precise gestures. He's so unaggressive an actor that you reach out to him emotionally. Singers, like prizefighters, have often made good actors—they've got the phrasing, the rhythm, the presence. And there's little doubt that Willie Nelson has a great asset that even the most skilled actors often don't have: he knows exactly who he is. That's what gives him the moral authority to play a Western hero.

DIMPLES, wigs, bazooms, and all, Dolly Parton is phenomenally likable in "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas." As the woman who runs the venerable institution—it's situated in a rural area off the Austin-to-Houston highway—she's a madam doll. Her exterior is completely stylized, yet her manner is natural and easy, and she gives the impression of having lived a bit—of having earned her permissive, tolerant manner. This is only Dolly Parton's second picture, and it was directed by Colin Higgins, whose style is so broad it's flat (he was also responsible for her first film, "Nine to Five," in 1980), but she has become assured; her whole personality is melodious, and her acting isn't bad at all. It's a pity that she's being used as a throwback—a plushier Betty Grable, a riper, more womanly Marilyn Monroe—and given a Gay Nineties look. The setting is contemporary: the film has been adapted from the long-running Broadway musical based on Larry L. King's 1974 *Playboy* article about a crackbrained crusading TV newsman (played here by Dom DeLuise) who attacked a time-honored brothel with such fervor that the authorities had to force the madam to close it. There's no reason for the tight, hourglass-figure costumes and the cleavage that you could lose a carriage and a team of horses in, except to display what Colin Higgins must regard as Dolly Parton's comedy gifts. Each time she appears in a different gown, her chest seems to have swelled and grown more prodigious; it's the focal point of her scenes—there were gasps and giggles from the audience. It's as if the director, the cinematographer, and the costume designer were out to sabotage her. When she bends toward us, she becomes almost frightening—a cartoon woman—and in one sequence she reclines outdoors under the stars with her longtime pal and lover, the local sheriff (Burt Reynolds), and her chest is cantilevered so that it overwhelms whatever it is that the two of them are saying about God and country. Yet Higgins' tastelessness doesn't defeat her. Dolly Parton has the charm to transcend her own cartoonishness and the additional portion inflicted on her.



Burt Reynolds falls back into the category of leading man, and it's his own fault. He has spent so much time on the Johnny Carson show talking about how he wants to tackle the challenging roles that win other actors Academy Awards that he can't be anything but a stale joke in the snug roles he then selects. He doesn't give an ostentatiously bad performance—just his usual low-key, embarrassed-to-be-up-here-doing-this-dumb-stuff performance. He's still acting as if he's better than his roles, but he may be the only one left who still believes it. While Reynolds, in his big, hollow part, underplays and looks slightly despondent, Charles Durning, who has the relatively minor part of the governor of Texas, steals the honors with his "Sidestep" song-and-dance routine—a demonstration of how a corrupt-to-the-bone politico evades answering embarrassing questions and takes joy

At the Palace the Queen lowers the prices, but never lowers her guard.

Leona Helmsley, the proprietress of the Palace Hotel has decreed that this summer, two can stay at the Palace for the price of one. But, she also insists that the same regal standards must prevail.
What better way to treat her royal family. You, her guests.
Sun.-Thurs. from $115* Fri.-Sat. from $95*
*All rates are for single, or double occupancy, from June 25, to Sept. 5, 1982
Taxes and gratuities not included. By prior reservation only.

The Helmsley Palace

455 Madison Avenue (at 50th Street), New York, NY 10022
For reservations call Toll-free: **800/221-4982.**
In New York, call **212/888-1624.** TELEX. **640-543.** Or call your travel agent
The Leading Hotels of the World ®

Break Out!
A Fleur Nouveau Casserole
Designed and signed by
Georges Briard
exclusively for:
WILTON RWP ARMETALE
Elegant. Yet, so practical.

in his own slippery skill. It's one of seven numbers that remain from the fourteen that Carol Hall wrote for the Broadway show, and it's a nifty bit of political satire. (Durning's slight resemblance to Lyndon Johnson—in a complacent mood—doesn't hurt.) This sequence, which starts with Durning's feet moving as he sits in the back of a limo, is the only part of the movie that's satisfyingly shaped and has a musical-comedy rhythm.

"Whorehouse" almost seems intended to be a worse movie than it is; it's as if the moviemakers distrusted anything fresh in the material. With Jim Nabors as narrator (and deputy sheriff), the picture piles on the coy Americana. It passes over the genuine, funny Americana in Larry King's original account. He had details such as the piecemeal construction of the house over generations: with "a room added here and there as needed," it had "more sides and nooks and crannies than the Pentagon." And then "there were all those casement-window air conditioners—fifteen or twenty of 'em." The movie shows us a conventional picture-postcard mansion. King described the whorehouse as having turned back a goodly percentage of its earnings to local merchants, such as car dealers, but the movie has the working girls, who it might be assumed have been earning a handsome enough living, piling into a bus when the house is closed. In King's account, it's assumed that the girls will then go "on the regular red-light circuit;" the movie gives the impression that they will disperse and will look for other occupations—which goes against the grain of the story as satire. The joke in the material is that this relatively clean, well-run bordello (the actual one was registered with the county clerk as a "ranch boarding house," paid "double its weight in taxes and led the community in charitable gifts") is shut down, while big-time vice in the cities is undisturbed. Higgins, who did the rewrite of the script, by King and Peter Masterson (they also wrote the stage version), doesn't seem comfortable with satire. Even the finish of the "Sidestep" sequence is given short shrift, when the governor hears the results of a poll and hastens to be on the winning side. Higgins has turned the material into your basic flabby old love story: the sheriff has to overcome his prejudice against the life his Dolly has led before he can settle down with her. (It can't be too difficult for him—

she doesn't have the gimlet eyes that you often see in photographs of actual madams.)

By tradition, the winning team of the University of Texas-vs.-Texas Aggies Thanksgiving football game spent Thanksgiving night at the whorehouse (courtesy of the alumni), and this series of events, from the locker room to the highway and on to the festivities at the house itself, constitutes the film's musical centerpiece. The house has one black whore, and the football team has one black player; naturally, when the couples go into their rooms these two pair off. What a neat world it is. Higgins must be in love with the smily, cheery "family musicals" of the Deanna Durbin days: the film's rambunctiousness is off-color yet wholesome, in the worst sense. (This is the sort of movie romp in which the frolicking prosties can hardly wait to jump into bed with the fellas.) When the sheriff learns that the publicity-mad *newsman* is leading a raiding party toward the house, he doesn't pick up the phone to warn Dolly—he drives out instead. And when the raiders break in and catch the football players in bed with the girls the young athletes don't make any attempt to smash the cameras. There's an antediluvian sensibility behind much of the writing and directing. At one point, Jim Nabors tells the madam that he doesn't think he'll be able to visit the house for a while—he doesn't think his bride will approve. Dolly assures him that the cows are delighted to have a rest—they like to see the bull go off on a Saturday night. Who but Colin Higgins would compare Jim Nabors to a bull?

—PAULINE KAEL

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From The Economist*]

The first main snag with the Shultz appointment is precisely that it comes late. This most quietly effective of the Nixon-era Washington overlords might, given the chance in early 1981, have corked into a Reaganite bottle all that somewhat over-ripe right-wing fruit which had been grafted by Mr Reagan's kitchen cabinet on to the lower branches of his administration. Now, 18 months on, the berries are off the tree and bubbling in the vat, and corking them might compound the impression of a Washington ready to explode.

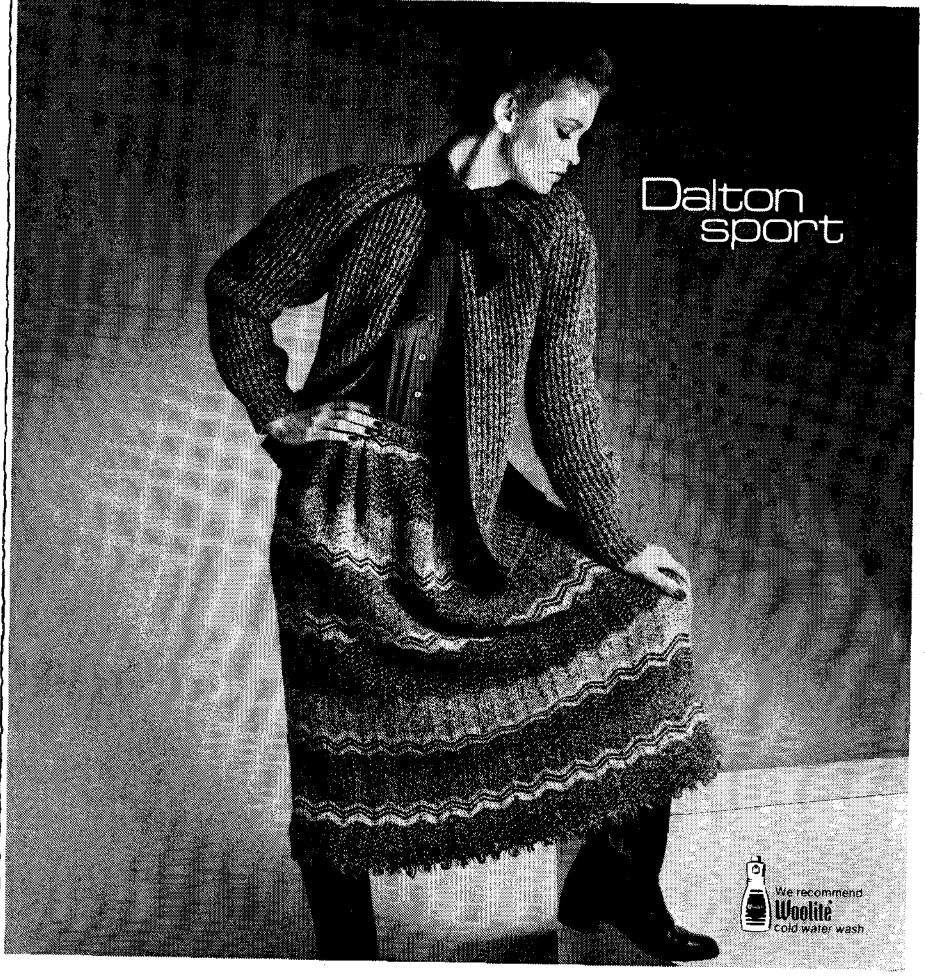
•

There's something positive about light. Who was it who said, "Let there be light!"?—*Boston Globe.*

Millard Fillmore?

Pickford picked Platinum.

Most precious of precious metals.
Longest-enduring. Grows ever more beautiful with wear.
No wonder Mary Pickford prized Platinum jewelry. Shouldn't you?
View the Platinum collection at your jeweler's, or write,
Johnson Matthey Inc., Malvern, PA 19355



THE ART WORLD

Tatyana Grosman

THERE is no accounting for the phenomenon of Tatyana Grosman, who died on July 24th, at the age of seventy-eight. The extraordinary flowering of fine-art lithography that took place in the converted garage of her modest frame house in West Islip, Long Island, is a well-recognized fact of current art history, but the genius of the presiding spirit defies analysis. This tiny, soft-voiced exile from the Urals—her Russian-accented English was a problem even for close friends—always seemed too fragile, too elegantly insubstantial to have led an aesthetic revolution. At the recent opening of the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition in honor of her Universal Limited Art Editions' twenty-fifth anniversary—"For 25 Years: Prints from ULAE"—Mrs. Grosman made her appearance very late, leaning on the arm of Bill Goldston, her master printer and successor. She wore a full-length black dress with a high collar, and she carried a pair of long white gloves, which, when everyone in the room turned to welcome her with applause, she waved gaily, youthfully in the air. As her old friend and collaborator Jasper Johns observed, it was a piece of theatre that no one but Tanya could have managed.

ULAE's anniversary is being widely celebrated. In addition to the Museum of Modern Art show, which will run through September 7th, the Art Institute of Chicago has mounted an exhibition of ULAE "highlights" (the museum last year acquired ULAE's entire archive of trial proofs and other material relevant to its nearly seven hundred print editions published since 1957), and galleries in New York, Washington, D.C., Chicago, and Düsseldorf are featuring work from ULAE. Prints have become a big business in the international art world. The many new fine-arts presses in this country—Gemini GEL, in Los Angeles; Tyler Graphics, Ltd., in Bedford, New York; Crown Point Press, in Oakland; and Petersburg Press, in New York, are the leaders, along with ULAE—feed a demand for contemporary graphics which scarcely existed before 1957. During the last decade, new print galleries, new collectors, and corporate investors have driven prices to levels that can exceed those of rare Old Master prints. Whether all this could have taken place if ULAE had not existed is debatable. Certainly the expansion of the art market, beginning in the late fifties, created a favorable climate for prints; until then there had been few buyers of contemporary art in any form. Nevertheless, it was Tatyana Grosman who took the crucial step from which so much has followed. She decided, quite simply, to publish prints by the best artists she could find, and to make sure that everything was done to serve the artists' needs. "For me, graphics is neither a means of supplying art to young collectors nor a reproduction of an artist's work but, rather, the creative expression of an artist through lithographic stones or plates," she said some time ago. "What matters is that the print be alive, with the heartbeat of the artist in it."

Her idea, which seems fairly obvious today, was by no means obvious at the time. Printmaking in America had been, for the most part, either a commercial business or an amateur's hobby. Few important painters had given serious attention to it, and those who had—James McNeill Whistler and Mary Cassatt are the only nineteenth-century examples—were expatriates living in Europe. In this century, George Bellows, Edward Hopper, John Marin, Milton Avery, Stuart Davis, and a few others made prints that were not just reproductions of their paintings, but most of the significant modernists were not interested. Printmaking rested securely in the hands of printmakers—craftspeople whose work was of interest almost exclusively to themselves. Lithography, the most "painterly" of the print processes, had virtually ceased to exist as a tool for American artists. In 1950, there were very few professional printers left in the country capable of pulling an image from a lithographic stone or plate, and their facilities were standardized and limited; since lithography involves a complex collaboration between artist and printer, anyone who wanted to take full advantage of the medium had to go to France, where the tradition remained strong in the ateliers of Mourlot, Desjobert, and one or two others. Except for Jackson Pollock, who made some rather undistinguished lithographs in the nineteen-thirties, none of the artists of the New York School took an interest in lithography until the late fifties, when Barnett Newman and Robert Motherwell were invited to work at ULAE. Tatyana Grosman had found two lithographic limestones in her front yard at West Islip—discarded decades

THE GREAT WALL
OF NEBRASKA
R. Chast

before, they were part of the path. She bought a secondhand lithographic press for fifteen dollars and began going after the artists she admired. Within a relatively short time, her "family" of artists included, in addition to Newman and Motherwell, Larry Rivers, Sam Francis, Jasper Johns, Lee Bontecou, Robert Goodnough, Helen Frankenthaler, Jim Dine, Fritz Glarner, Marisol, Claes Oldenburg, and James Rosenquist. Prints became and remained a central preoccupation of most of the members of this elect group. They did things in lithography that had never been done before, and their work, published and distributed with the utmost care, made a lot of other artists want to use the medium. In 1966, Mrs. Grosman received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to establish an etching studio. More recently, Bill Goldston improvised a facility for woodcuts. Although ULAE has remained, by design, a small and intimate workshop—a place where work is interrupted each day for a huge, hot, home-cooked noon meal for everyone working there—its reputation has spread throughout the world. It was at ULAE that printmaking lost its stigma as craft—as minor art—and became a legitimate form for the highest aesthetic ambitions.

What began as an economic necessity—when her husband, the artist Maurice Grosman, had a heart attack, Mrs. Grosman was forced to find some means of supporting them—was carried out with only the barest regard for basic economics. ULAE's prints were always underpriced, and, in terms of the snail-like pace and the extravagant nature of production there, they still are. As the mistress of ULAE, Mrs. Grosman made it clear that compromises were out of the question. Having decided to invite an artist to work there, she would telephone him every day, would even come to the city and wait outside a restaurant at which he was known to eat. She exerted the sort of quiet but insistent pressure from which there is no escape. Some of the curatorial people at the Museum of Modern Art found her unbearable at first. She would appear with her portfolio, asking to see William Lieberman, MOMA's curator of drawings and prints. (He is now curator of twentieth-century art at the Metropolitan.) Informed that Lieberman was out, she would sit down to wait until he came back. Never would she leave her prints with someone's

If you'd like to know more about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, drop us a line.

WOODSMEN DROP IN from all around Tennessee carrying truckloads of maple for Jack Daniel's.

It has to be hard, sugar maple taken from high ground. Our Jack Bateman (that's him saying hello to the driver) will split it and stack it and burn it to get charcoal. And nothing smooths out whiskey like this special charcoal does. Of course, none of these woodsmen work regular hours. So you never know when they'll drop in. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll know why they're always welcome.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Jeeves
Your personal clothes care service.

Hand Finished Dry Cleaning, Leather, Suede and Fur Service.

Hand Laundering of Shirts and Fine Linens.
Alterations, Cold Storage, Collections, Deliveries.
Nation wide postal service

Send for a brochure

NEW YORK LONDON

JEEVES ®

Jeeves of Belgravia
770 Madison Ave (66th St)
New York, NY 10021
(212) 570-9130

® Jeeves Logotype is a trade mark
© 1974 Jeeves International Limited

Belgian Shoes

RING BAG
$299⁵⁰

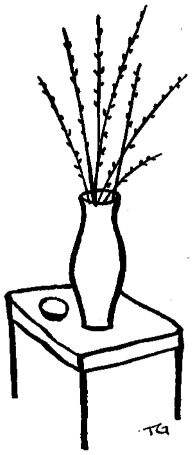
BROCHURE AVAILABLE
Belgian Shoes,
60 East 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

Lisa Victoria BRASS · BEDS

Handcrafted & Custom Made For You
Send $4 for beautiful, new color catalog.
Lisa-Victoria, 5747 Charles City Cir., NY-8
Richmond, VA 23231 (804) 226-9331

secretary. Her prints were important works of art, and Mrs. Grosman expected them to be treated as such. Some people scoffed at her pretensions. ULAE prints were not always impeccable in the technical sense. What these critics failed to see was that, knowing so little about the technical side of printing, Mrs. Grosman had created a workshop where there were no limits—where the way was open to discoveries of all kinds. She placed her trust in the artists she invited, and the artists pushed the technicians—the printers, who replaced one another with fair frequency in those early days—to solve problems that had never come up before. Rauschenberg made them pull impressions from stones he had imprinted with magazine pages, old lead-type faces, leaves from trees, and other oddities. When a stone he had prepared broke while being put through the press, he had the printer, Ben Burns, print from the broken stone; "Accident," a collage of images with a great, jagged fissure running down the middle, became one of ULAE's most celebrated prints. Johns, working for months in collaboration with Bill Goldston, managed in effect to convert a newly acquired photo-offset press, designed for commercial printing, into an exquisitely sensitive instrument for hand-process lithography.

The time and the money spent in serving the artists' needs sometimes struck even ULAE's artists as excessive. An edition might be held up for months, or even years, until Mrs. Grosman found the right paper to print it on. The right paper was her particular obsession; if only eight sheets were available, she would print an edition of eight, and lose money on it. Early on, she discovered a paper-making genius, Douglass Howell, who lived out in Riverhead, and whose standards were, if anything, even more exacting than hers. (The American Craft Museum is currently showing a retrospective of Howell's work.) For "Stones," a portfolio of lithographs by Larry Rivers and poems by Frank O'Hara, the paper she selected proved so difficult to make that Howell could turn out only a few sheets a day, and only if it wasn't raining that day; the edition took nearly a year to print. "Sometimes, when there were two ways of doing things, I would ask her which cost more," Johns has recalled. "Tanya wouldn't tell me—she said it was for her to worry about. Usually, I didn't care which way we did it, and knowing about the cost would have helped me to decide, but she wouldn't have that. All Tanya's prints show this kind of slowness, this deliberation. Somehow, everything that comes out of there gets stamped with her personality." They all gave in to her—artists, printers, dealers, collectors, and museum people. (MOMA owns the initial copy of all but a few ULAE prints, through the gift of the collectors Armand and Celeste Bartos.) Something about this generous and demanding woman made people knock themselves out to win her approval. "There has always been this thing between Tanya and the artists," Goldston said the other day. "They want to prove themselves to her—which means they want to go beyond themselves." Most of them have done just that, consistently. If the paintings and drawings of Johns, Rauschenberg, Dine, Frankenthaler, Motherwell, and Rosenquist were all to disappear somehow, posterity could still judge their achievement through prints. "It's amazing how few bad prints Tanya has put out," William Lieberman once said. "Maybe one out of twenty-five of her prints doesn't stand up as a work of art, and I don't know of another workshop in the world of which that could be said."



She had been unwell for the last year or so. Production at ULAE has continued under the direction of Bill Goldston, with no decline in quality. Goldston, who grew up in Oklahoma, studied printing techniques at Oklahoma State, and then came to work at ULAE, says frankly that almost everything he knows, about art and about life, has been learned there, and it is clear that Mrs. Grosman's standards have become his own. No important changes are being contemplated. The same artists come back time and again—Rauschenberg, Johns, Bontecou, and Dine have current work in progress. Goldston would like to invite some new, younger artists, he says, but up to now he has not done so; he feels committed to the established "family," and he finds it difficult to accept the new values in painting. The only recent innovation has to do with books—beautifully printed, limited-edition *livres d'artiste*, in which every effort is made to render color and tone accurately. ULAE recently issued two bound volumes of Rauschenberg photographs ("In and Out of City Limits: Boston" and "In and Out of City Limits: New York"), and a book of Johns' monotypes is due in the fall. The idea itself is not new; when Mrs. Grosman started the press, her original thought was to publish just this sort of book.

The soaring prices for contemporary prints make Goldston and others uneasy. A recent edition of Frank Stella lithographs from Tyler Graphics carried a release price of nine thousand dollars a print. New graphic work by Johns, which would have cost between five hundred and fifteen hundred dollars ten years ago, now brings as much as seven thousand dollars, even at ULAE, and many collectors have been priced out of the market as a result. The recession, which hit the art market hard this year, has diminished the resale value of all but the most sought-after prints, and this, in turn, discourages the corporate and investment collectors who have played such a significant part in the print boom. Current print prices are not really out of sync with the art market, though—at least where major artists are involved. The French rule of thumb—if a painting by a certain artist is worth *x*, then a drawing by the same artist is worth ten per cent of *x*, and a print is worth twenty per cent of the drawing price—suggests that a print by Johns, one of whose paintings was sold to the Whitney Museum for a million dollars, should be worth twenty thousand. Johns' lithograph "Decoy I" sold for sixteen thousand dollars at a Christie's auction in April, and his magisterial "Ale Cans," ULAE's most famous print, brought twenty-two thousand at Christie's in 1980. Art works of the highest quality are not subject to recessions. It may be, though, that a twenty-five-year cycle in graphic art is ending. Prints that are works of art continue to be published, at ULAE and elsewhere, but the extraordinary conjunction of talent and curiosity and total dedication which made ULAE such a phenomenal place shows no sign of repeating itself. With the exception of Jennifer Bartlett and Valerie Jaudon, few of the younger New York artists have explored lithography or etching in any depth. There has been a surge of interest in woodcuts, to

IVORY RAW SILK—

THE SUMMER SUITING, FROM BRITEX-BY-MAIL.

Cool and unflappable—imagine a brief jacket and split skirt. Or a city-sleek dress. 48" wide. $12.00 yard (minimum 3 yard purchase)

Order from Dept. NY-809. Please include $4 handling and postage. Or write for a swatch of our Ivory Raw Silk. Use VISA, MasterCard, or American Express. Available through September 15, 1982.

BRITEX-BY-MAIL

BRITEX-BY-MAIL / 146 GEARY
SAN FRANCISCO / CA 94108

In Madrid

HOTEL RITZ

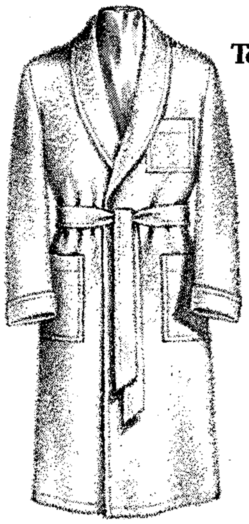
Adjacent to the Prado and surrounded by beautiful gardens,
The Ritz is the aristocratic hotel of Madrid.
Reflecting the classical style of a bygone age, its public rooms are the favourite meeting place of world high society.

A Trusthouse Forte Exclusive Hotel.

thf

For reservations call toll-free: 800-223-5672 nationwide; 800-442-5886 in New York State; 212-541-4400 in New York City; 1-800-268-9761 in Canada; 416-363-6033 in Toronto.

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Our All Cotton Terry Cloth Robe
$48

For old-fashioned comfort after bath, by the pool, at the beach—our all cotton robe in soft, hook terry cloth toweling. Classic full cut, shawl collar model with three patch pockets, self belt. White, light blue or tan. Sizes S(34-36), M (38-40), L(42-44), XL(46-48). Size XXL (50-52) available in 88% cotton, 12% polyester terry cloth. Colours as above. $50.

☐ *Please send catalogue.*
Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt.Kirk, Ltd. A1H092
No. 150 Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Robe (79645A): Size______ Colour______
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #______ Expir.______
Add $2.75 ship., hdlg.; CA deliv. add tax.
Name______
Address______
______ Zip______

William H. James Company, Inc.
P.O. Box 352-R, North Conway, N.H. 03860
(formerly located in Denmark, Maine)
(603) 356-3727

MAKERS OF FINE ANTIQUE REPRODUCTIONS
Custom Woodworking Catalog $2.00

The Ultimate
Bernardo Cortright
Beverly Wilshire Hotel
IN THE HEART OF LOS ANGELES
Wilshire Boulevard at Rodeo Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212
(213) 275-4282 Telex 698-220
Preferred Hotels Worldwide
The Leading Hotels of the World

be sure; the last of the classic print techniques to be "rediscovered," the woodcut, with its crude and primitive look, has an obvious appeal to the latest crop of neo-Expressionist painters here and abroad. So far, however, no young artist has produced significant graphic work in any medium. Outside New York, in the universities and in a host of small print workshops, graphics seem once again to be moving away from the mainstream of contemporary art; the trend is back toward conservatism and craftsmanship.

Tatyana Grosman's achievement is as mysterious as any great artist's. She changed the conditions under which art is made, and opened the way to others. Her life is a cause for celebration.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

EXMOOR

Lost aboard the roll of Kodac-
olor that was to have super-
seded all need to remember
Somerset were: a large flock

of winter-bedcover-thick-
pelted sheep up on the moor;
a stile, a church spire,
and an excess, at Porlock,

of tenderly barbarous antique
thatch in tandem with flower
beds, relentlessly pictur-
esque, along every sidewalk;

a millwheel; and a millbrook
running down brown as beer.
Exempt from the disaster,
however, as either too quick

or too subtle to put on rec-
cord, were these: the flutter
of, beside that brown water,
with a butterflylike flick

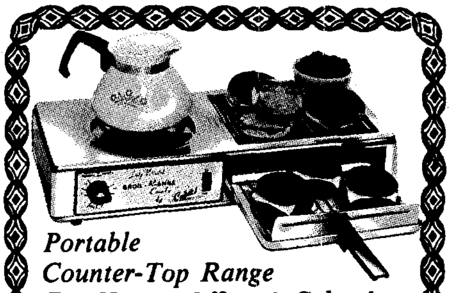
of fan wings, a bright black-
and-yellow wagtail; at Dulver-
ton on the moor, the flavor
of the hot toasted teacake

drowning in melted butter
we had along with a bus-tour-
load of old people; the driver

's way of smothering every "r"
in the wool of a West Countr-
y diphthong, and, as a Somer-

set man, the warmth he had for
the high, wild, heather-
dank wold he drove us over.

—AMY CLAMPITT



Portable Counter-Top Range For Home, Office & School

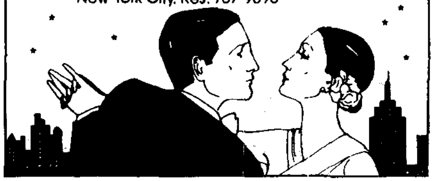
If you live alone, if there are just two of you, if you're going away to school, or if you move frequently, this BROIL-R-ANGE will give you more use than any other appliance. It boils, broils, warms, and toasts. Uses a standard socket, 120 Volt. Made of heavy gauge steel, chromed for easy cleaning & durability. The range coils have switch with unlimited setting for any temperature. The broiler and toaster include a warming tray. SIZE: of Stove is 20" x 8¾" x 4". $42.50 *postpaid.* UL Listed.

Yours for the asking: 96-page catalog of more than 400 useful quality items.

4% Sales Tax on Items Shipped to Vermont
MAIL ORDERS TO The Vermont Country Store
Box 352-H, WESTON, Vermont 05161
OR PHONE 802-824-6932 using *Visa* or *MC*

THE VERMONT Country Store®
STORES AT
Route 100 in Village of WESTON VERMONT
Route 103 2 mi. West of Exit 6, I-91. ROCKINGHAM VERMONT

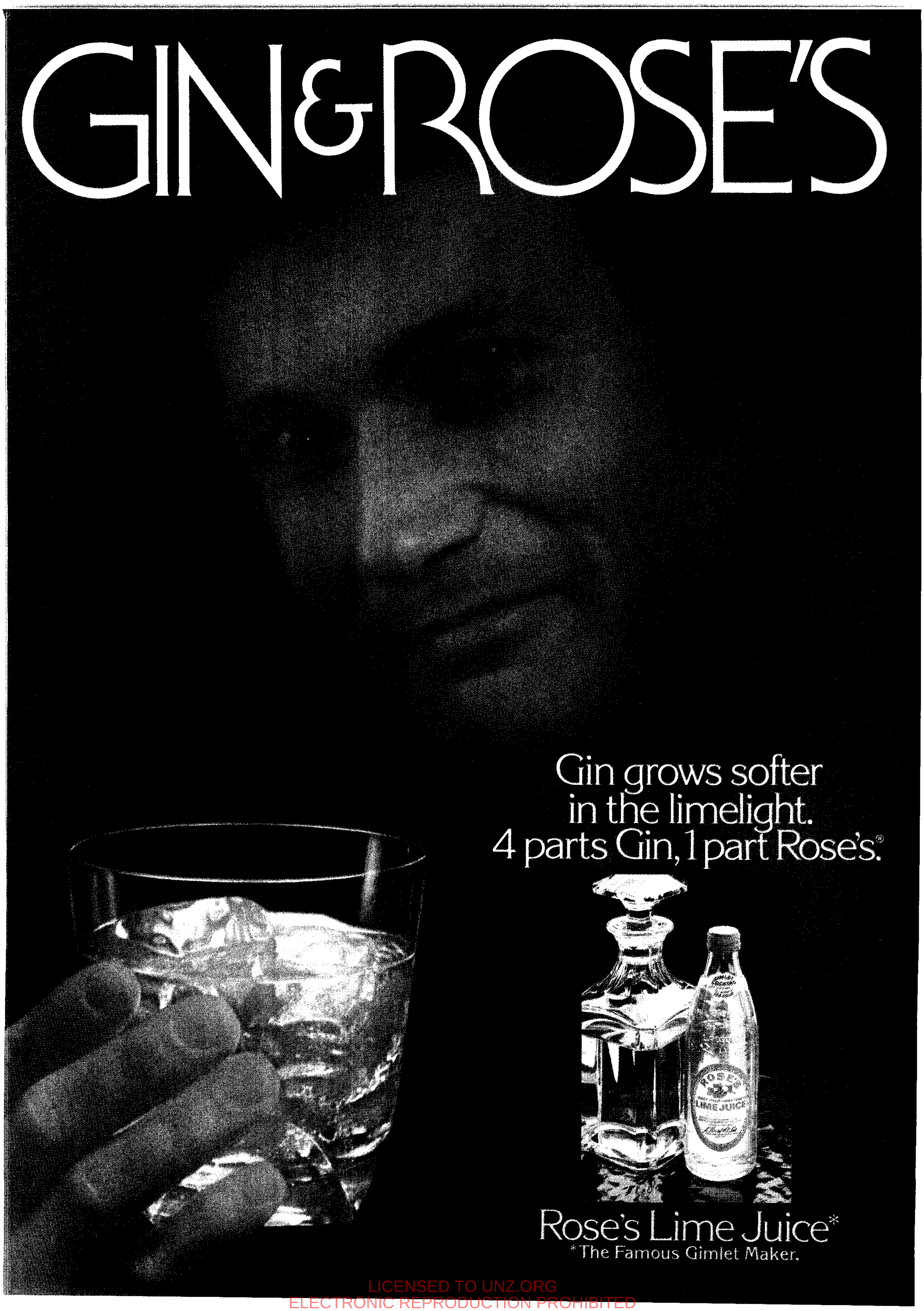
THE RAINBOW ROOM
ABOVE ALL
65 floors atop Rockefeller Center.
Dine, dance and romance amid elegant art deco surroundings and spectacular views of the city.
Pre-theatre a la carte and after theatre menus.
The Rainbow Room 30 Rockefeller Plaza.
New York City. Res: 757-9090



And at The Rainbow Grill, "KICKS II" a daring, delightful French cabaret revue produced by Peter Jackson.

Cruise and Dine
3 to 12-day cruises
For information, write to Mid-Lakes Navigation Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 61N, Skaneateles, NY 13152 315-685-5722
on the Erie Canal

THE GOLFER'S COUNTRY INN
Old World Ambience, fine continental cuisine, 500 acres of woodlands, "Golf at the Door" on a links-style, 9-hole course. Since 1913. 80 miles NYC.
For reservations or brochure, write/call:
Cliff Park Inn and Golf Course
Milford, Pa. 18337 • (717) 296-6491

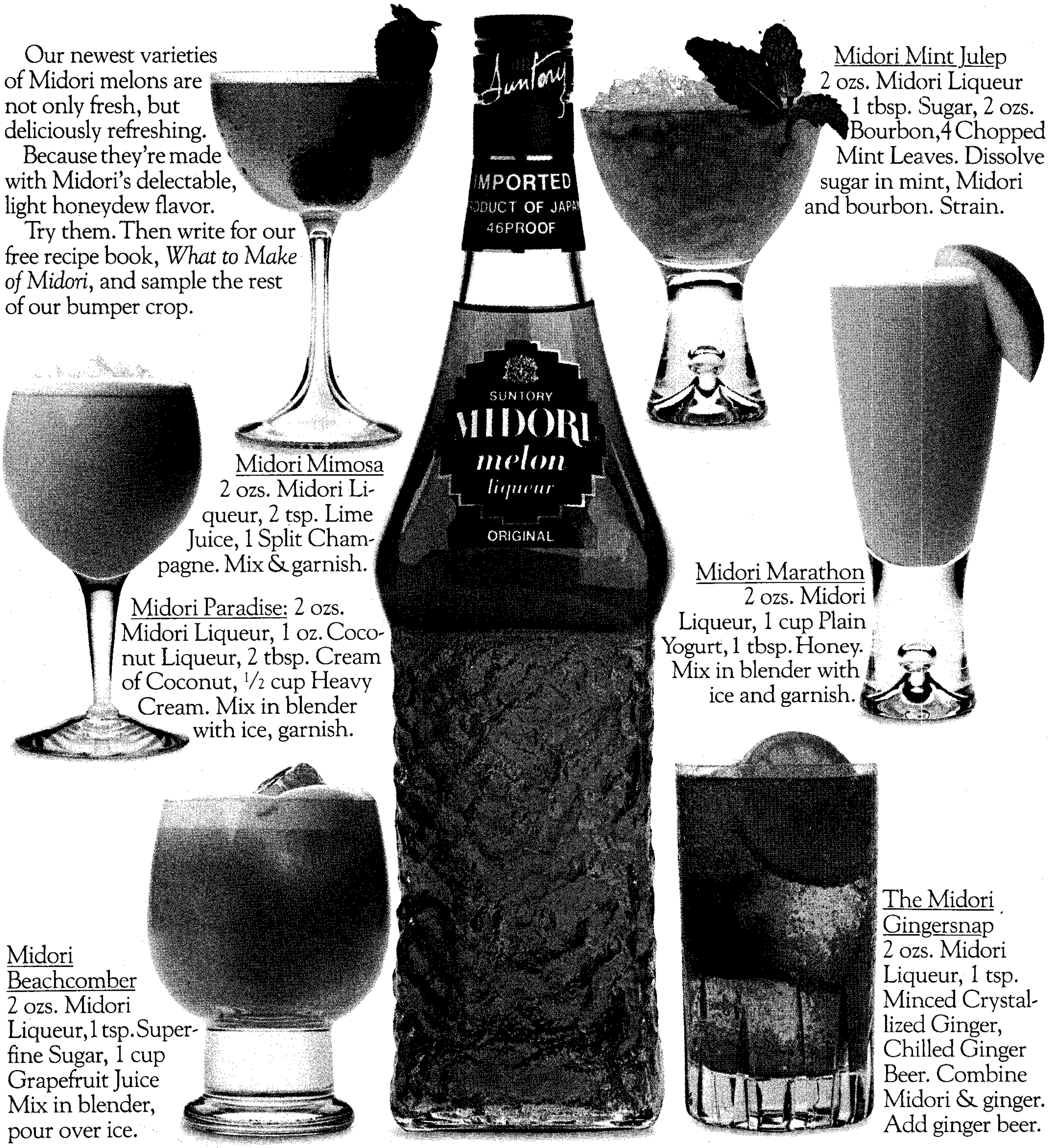


GIN&ROSE'S

Gin grows softer
in the limelight.
4 parts Gin, 1 part Rose's.®

Rose's Lime Juice*
*The Famous Gimlet Maker.

Six fresh melons from Midori.



Our newest varieties of Midori melons are not only fresh, but deliciously refreshing.

Because they're made with Midori's delectable, light honeydew flavor.

Try them. Then write for our free recipe book, *What to Make of Midori*, and sample the rest of our bumper crop.

Midori Mint Julep
2 ozs. Midori Liqueur 1 tbsp. Sugar, 2 ozs. Bourbon, 4 Chopped Mint Leaves. Dissolve sugar in mint, Midori and bourbon. Strain.

Midori Mimosa
2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 2 tsp. Lime Juice, 1 Split Champagne. Mix & garnish.

Midori Paradise: 2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 1 oz. Coconut Liqueur, 2 tbsp. Cream of Coconut, 1/2 cup Heavy Cream. Mix in blender with ice, garnish.

Midori Marathon
2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 1 cup Plain Yogurt, 1 tbsp. Honey. Mix in blender with ice and garnish.

Midori Beachcomber
2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 1 tsp. Superfine Sugar, 1 cup Grapefruit Juice Mix in blender, pour over ice.

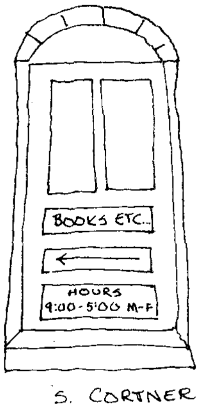
The Midori Gingersnap
2 ozs. Midori Liqueur, 1 tsp. Minced Crystallized Ginger, Chilled Ginger Beer. Combine Midori & ginger. Add ginger beer.

Midori® The Original Melon Liqueur.

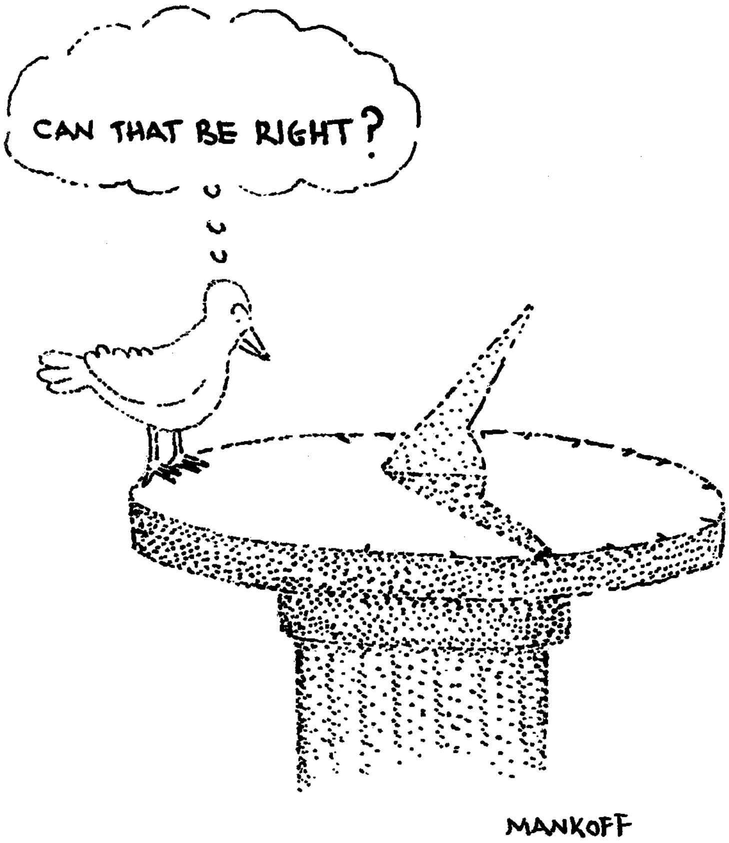
For our free recipe book, write Suntory International, Dept. F, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. 46 Proof. Imported by Suntory International, L.A., CA

BOOKS

Mrs. Roosevelt



TWO collections of Eleanor Roosevelt's letters—"Love, Eleanor: Eleanor Roosevelt and Her Friends," by Joseph P. Lash (Doubleday; $19.95), and "Mother and Daughter: The Letters of Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt," edited by Bernard Asbell (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $17.95)—bring us the words of a remarkable human being, who combined the highest moral and intellectual qualities and was endowed, besides, with exceptional physical and emotional stamina. Mr. Lash's volume closes in 1943; a second is promised. Mr. Asbell's goes on to the end of Mrs. Roosevelt's life, in 1962. The works do not overlap, although a reader might attempt to collate them to get a glimpse of the multitude of Mrs. Roosevelt's concerns at any given time. Neither is complete and uncut, and both embed Mrs. Roosevelt's and her correspondents' prose in extensive, useful editorial commentary: Mr. Lash knew Mrs. Roosevelt, and Mr. Asbell knew her daughter. Both books are fascinating, because Eleanor Roosevelt was a fascinating woman. She was very good, but far from simple. Indeed, she was exceedingly complex, and, as the letters demonstrate, was constantly developing. Her language, like her personality, is direct, and does its work economically. Her modesty, too, is a literary asset, for though her letters report her own doings, her habitual emphasis on others adds variety. Al Smith, Shirley Temple, Winston Churchill, countless nobodies (except that to Mrs. Roosevelt nobody was a nobody), several generations of family dogs—all are here.

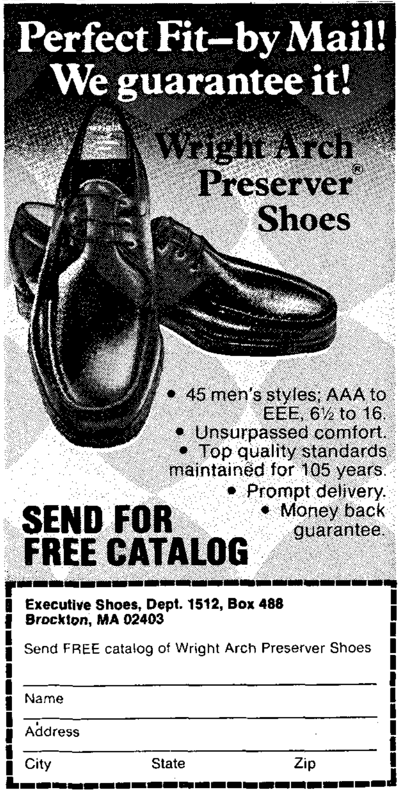


Born in 1884 and orphaned ten years later, Eleanor Roosevelt grew up unnoticed among numerous relatives; her extraordinary abilities were first recognized at boarding school. Her headmistress hoped she would return to the school as a teacher; instead, in 1905, she married Franklin D. Roosevelt and bore six children between 1906 and 1916. (Five reached adulthood.) In 1918, she learned that her husband had been having an affair with her social secretary, Lucy Mercer. Though the Roosevelts did not divorce, in the years that followed Eleanor determined to reshape her life so that she might act as an individual with purposes of her own instead of continuing to function as a smiling machine at the service of several New York clans. She had aided her husband's career—he had served in the New York State Senate, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Woodrow Wilson's Administration, and was the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee in 1920—and she knew something about politics. She went to work for the League of Women Voters, where she met Elizabeth Read and Esther Everett Lape, two professional women who lived together, and for the Women's Division of the New York State Democratic Party, where she met Nancy Cook and Marion Dickerman, another couple of working professional women. Along with Louis Howe, her husband's political aide, and Elinor Morgenthau, the wife of Henry Morgenthau, a Dutchess County neighbor who later became F.D.R.'s Secretary of the Treasury, these people aided her political career, which gained stature in the years that her husband's was in abeyance as he struggled to recover from the attack of infantile paralysis of 1921. Thus, the business of Mr. Lash's work—Eleanor's extensive correspondence with her friends—really opens in the nineteen-twenties, and shows her receiving the kind of esteem and affection that no one had given her since boarding school. She was exceptional not only in her grasp of issues but in her ability to lead, to motivate, to administer: her letters show an awareness both of the jobs to be done and of the sensitivities of the people who were doing them. During the first decade in which women had the franchise, she learned how to make the factions of a political party pull together. When her husband was elected Governor of New York, in 1928, she resigned her formal political affiliations but informally ran his errands all over the state. We see her growing in astuteness as she learned to judge the effectiveness of individuals and institutions. She is candid but gracious, and knows how to differ without wounding.

Mrs. Roosevelt's attachments to her friends were deep. A foreword by her son Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and an introduction by Mr. Lash mention, in particular, the correspondence between Mrs. Roosevelt and the newspaperwoman Lorena Hickok, which began in the thirties. Published in 1979, these effusive letters raised the question whether the women were lovers. Miss Hickok is not the only subject of gossip. Earl Miller, a New York state trooper who had been Al Smith's body-

An incredibly soft, lovely sweater
yet it's all cotton. Intricate rope cable stitch copied from fishermen's wives art, adapted to special Swiss machines. The yarns are natural fibers from three areas in U.S.A., blended, washed in live steam, dried under open gas flames, then allowed 24 hours to "relax." Result is softspun natural cotton that machine washes and dries beautifully, won't stretch out of shape, won't shrink. Men's S,M,L,XL, natural color. We ship postpaid in continental U.S.A. Money back guarantee. Ask for mini-catalog, free.
$35

Stonesgate CLOTHES
Order number RC2-NY.
To order by mail, please give name, address, bank charge number and expiration date, or enclose check.
1 W. Front, Red Bank, N.J. 07701, phone **201-530-1300.**



Perfect Fit–by Mail!
We guarantee it!
Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes
- 45 men's styles; AAA to EEE, 6½ to 16.
- Unsurpassed comfort.
- Top quality standards maintained for 105 years.
- Prompt delivery.
- Money back guarantee.

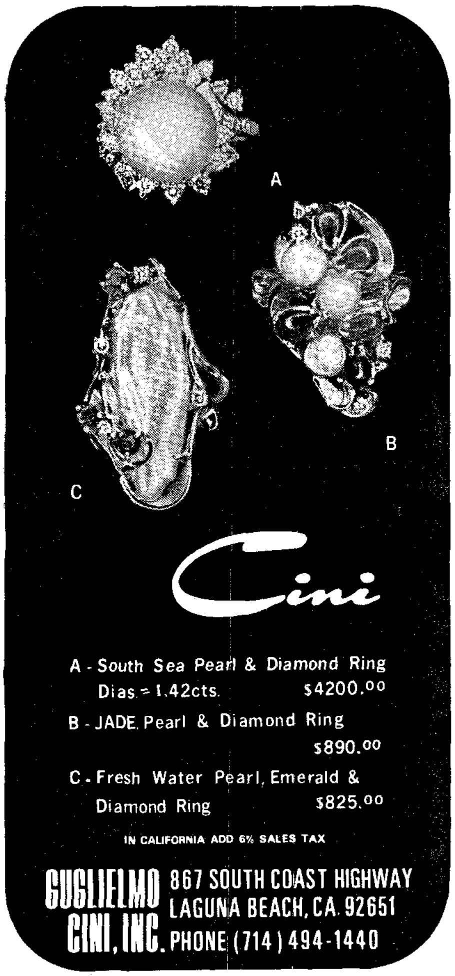
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

Executive Shoes, Dept. 1512, Box 488
Brockton, MA 02403
Send FREE catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes
Name
Address
City State Zip

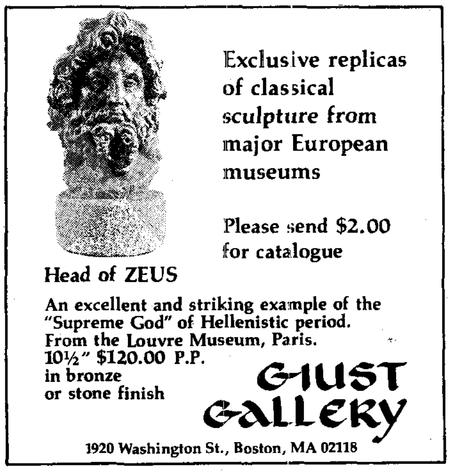
● CLUB MED ●
RESERVATION & INFORMATION
● Visit Our CLUB MED VIDEO THEATER ●
3 EAST 54 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
N.Y., N.J., CONN., (212) 750-1670
ALL OTHER STATES 1 (800) 528-3100
● Over 3 million satisfied club members ●

guard when he was governor, and who, at Franklin Roosevelt's request, became his wife's escort as she travelled around the state, was also rumored to be her lover. In an interview with Mr. Lash, Mr. Miller denied that he and Mrs. Roosevelt had a romantic or erotic relationship, and Mr. Lash accepts the denial—possibly because, at a time when, with Mrs. Roosevelt's encouragement, he was courting his future wife, Mr. Lash himself was also rumored to have been a lover of Mrs. Roosevelt's. (Some of the gossip about Miller surfaces in Mr. Asbell's book.) Both Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., and Mr. Lash feel it essential to discuss these rumors extensively, in fairness to the deceased. When these tales originated, they were intended to denigrate the President's wife as an unchaste woman. Nowadays, they are resurrected in an almost hopeful spirit, since our contemporaries tend to feel that chastity is abnormal, although emotional and sexual norms vary at least as greatly as food taboos. I regret the necessity of these discussions, partly as an invasion of any human being's privacy, and partly because they are a response to idle prurience, which is an enduring but ugly human trait: nothing a voyeur discovers is as unattractive as what he is doing. Besides, the letters strengthen the historical, almost legendary memory of Mrs. Roosevelt as a person who spent her adult life pursuing duty rather than pleasure. She is absorbing not because she sought entertainment but because during an exceptionally challenging era she unself-consciously walked right into history and started helping out. Her warmth is an ineradicable characteristic, whether she writes Elinor Morgenthau, the mother of three, "I want to put my arms about you and keep away all the disagreeable things which have made you feel this way," or Miss Hickok, who may have been a lesbian, "Of course you should have had a husband & children . . . It would . . . have given you someone on whom to lavish the love & devotion you have to keep down all the time."

Mr. Lash's book permits us to become aware of the diversity of Mrs. Roosevelt's friendships. They represent a continuous process of broadening her understanding of the world and of the many kinds of people in it; her letters to her friends record the transmutation of a provincial into a cosmopolitan. With few exceptions, her friendships were extremely durable; she made additions, but, as a rule,



A
B
C
Cini
A - South Sea Pearl & Diamond Ring
Dias.= 1.42cts. $4200.00
B - JADE, Pearl & Diamond Ring
$890.00
C - Fresh Water Pearl, Emerald & Diamond Ring $825.00
IN CALIFORNIA ADD 6% SALES TAX
GUGLIELMO CINI, INC. 867 SOUTH COAST HIGHWAY
LAGUNA BEACH, CA. 92651
PHONE (714) 494-1440



Exclusive replicas of classical sculpture from major European museums

Please send $2.00 for catalogue

Head of ZEUS
An excellent and striking example of the "Supreme God" of Hellenistic period.
From the Louvre Museum, Paris.
10½" $120.00 P.P.
in bronze
or stone finish
GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118

HERE'S A GREAT CHANCE TO HAVE SUITS–JACKETS MADE TO YOUR MEASURE–LESS 20% IN AUG.
OPEN SATS.
Alexander Shields
(212) 832-1616
NEW YORK 10022
484 PARK AVE. AT 58TH ST.

LA RÉCOLTE
RESTAURANT
110 E. 49th St., East of Park Ave., N.Y. 212-421-4389.

death alone made subtractions. Because her own early life had been forlorn, Mrs. Roosevelt had particular care for young people. Her letters show her interest in two New Deal youth programs—the National Youth Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps. She came to know Mr. Lash through her interest in a nongovernmental organization called the American Youth Congress, which both of them gave up when its Communist members took it over. His documentation of what it was like to meet Mrs. Roosevelt and become her friend is irreplaceable. He was, not surprisingly, shy with the President's wife, and we feel his amazement as he recognized her earnestness and her unpretentiousness. Like other outsiders who entered the Roosevelt circle, he was shocked at her relationship with her husband. (He greatly admired F.D.R.) The Roosevelts' mutual ambivalence seems to have varied over the years, with higher proportions of negative or positive feelings at different times.

In April, 1942, Mr. Lash was drafted into the Army; during the next year he studied weather forecasting at posts in this country but was suddenly shipped to the South Pacific before he had finished his course. While he was in the United States, Mrs. Roosevelt and his fiancée visited him, sometimes together, sometimes separately. He had reason to believe he was under surveillance, presumably because of his association with the American Youth Congress. He did not learn the extent of that surveillance until he was preparing this book. Then, with the aid of the Freedom of Information and Privacy Act, he learned that the Army Counter Intelligence Corps, convinced there was a "gigantic conspiracy" that included Mr. Lash, his fiancée, Mrs. Roosevelt, and "Wallace, Morgenthau, etc.," had installed listening and recording devices in hotel rooms where Mrs. Roosevelt (who was accompanied by her secretary) stayed and in the rooms in which his fiancée stayed. The C.I.C. also concluded that Mr. Lash and the President's wife were lovers, and some officers believed that the President confronted his wife with their evidence of her infidelity and then punished the stalwart heroes who had discovered it. Mr. Lash and Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., believe that any confrontation was unlikely; the affair and the conspiracy were, of course, nonexistent. The whole story is a nasty note in an otherwise edifying

EVER NOTICE HOW BORED YOUR FRIENDS GET WHEN YOU SING THE PRAISES OF YOUR LEICA M4-P?

It's understandable. After all, they keep hearing the same extraordinary things from every photographer who owns one.

The same kind of praise one hears at Ken Hansen's. And not just from the professionals and serious amateurs who shop there, but from the professionals who work there.

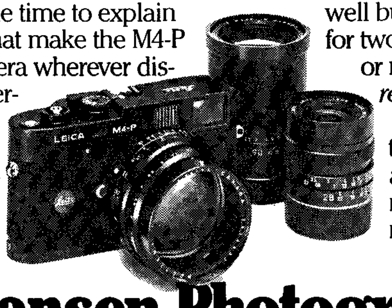
Experts who know as much about the Leica Rangefinder M4-P as the people who build it–and take the time to explain every feature. Features that make the M4-P the most respected camera wherever discreet, quick and quiet performance is essential.

Like the brightness and contrast of the viewfinder image which allows fast, precise focusing even in poor light; the automatic parallax control which couples with six high speed Leica M lenses from 28 to 135mm; the dependability: no electronics to break down–no batteries to wear out.

And because the M4-P is mechanical, the shutter is virtually vibration free–so it permits quiet, hand-held shooting, even at slow speeds.

In fact, this remarkable camera is so well built, Leica guarantees for two full years to replace or repair any part–*for any reason*–except theft!

That's one feature that never fails to raise a few eyebrows. No matter how often it's mentioned.



Ken Hansen Photographic

Because you take photography seriously.

19 WEST 34TH STREET, 11TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10001/TEL. (212)279-8690
WRITE FOR A FREE LEICA M4-P CATALOG.

Fill your garden with spectacular flowers next spring. Fill your home with magnificent cut flowers, too. Send for the *free* Burpee Fall Catalog—68 pages, bursting with the color of flowers from superb-quality bulbs...plus perennials, flowering shrubs, fruit trees, berries, and grapes. Satisfaction *guaranteed* or your money back or a replacement, any time within a year. Plus up to 20% savings on extra-value sales! Early-bird discounts! An entry for our Garden Party Drawing—win a trip to Europe! (No purchase necessary to win.) More! For a rainbow of color in your garden next spring, return this coupon.

Send me my Free 1982 Burpee Fall Catalog so I can plan a spectacular garden for spring!

Name ______

Address ______

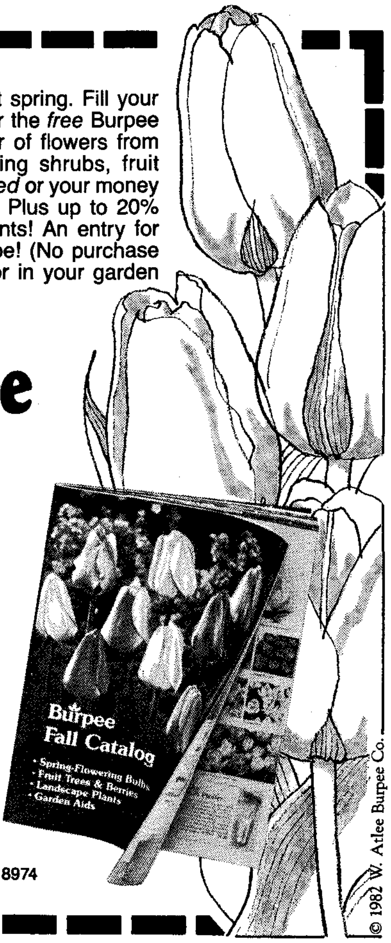
City ______

State ______ Zip ______

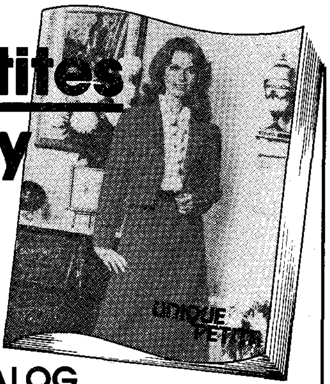
Burpee

IMPORTED HOLLAND BULBS

Write to:
W. Atlee Burpee Co., 6032 Burpee Building, Warminster, PA 18974



© 1982 W. Atlee Burpee Co.



For petites only

send $1 today for a FALL CATALOG and RECEIVE A

$2 BONUS DISCOUNT
to use on your first order

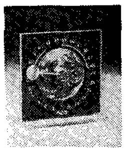
NOW, Old Pueblo Traders presents fashions styled just for you in their new UNIQUE PETITE catalog. Recognizing petite is a size (5'4" and under—sizes 2-16) not an age, we filled a catalog with coordinates, sportswear, dresses, lingerie, coats and shoes, all completely proportioned to your petite dimensions.

Arizona Mail Order Co., Inc.
UNIQUE PETITE Dept. NY8,
3740 East 34th St., Box 27600, Tucson, AZ 85726
NAME ____________________
(please print)
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY __________ ST ________ ZIP ________
Send coupon today—MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Dromoland Castle

IRELAND'S FINEST
And Dromoland's charming Clare Inn offer very attractive packages with unmatched comfort and luxury.
Both of these hotels are situated in the heart of **SHANNONSIDE,**
just 8 miles from Shannon Airport.

BROCHURES AND RESERVATIONS
Mc Donough Hotels, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare. Phone (061) 71144. Telex: 26854.
U.S. RESERVATIONS Mc Donough Hotels,
P.O. Box 1825, Parkersburg, WV 26101.
Telex: 86-9412, TOLL FREE 800 624-1921.



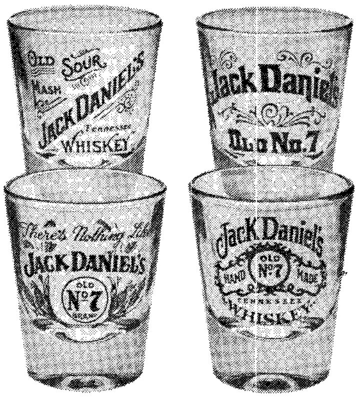
NEW! WORLD'S ONLY MOON CLOCK
The power that swings the tides affects our lives. LunaTime™ circadian clock helps you plan daily for periods of peak alertness, creativity, desire. Also times the tides. Unlike standard clocks. Now used by scientists, sleep labs, police. Attractive 6" square acrylic. Special quartz lunar-timed movement. Battery operated. Instruction brochure. $50. plus $2. shipping. Money back guarantee. Send check or MC/VISA card #, exp. date. Advertised in Scientific American.
Schelling Mfg. Corp., 2 Meadow Lane, North Caldwell, NJ 07006 (800)-526-2597

John Wilkie Beal
Retrospective Exhibition
August 7-29, 1982
Museum of the Hudson Highlands
Cornwall-on-Hudson, NY
(3 miles North of West Point)
(914) 534-7781

volume, and it reinforces—if reinforcement is needed—the reasons for legal restraints on all forms of eavesdropping.

Mr. Lash shows Mrs. Roosevelt's friends receiving more than they expected. Mr. Asbell shows her daughter Anna receiving—at least, to begin with—less. In an effort to conform to a pattern of womanly goodness, Eleanor Roosevelt subjected herself to the domination of her mother-in-law. The elder Mrs. Roosevelt had the assurance that comes from ignorance and control of the family purse, and Eleanor did not feel forceful enough to dispute her choice of servants—for example, to fire a cruel nursemaid whom her mother-in-law had hired. Anna, Eleanor's only daughter and her oldest child (1906-75), grew up feeling the tension between her mother and her grandmother and between her parents, and claimed that she married at the age of twenty to escape the edgy atmosphere at home. The Asbell volume *shows* her parents' emotional separation as a lifelong problem to their daughter. It is possible that, insofar as their children's happiness was concerned, a more clear-cut division, such as a legal divorce, would have produced less confusion and fewer conflicts. Anna, in part egged on by her grandmother, also resented her mother's political interests. Later, during her second marriage, when, with her husband, she published the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, she shared those interests, and the letters compare notes on political and journalistic events of the thirties. After the dissolution of that marriage, and at times during her third marriage, Anna was professionally or financially assisted by her mother; by then resentment had yielded to gratitude. The effect of the shifts in what money has been able to buy during the twentieth century is particularly noticeable in Anna's letters. Although neither the Hyde Park nor the Oyster Bay Roosevelts lived extravagantly, the architecture of their houses and the amenities they took for granted—including the hospitality they dispensed—depended upon a large pool of inexpensive domestic labor. Anna's generation needed to make much more money than its forebears in order to maintain the same pattern of life. Anna started her first ménage with a staff of three, but in 1958 she writes, "Many thanks for the offer of the table linen. I really don't need any because it's impossible for me to take care of the washing and ironing—so I

LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE®
22 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

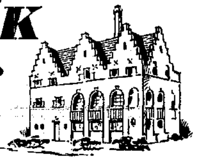

Old Sour Mash Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey
Jack Daniel Old No. 7
There's Nothing Like Jack Daniel's No 7 Brand
Jack Daniel's Hand Made Old No 7 Tennessee Whiskey

JACK DANIEL'S SHOT GLASSES
Each of these old-time shot glasses has a different black and gold design fired on for good looks and durability. Set of four, **$7.00** delivered.
Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6% sales tax for TN delivery.)
For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send $1.00 to the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565
Karsh

Just out of Santa Fe there's a place that's out of this world.
Mobil 4****
. . . a warm, elegant, casual, intimate ranch-resort in a magnificent setting 15 minutes north of Santa Fe. Superb food and accommodations, including new Pueblo Encantado condos adjacent to the 'enchanted ranch'.
RANCHO ENCANTADO
Route 4, Box 57C ny
Santa Fe, N.M. 87501
(505) 982-3537

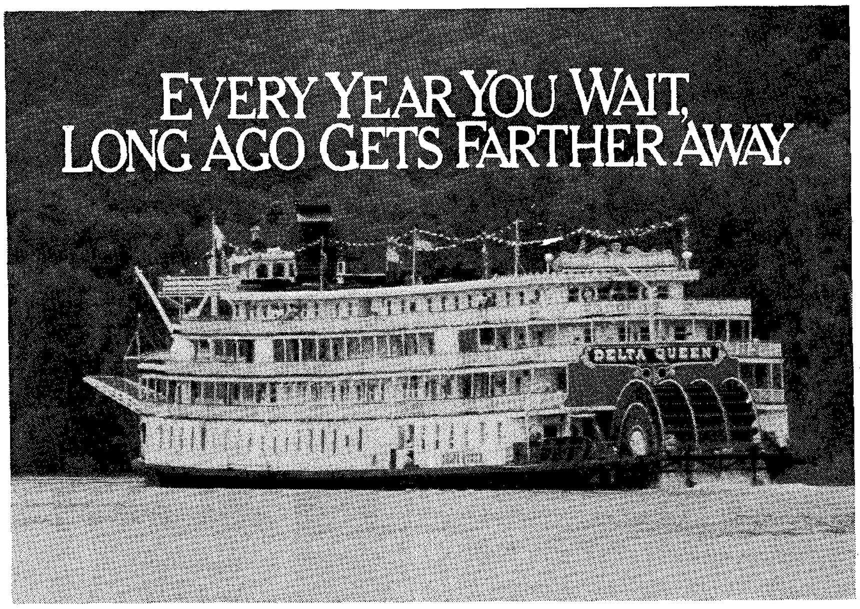
KNIFE & FORK INN . . .
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



almost always use paper napkins and plastic stuff." She accepts the comedown, or simplification, without repining; she resembles her mother in her lack of interest in luxury, as in her adult good temper.

This correspondence also offers us unfamiliar aspects of F.D.R.—baffled but well-disposed when a son asks him to order diaper service at the White House in anticipation of a grandchild's visit. The President invariably presented himself to the public as cheerful, even jaunty, and occasionally angry but never discouraged, yet Mrs. Roosevelt writes to Anna during May and June, 1940, when the Nazis broke through in the West, that he was "gloom personified . . . working very hard . . . worried and short tempered." Mr. Asbell includes a condolence letter that Anna received after her father's death from Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd, his onetime lover, who had become his friend. She reads like an exceptionally sensitive and thoughtful person, and that may be one reason their relationship so pained Mrs. Roosevelt. It is sad that two superb people, the President and his wife, could not make each other happy; however, their tragedy was private, while their services were public. Perhaps they validate the folk belief that high attainments and great achievements are incompatible with domestic happiness.

Mr. Lash quotes a letter of 1940 in which Eleanor told Lorena Hickok that Louis Howe, who had died in 1936, envisioned making her President in 1940. Eleanor thought little of Howe's fantasy, but to the reader the notion is not entirely chimerical. Mrs. Roosevelt does not give the impression that she would have enjoyed the Presidency as it has developed since her day, because she wanted to see and hear for herself rather than be shielded or guided by a crew of paper-shufflers. She had a formidable capacity for detail; she could keep in mind the state of Mr. Lash's furniture and of Anna's wardrobe as well as the doings of all her grandchildren while turning out an immense volume of work and tending to multitudinous political chores. After she overcame her fear of her mother-in-law, she could not be bullied. Her generosity and sympathy were boundless, and her vitality made her selflessness effectual. Her mind worked quickly. History is full of lost opportunities. On the evidence of her letters, Mrs. Roosevelt would have made an excellent President. She was


EVERY YEAR YOU WAIT, LONG AGO GETS FARTHER AWAY.

There's no time like the present to rediscover America's rich heritage. And the moment you step on board the luxurious Mississippi Queen® or the legendary Delta Queen® you step back more than 100 years to the land our ancestors knew. Don't let long ago get away.

See your travel agent today.
Cruises From 2 to 12 Nights
FREE COLOR BROCHURES
Distribution Department, Box NR 21
The Delta Queen Steamboat Co.
511 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

Name
Address
City
State Zip
My travel agent is

STEAMBOATIN'©
MISSISSIPPI QUEEN • DELTA QUEEN

THE INN ON THE LIBRARY LAWN

A country Inn in a tiny village on Lake Champlain

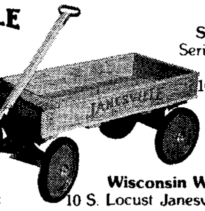
Fine cooking • Charming Rooms
18 hole championship golf course
Swimming • Tennis • Boating
Adirondack hiking • Incomparably beautiful

AN INN FOR ALL SEASONS
Westport, NY 12993 518-962-8666

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS
Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.
SMITH & HAWKEN TOOL COMPANY
Free 32-page mail order catalog of quality tools.
68 Homer, Drw. 048, Palo Alto, CA 94301

Young Island St. Vincent W.I.

Impossibly romantic private island resort. Limited to 50 guests. YOUNG ISLAND offers everything that large resorts have ...*except the crowds.* Info., reservations:
Ralph Locke, 315 E. 72nd St., N.Y. 10021
(212) 628-8149 • (800) 223-1108


JANESVILLE COASTER WAGON
16" x 33" Box
$160
UPS
+ $10.50
+ $13 West Coast
Stake sides + $15
Visa, MC, Check

Solid Oak
Stainless Steel
Serially Numbered
Registered
10" Ball Bearing Wheels
Hand Crafted
Replica Circa 1912 - 1934
Wisconsin Wagon Co.
10 S. Locust Janesville, Wi. 53545

Think Think
Think Think
Think Think
SMOKEY
Think Think
Think Think
Think Think
Think Think
Think Think
Think Think
Think Thanks

Ad Council The Advertising Council

MORE LITERATE T-SHIRTS!

Schopenhauer, T.S. Eliot, Sartre, F.S. Fitzgerald, Trollope, Machiavelli, Charlotte Bronte, Faulkner, Nietzsche, Kerouac, Agatha Christie, Samuel Johnson, Hemingway, Tolkien, Camus, Adam Smith, Wittgenstein, Hegel, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Thomas Hardy, Plato, Kafka, Bertrand Russell, Jung, Bach, Jane Austen, Dickens, Homer, Orwell, Steinbeck, Proust, Nabokov, Darwin, Whitman, Cheshire Cat, Dostoevsky, Dante, Chaucer, many others.

Sizes S, M, L, XL. T-shirt: (white, lt blue, or red) $10, 4/$36. **Sweatshirt:** (grey) $17, 2/$30. **Shipping** 75¢ per piece. Illus. brochure: 75¢.

HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
Box 220 XO **Cambridge, MA 02238**

In Philadelphia it's... **WHOLE WORLD TRAVEL**
for specialty & adventure travel.

NOW BOOKING

French regional cooking classes at
L'École de Cuisine
LA VARENNE (in English)
PARIS SEPTEMBER 20—25

WHOLE WORLD TRAVEL (215) 561-4545
121 So. 18th St. Philadelphia, PA 19103

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

an energetic American reformer, like her Uncle Theodore.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FAMOUS LAST WORDS, by Timothy Findley (Delacorte; $14.95). Mr. Findley has imagined here that Hugh Selwyn Mauberley *was not* a creation of Ezra Pound's poetic genius but his protégé—an expatriated American "poet, novelist, critic, polemicist, and winner of prizes, including both the Pulitzer and the Concordia"—*and* a close friend of the woman who became the Duchess of Windsor, of the Duke of Windsor, of von Ribbentrop, of Count Galeazo Ciano, and of Charles E. Bedaux, and was himself involved with them in a cabal dedicated to replacing Hitler with a puppet Windsor and perpetuating the Third Reich as an élitist hegemony. Beginning in Shanghai in 1924 and moving along the high spots of the intervening years to an abandoned hotel in the Austrian Alps in 1945, the story of Mauberley and his associates is told by him in writing etched in the plaster walls of the mountain hotel as he awaits the arrival of the victorious Americans. It is a strange book—strange in its viewpoint, strange in its organization and in its use of real people—but it is also strangely effective, and it is hard not to believe that there was a Mauberley, passively recording the convulsions of ambition, and that his depiction of the Duke and his Duchess and all the rest is not the way it really was. A very considerable accomplishment.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE, by Bernice Rubens (Summit; $13.50). Alice and Ellen are newly widowed aging neighbors; Nellie (abused) and another Alice (deserted) are embittered lesbian lovers. On a three-week Mediterranean cruise, Alice and Ellen get to know Alice and her mother (another widow), but not before they encounter (separately) a sadistic waiter. (Blackmail is used to keep one of them from squealing about his regular nightly visits.) There are also a couple of elderly bachelors on board, and the story (as some of the characters' names suggest) is about all sorts of duos and duplicities: old and new friends lying to, and about, themselves and one another; toughened and flabby women surprised to find that their bodies still have feelings; dull men surprised to find that some women sometimes have warm feelings for them; and old acquaintances finding that their mutual mistrust has been misplaced. Bernice Rubens, as cynical as ever (this is her eleventh novel, and not her first black comedy), gives her characters hearts and brains—moods and wiles—and these, in turn, give her story humor and suspense, despite the certainty of a less than happy ending.

SATAN: HIS PSYCHOTHERAPY AND CURE BY THE UNFORTUNATE DR. KASSLER, J.S.P.S., by Jeremy Leven (Knopf; $13.95). "I'm the Adversary, and that's all. . . . Read the Bible. Zechariah 3:1." He is also the narrator of this astonishing novel and one of its central characters, along with the Job-like Dr. Kassler, who agrees to give him seven sessions of therapy, by means of a very powerful computer (a direct line to the patient), in exchange for the Great Answer. There is also the frazzled physicist ("One of my angels. I give him a nine") who built the computer by following diagrams revealed in a series of dreams; the fiendish director (nobody's angel) of Phlegethon State Hospital, in the Dantesque city of Citadel, New Jersey (cone-shaped, and comprising nine rings of sleazy avenues), where the therapist no longer works and the physicist no longer resides; and a number of nubile and unfaithful wives. Just what has happened in and around Phlegethon over the past decade to make Satan's proposal irresistible to the therapist is at the root of the story, which illustrates, as it interlaces, the dialogue that heats up between them as they edge toward the source of Satan's anxieties. At the end, Satan fulfills his part of the bargain. So does Mr. Leven (who has served as, among other things, a state-hospital psychologist, the director of a mental-health center, and a clinical psychologist); his four hundred-odd pages of dazzling, if dark, talk and thought are (unlike the fifty-minute hour) undoubtedly worth all the time they take.

GENERAL

MIDNIGHTS: A YEAR WITH THE WELLFLEET POLICE, by Alec Wilkinson (Random House; $11.95). A charming memoir of the author's service (1975-76) as a policeman in a Cape Cod resort town, which evokes the landscape—lovely in summer and bleak in winter—as a contrast between the affluent crowds of tourists and the natives, with their narrow lives. Mr. Wilkinson's unemphatic but exact style portrays his colleagues and explains what he learned not only about police work—the routines, the surprises, the politics, the isolation—but about a community. His doings, especially as a beginner, occasionally seem to have been directed by Sennett for Keystone, but Mr. Wilkinson makes the sobering point that everyday police work—stopping a speeder, for example—is filled with anxiety in a country where handguns are almost as common as wristwatches.

AN ABYSS DEEP ENOUGH: LETTERS OF HEINRICH VON KLEIST, WITH A SELECTION OF ESSAYS AND ANECDOTES, edited, translated, and introduced by Philip B. Miller (Dutton; $16.95). Heinrich von Kleist (1777-1811) was unappreciated as a writer in his lifetime (he committed suicide) but has developed a high posthumous reputation—particularly in Germany and France, where succeeding generations of writers have seen in his work an anticipation of their own. These letters show him muddling his life with Prussian thoroughness, but they also offer remarkable accounts of Europe in the Napoleonic era. His style is ironic and spirited—often bumptious—and his anecdotes really do seem to foreshadow short-story writers from Poe to Kafka, a Kleist admirer.

GRAMMATICAL MAN, by Jeremy Campbell (Simon & Schuster; $15.95). This brilliant book ranges from the structure of language to the meaning of entropy and its role in the transmission of information, with fascinating detours along the way to take in the latest in theories of how the brain works. Mr. Campbell has (or so it appears) all but effortlessly assimilated an incredibly wide range of knowledge. He understands Gödel and he understands Aristotle, and, best of all, he can write about them in a fresh and comprehensible way.

THE MAD BAD LINE: THE FAMILY OF LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS, by Brian Roberts (Hamish Hamilton; $37.50). A biography of two generations of the Douglases of Kinmount, one of the oldest of the Scottish

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

☐ One year: $28 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $46 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)
Additional Postage: Canada $6.00 per year; other foreign $12.00 per year.

☐ My check for $ ______ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa

Account # ____________________

Signature ____________________

4322

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $28 ☐ Two years: $46

To ____________________

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Gift card to read "From ____________________"

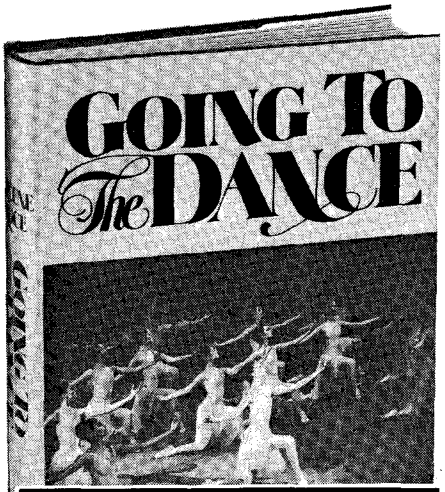
3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)



Arlene Croce's
first book
in five years

A new collection of her writings from *The New Yorker*—a brilliant, profound account of dance in America today.

Hardcover $20 • Paper $8.95
Just published by Knopf

CLASSIC PLAID
FLANNEL DRESS

Tiny standup collar, front button placket, narrow shoulder yoke, bias cummerbund. Softly brushed woven plaid 100% cotton flannel. Choose gray/wine/cream, camel/brown/cream or cadet blue/tan/cream. Below knee length. Gently machine wash.
Sizes S-M-L . $49.95 ppd.
Size XL ..... $52.95 ppd.

Our Own
Exclusive Designs

J. JILL LTD.
Write for color catalog

Dept. N89 Stockbridge Rd.
Gt. Barrington, MA 01230

LA JOLLA
"The Pacific Ocean is our back yard"

Traditionally, we host most of
La Jolla's Distinguished Visitors!
We would be pleased to accommodate you.

hotel La Valencia
P. O. Box 1089, La Jolla, Calif. 92038
(714) 454-0771

peerages, and easily one of the most eccentric. The head of the household at this time—roughly the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century—was John Sholto Douglas, Eighth Marquess of Queensberry, the sporting lord for whom the Queensberry Rules of boxing are named, and the nemesis of Oscar Wilde. The Marquess was ever ready to pick a fight. After the last of his five children was born, he developed a maniacal hatred of his wife, and persecuted her publicly and privately for the rest of his life; he quarrelled noisily with all four of his sons, and was arrested for assaulting one of them in Piccadilly Circus; after Oscar Wilde was sentenced to two years at hard labor for indecent behavior with Queensberry's son Alfred and others, the Marquess continued to hound him by forcing him to go through bankruptcy proceedings while he was in prison. Along with the story of the Marquess and his luckless children we have the stories of his five siblings, including his redoubtable sister Lady Florence Dixie—blue blood, sportswoman, explorer, author, reformed sportswoman and antivivisectionist, vegetarian, fierce proponent of women's rights, and a rather attractive figure in spite of it all. Illustrations.

•

Helms and East both opposed the presumption of discrimination that now exists in certain Southern states and in 40 of North Carolina's counties.

Former state Rep. Howard Clement, D-Durham, saying he respected Helms' stand on the act but might disagree with it, said he would like to talk with him about the act and the difficulties encountered by black people to gain the vote.

Helms said he favors such a talk. "I'se ready when you's ready," he told Clement.—*Durham (N.C.) Morning Herald.*

It should be an interesting little talk.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Puzzle for Players"* (*1938*), *by Patrick Quentin*]

"I hate to bring this up, Mr. Duluth," he stammered. "But living in New York's turned out to be a lot more expensive than living at home. The five-hundred-dollar option you let me have is gone. I was wondering whether you could advance me another five hundred on royalties."

"Sure," I said. I was mildly surprised that the parsimonious Henry should run through five hundred dollars in less than two months.

the PANDA $88.
Each animal is an investment in art. Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds." Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010.
sculptured by AYNSLEY®
The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family.

QUIET·ELEGANCE
&
PERSONAL
ATTENTION

hotel Pontchartrain
Detroit, Michigan
For Reservations Call Toll Free:
1-800-323-7500
PREFERRED HOTELS WORLDWIDE

ONCE IN A
LIFETIME TOUR TO
NEW ZEALAND

Brooklyn Botanic Garden is sponsoring this **SECOND SPRING DOWN UNDER** Tour. Expert guides will take you through the magnificent scenery and gardens of New Zealand (with an optional side trip to Southeastern Australia). You will visit Christchurch, Rotorua, Auckland, Melbourne, Canberra and Sydney, also Fiji and Tahiti en route.
Tour dates: October 21 - November 10
(optional extension November 7 - 15)
Send for our FREE brochure today:
Elizabeth Scholtz, Vice President
Brooklyn Botanic Garden
Brooklyn, New York 11225
or call (212) 622-4433.

for a
narrow
point
of view
tiecrafters

WIDE TIES SLIMMED
Save your costly, but unfashionable, wide ties with our skilled surgery. All by hand. Like getting new ties for only $500 ea. min. 4 ties
MAIL ORDERS
Add $2 for shipping.
Free Folder..."Tips on Ties"
116 E. 27th St. N.Y 10016
(212) 867-7676

GOOD
USED
BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.
EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

Malia

slip into something more colorful

The Sandpiper, Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, Mass.;
MacHugh Inc., Ridgewood, N.J.; My Friends Place, Nashville, Tenn.;
Tartan Corner, St. Louis, Mo.; The Clothes Horse, Fort Worth, Texas.

IMPORTED
BY VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SERVE AT 45°-50°F
BREWED AND BOTTLED IN HOLLAND
HEINEKEN LAGER BEER
HORS CONCOURS MEMBRE DU JURY
TRADE MARK
GRAND PRIX PARIS 1889
Heineken®
EST 1873
DIPLOME D'HONNEUR
AMSTERDAM 1883
MEDAILLE D'OR PARIS 1875
BREWED IN HOLLAND
© HEINEKEN BROUWERIJEN B.V. AMSTERDAM HOLLAND 12 FL. OZ.
"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."